FEBRUARY 25c

Coronet

[redacted]

IN GOD WE TRUST
LIBERTY
1954

Analyze Your Own Handwriting

SELF-TESTS REVEAL CHARACTER SECRETS

Be with her despite the miles...

This Valentine's Day
Say it with Flowers-By-Wire

Don't let mere miles keep you "at a distance" this February 14. Remind her she's *your* Valentine —with Flowers-By-Wire!

Sweet as a kiss . . . tender as soft music . . . nothing says "I love you" as beautifully as flowers.

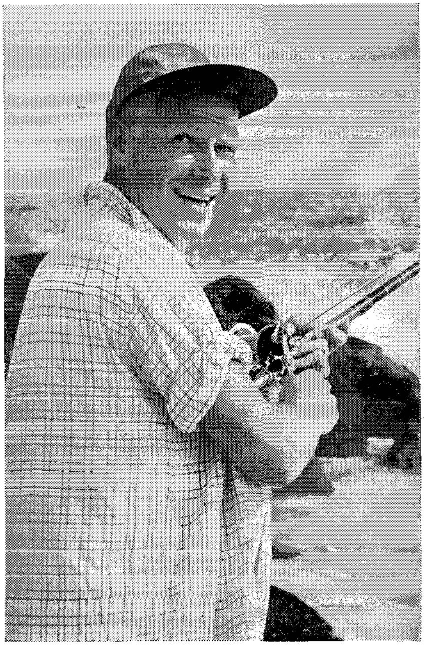
It's so quick . . . so easy! Just phone or visit your F.T.D. Florist—the shop with Speedy and the famous Mercury Emblem. Delivery is *guaranteed*, through 18,000 members of F.T.D. and Interflora all around the world.

TRADEMARK

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
Send Flowers Worldwide
INTERFLORA

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

How I retired in 15 years with $250 a month



"It's hard to believe that I'm retired with a life income. I've never had more than my salary, never inherited a dime. Yet a check for $250 a month makes me my own boss for keeps!

"I left the office two years ago. When I explained how I was doing it, at only 55, my friends said they wished I'd told them sooner. They'd be retiring, too.

"There's only one secret. Back in 1936, when I was 40, I had saved a little money. So I went into partnership with a friend. It didn't work out. But it was a profitable investment. It showed me that there was no easy way for *me*, with *my* limited experience to make a lot of money.

"Shortly after that, I read an advertisement of a modern way to retire. It didn't call for any great capital. It simply required fifteen or twenty working years ahead. My family was protected with life insurance from the first day I took out the plan. (Better than any ordinary savings method!) And the income was guaranteed each month, every month as long as I lived. The plan was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

"The ad offered more information. So I wrote in. Soon after, I applied and qualified for a Phoenix Mutual Plan. And from that day on I've felt like a rich man. Because I knew I wouldn't simply live and work and die. I had a future I'd really enjoy. And that's what I'm doing today—with many, many thanks to my Phoenix Mutual check for $250 a month that means financial independence for life."

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 a month to $3,000 a year or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

Copyright 1954, By Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company

PLAN FOR MEN **PLAN FOR WOMEN**

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
955 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name ______________________
Date of Birth ______________________
Business Address ______________________
____
Home Address ______________________

Hear its rich voices then—
Play it in half

THE PLAIN TRUTH about the Hammond Chord Organ is so remarkable that you probably won't believe it until you play it.

Its beauty of tone, its versatility *are* surprising in an organ so compact. But the incredible part is that thousands have played the Hammond Chord Organ *without* knowing music —*in half an hour!*

Why YOU can play this organ so easily:

1. *You don't need to know notes.* "Picture music" shows you which keys you touch to play the melody.
2. *You play chords with one finger!* Press a chord button and play lovely harmony chords that take 3 to 5 fingers on most instruments.
3. *You press a pedal to add bass.* Rest one foot on either of two pedals and the Chord Organ automatically adds the correct bass tones.

Where do you go from here? As you progress, you'll play hundreds of different selections on the Hammond Chord Organ. You'll find popular favorites, ballads, even classics—all printed in both picture and regular music.

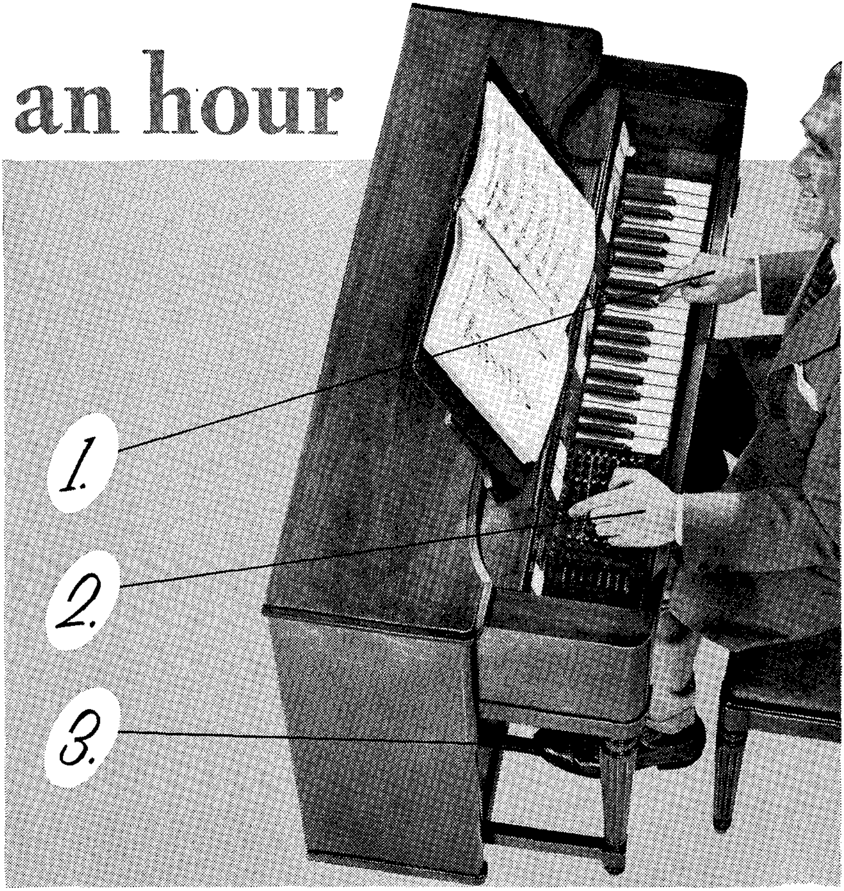
But first hear the proof. Come in . . . play the Hammond Chord Organ yourself, with just the picture music and the instructions. (Also, many dealers are now offering in-your-home demonstrations.)

Many dealers offer terms of up to 3 years. The full price—$975 f.o.b. Chicago (bench shown not included). For your dealer's name, mail the coupon.

The Hammond Chord Organ

By the makers of the world-famous Hammond Organ

an hour



Hammond Organ Company
4203 W. Diversey Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois

Without cost or obligation, please send me full details about the Hammond Chord Organ and the name of my nearest dealer.

Name____

Address______________________________________

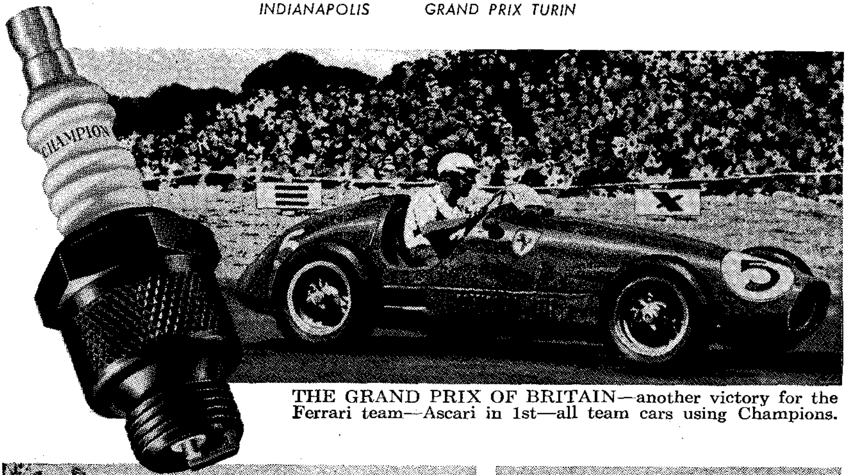
City________________________Zone____State____________

© 1954, HAMMOND ORGAN COMPANY 2

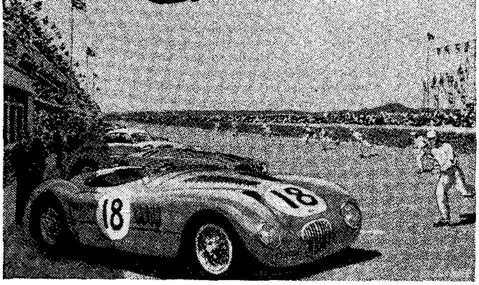
Again in International Racing

CHAMPIONS POWER THE WINNERS!

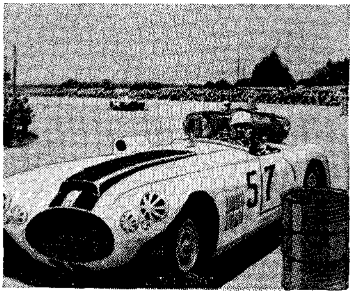
LE MANS GRAND PRIX GERMANY SEBRING GRAND PRIX MONTE CARLO GRAND PRIX SICILY GRAND PRIX PORTUGAL RIO DE JANEIRO GRAND PRIX GRAND PRIX BELGIUM MILLE MIGLIA GRAND PRIX ENGLAND GRAND PRIX HOLLAND GRAND PRIX COMMINGES GRAND PRIX FRANCE PAN-AMERICAN GRAND PRIX PAU GRAND PRIX PARIS GRAND PRIX DES SABLES D'OLONNE GRAND PRIX MONACO GRAND PRIX LABAULE GRAND PRIX RHEIMS GRAND PRIX SWITZERLAND GRAND PRIX ITALY GRAND PRIX NAPLES SAO PAULO GRAND PRIX GRAND PRIX MARSEILLES INDIANAPOLIS GRAND PRIX TURIN



THE GRAND PRIX OF BRITAIN—another victory for the Ferrari team—Ascari in 1st—all team cars using Champions.



THE LE MANS 24-HOURS (France) saw Champion-equipped cars take the first seven places at record times for this event.



SEBRING 12-HOUR RACE was won by top U. S. road-racing team of John Fitch-Phil Walters in a Cunningham.

Wherever performance and dependability are essential, Champions are first choice because they are engineered and designed to make any engine—including yours—deliver its best. See your Champion dealer—today!

WORLD'S FAVORITE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

Coronet

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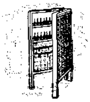
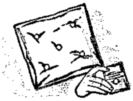
NEW PRODUCTS

Coronet's Family Shopper

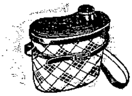
START keeping track of your income-tax deductions for next year's returns. The Taxwise Telephone-Engagement Handibook has specific headings, such as medical expenses, charitable contributions and other tax deductible items. List them as paid out in '54, and use the booklet as a record a year from now. Also contained is an address booklet. In red leatherette ($3.98), red or tan leather ($7.95), from Taxwise, Box 7274, Philadelphia, Pa.



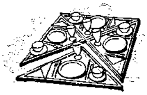
THE "Sew-Tidy" is a lightweight portable sewing cabinet, made of finely finished wood, with side panels cheerfully decorated in quilt-work patterns. The cabinet comes complete with thread, pins, mending yarn, needles, tape measure, thimble, storage pockets, and a matching pin cushion. 28" high and 16" wide, it folds up flat for carrying, stands wide open for easy access to materials. $19.95 from Pollak Industries Corp., Box 353, Escanaba, Mich.



HERE IS comfort in a pocket-sized package. "Pocket-Cushion," when you blow it up, is a full-sized pillow, useful for outdoor events, extra padding or for floor use when watching television. When the air is let out, it folds to the size of a package of cigarettes, fits in purse or pocket. In assorted solid colors or plaids, it is made of plastic and has an invisible leak-proof valve. $1 50 from Products Unlimited, 75 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 16, N.Y.



CARRY liquids to the office, on ski trips, in the car or to ball games in this shoulder-strap handbag. The Toddy-Toter will keep liquids hot or cold for eight hours; it is made of plastic, insulated with Fiberglas and the case is unbreakable. Removable lid permits easy cleaning; spout, easy pouring. Pattern is of a marsh scene; or you can have it in a red, white and green plaid. $9.95 from Designer's Workshop, 743 5th Avenue, N.Y. 22, N.Y.



YOU NO LONGER have to juggle four trays around on a bridge table to make them all fit. These sturdy wood trays, finished in gray, are triangular-shaped, so that four of them will fit exactly (and cover completely) any standard-sized bridge table. Useful for card-game luncheons and buffet dinners where guests are seated at dispersed bridge tables. $12.95, a set of four, from Gismo Products, P.O. Box 2583, Miami Beach 40, Florida.

2X MAGNIFIER GLASS

HERE IS a magnifying glass that sits right on the printed material without your having to hold it to your eye or above the page. Rectangular and made of plastic, the 2X Magnifier Glass ranges in size from 3" ($1) to 12" ($6). Special lengths available at $1.50 for each multiple of 3". Lightweight and portable, the glass magnifies print to twice original size. From J. B. Sebrell Corp., 300 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles 13, California.

(*Continued on page 8*)

Every year more people buy dependable

RCA Victor

than any other television

Powerful 21-inch TV with "Magic Monitor" circuit system. The *Hayward*, 21T364, mahogany or limed oak finish.

Compact 21-inch table model in handsome Contemporary styling. The *Barton*, Model 21S353, in gleaming ebony finish.

Today's TV is just too good to miss! At least a million dollars in TV entertainment comes your way every single day—and you'll see it really "*looks* a million" on the new RCA Victor television!

Today—*dependable* RCA Victor television is first choice: ONE, for performance . . . TWO, as your later "second set". . . and THREE, for its future trade-in value. See your RCA Victor dealer soon.

RCA VICTOR

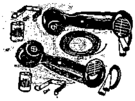
Tmks. ®

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

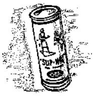
DIVISION OF RADIO CORP. OF AMERICA

NEW PRODUCTS

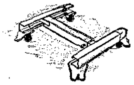
Coronet's Family Shopper



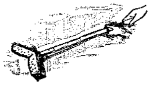
For making calls between rooms in the house, between auto and trailer, between buildings, the No. 600 Zimphone Intercommunication set is the answer. With extra wire, the set will function up to one mile. Easily hooked up, it comes complete with 50 feet of wire, flashlight batteries, wall brackets, and two phones which look very much like standard instruments. $5.98 from Orchard Fair, 6383 N. Port Washington Rd., Milwaukee 17, Wis.



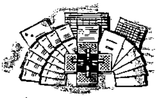
Use Slip-Not rug powder on any skittish item that will not stay in place. Good for scatter rugs that slide, desk blotters, bathroom mats, ash trays or ornaments on slippery table tops. Slip-Not will not harm fabrics, floors or wood and is easily applied by sprinkling the powder on bottom side of the object you wish to stabilize. Each six-ounce can contains about a year's supply. $1 from D. J. Manning, 120 W. 56th St., Bayonne, New Jersey.



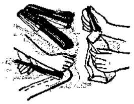
The TV Roll-Around is designed to overcome the problems caused by the heavy weight of many TV console sets. Placed under your console, the wheeled device makes the set easy to move during housecleaning and permits the set to be turned in any direction for viewing. The steel unit expands to fit sets with bases up to 30″ by 24″. Can be installed by set owner. $9.95 from Television Hardware Mfg. Co., 919 Taylor Ave., Rockford, Ill.



The Flexi-King cellulose sponge mop has a built-in wringer half-way up the handle which eliminates stooping when squeezing out the water. Constructed so that the water "folds out" evenly, the mop is hinged in the middle so that it will fit into a pail of average or small size, yet has a cleaning surface of more than 28 square inches. Available in blue, green, coral or yellow. $5.95 from Flexy Inc., Dept. HR, New Holstein, Wis.



Here is an enjoyable way of finding out how good you are at bridge. Dupli-Bridge Set allows each person to play each position an equal number of times, makes each person vulnerable an equal number of times and lets each person play with every other person as partner. Set comes complete with two plastic card holders and enough board cards, tallies and score sheets for two Dupli-Bridge parties. $2.95 from Jane Scott, P.O. Box 647, Glen Ellyn, Ill.



The Bostitch B-8R stapler can be used as a tacker, a stapler or a stapling plier. As a stapler, it is a useful desk tool. As a tacker, it can be used for a variety of household chores, since it can be removed from its base and operated just by hand pressure. Easy for securing lunch bags, attaching fabrics or papers to drawers or furniture, repairing torn window blinds. A staple remover is built into the B-8R. $3.15* from Bostitch, Westerly, Rhode Island.

(*Continued on page 10*)

for Your security and peace of mind

PERSONAL ACCIDENT, HEALTH, HOSPITAL & SURGICAL INSURANCE *Direct At Cost*

ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Payable from first day of disability every 30 days for as many as 104 weeks or *two whole years* for each mishap. No prorating on account of other insurance.

	Choose Single	or	Double
Total Disability, 104 weeks	$25 a week		$50 a week
Partial Disability, 26 weeks	12.50 a week		25 a week
Loss of life, limbs or sight by accidental means	5,000		10,000
Current Quarterly Cost	*2.50*		*5.00*

HOSPITAL & SURGICAL—both Accident and Sickness

Benefits paid *direct to you* from first day of hospitalization *in addition to* payments for loss of time under accident or health insurance. No conflict with Blue Cross or other group insurance. Covers both accidents and all kinds of sickness excepting venereal disease and alcoholism, even hernia occurring after first year's membership being covered.

	Choose Single	or	Double
HOSPITAL ROOM, for as many as 60 days for each mishap or each disease or sickness, per day	$ 3.00		$ 6.00
or REGISTERED NURSE IN THE HOME, up to 30 days, per day	3.00		6.00
SURGICAL OPERATIONS as scheduled, up to	75.00		150.00
OPERATING ROOM, ANAESTHESIA, X-RAY, each	10.00		20.00
LABORATORY FEE In Hospital	5.00		10.00
Total up to $290 under single plan or $580 under double plan for each accident or sickness.			
Current Quarterly Cost	*2.00*		*4.00*

HEALTH INSURANCE

Payments for sickness start after the tenth day of disability following physician's first visit. All sickness included except venereal disease and alcoholism, even heart disease, cancer, tuberculosis and hernia arising after first year's membership being covered.

	Choose Single	or	Double
Confining Total Disability, 52 weeks	$25 a week		$50 a week
Non-confining Total Disability, 26 weeks	12.50 a week		25 a week
Current Quarterly Cost	*3.25*		*6.50*

Accident coverage is effective the day the policy is issued, and health coverage in 30 days.

For all preferred male risks, most "white collar" men between 17 and 55, this 70-year-old company of a quarter million chosen members offers maximum protection per dollar because of the economy of our mutual way of doing business, direct at cost.

You must be under 55 to join, but once you become a member there is no age limit for accident insurance, except for a reduction of the death benefit at age 70; health coverage reduces 40% at age 60 but it and hospitalization benefits may continue to age 65.

Serving its members DIRECT and solely for their mutual benefit, this non-profit Association provides protection *At Cost*. Membership charges are based solely on the full cost of the insurance protection, necessary reserves and Association expenses.

Mail Coupon.
No Obligation.
No Solicitor Will Call.

YOU SEND NO MONEY NOW, but do mail the coupon for the FACTS booklet more fully explaining our coverage, and an easy-to-complete blank for applying. *No obligation. No solicitor or doctor will call.* If accepted now, a membership fee (about same as quarterly costs listed above) would cover the *full* cost of your choice of coverage until late June.

The Commercial Travelers C-6

MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION

Edward Trevvett, *Secretary*, Utica 2, New York

Send, without any obligation, your free FACTS booklet and an easy-to-complete application blank.

My Name is Mr. ....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address..

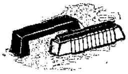
....

Are you over 17, under 55?............... Occupation..................

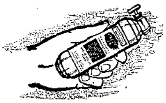
NEW PRODUCTS

Coronet's Family Shopper

"Woody" wood pickling finish makes it possible for the inexperienced to impart a pickled finish, in any of eight decorating shades, to unfinished wood. Base coat is applied, allowed to dry; then a finishing coat. When this dries and is rubbed, dust-proof, liquid-resistant finished surface appears—in black, lime, gray, blonde, walnut, mahogany, maple or oak. $1.45*, with directions, from Seaboard Finishes Ltd., 1133 Broadway, N.Y. 10, N.Y.



Tydi-Rol lets you roll the lint off your clothing without using any elbow grease. Since it is covered with an adhesive tape, you can just tear off the used layer and start in on a fresh section. Each Tydi-Rol has enough tape for nine new exposures; refills are 50 cents apiece. Tape is especially effective in picking up small particles, yet leaves no stain on clothing. $1 from J. & E. Manufacturing Co., 829 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Ill.



Here is a hand-sized fire-extinguisher, guaranteed against leakage. It is easy to keep in the kitchen, basement, automobile or any other place where small fires are likely to break out. When it gets empty, the Presto Fire Extinguisher can be refilled for $1.85. This easy-to-handle pressure-type extinguisher comes in two sizes: 5½" size is $3.98; the 10" size is $5.95, from Merlite Industries, Inc., 114 East 32nd St., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

Found: A magazine rack that will save you from shuffling through many periodicals before finding the one you want. The Bellette News Stand is designed so that you can see the titles on every shelf, because they are set at graded levels. Modern in feeling, yet simple enough to fit into any decor, the rack of polished oak or ebony has brass legs. 30" high, 19" wide. About $25 from Bellette, Inc., 112-114 W. Kinzie St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Spray Rain-Chek on articles of clothing that are subject to dampness or rain. It is a shower repellent that also acts as a protective against moisture and mildew. It comes in a 12-ounce can, with hand-spray nozzle attachment. The can can be kept and refilled. Rain-Chek is effective on raincoats, boots, leather goods, felt hats and many other articles, and is not harmful to fabrics. $1 from The Little Wood Shop, Inc., Land O'Lakes, Wis.

Scrambling through all those hat boxes on high shelves before locating the article you want is a thing of the past. This round, plastic hat box is good for storing hats as well as many other small articles of clothing. Its transparency allows you to see everything it contains, at a glance. Comes with strap for hanging, measures 7½" high, 14½" in diameter. $5.95 from Henry Hanger and Display Fixture Corp. of America, 450 7th Ave., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Editorial prices are complete except those starred (*) which are shipped F.O.B.

Are you getting the most from your sleep?

New medical findings revealed! You may actually be "starved" for the RIGHT KIND of sleep

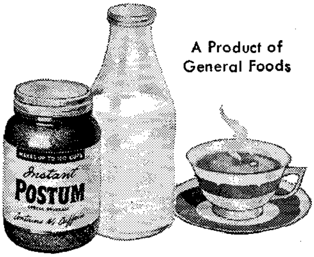
IF YOU HAVE TROUBLE getting to sleep—if you then sleep in fits and starts, and wake up tired and irritable—here's news that promises more refreshing sleep tonight—a brighter, more energetic day tomorrow.

Recent Medical Findings suggest that *low blood sugar* may be the cause of your trouble. You see, during the long nighttime hours without food, your body's blood sugar supply may become seriously low. You may then feel too nervous to *go* to sleep, too restless to *stay* asleep. You are starved for your needed "sleep food."

How the Postum "Nightcap" helps you sleep. As your doctor can tell you, the new Postum Nightcap is an ideal sleep-aid. Made with Instant Postum and hot milk, it is good-tasting and safe—contains no drugs to harm you. Unlike sweet, sugary bedtime snacks which are too quickly burned up—this Postum milk drink helps assure a *slow, steady* supply of "sleep food," the kind you need for sound sleep...vigorous tomorrows.

So safe, so easy—try one tonight. Get yourself a jar of Instant Postum and try the new Postum Nightcap tonight. Tastes mighty good—just a teaspoon of Instant Postum dissolved in a cup of hot milk. See if you don't sleep better, *nights*—wake to brighter, more productive *days*. And remember, good-tasting Postum is an ideal mealtime beverage, too. No caffein—no "Coffee Nerves"!

The "SLEEP-FOOD" Nightcap for sleepless Millions!



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General Foods

Musical Memories

FEW THINGS ARE MORE PERISHABLE than a Broadway production. Most drama hits live only so long as their current fame. Successful musical shows are the exception. Their tunes last. The rich record offerings of recent and old musicals reflect this trend.

Many of the musicals now playing on Broadway are available in recordings featuring the original cast. Rosalind Russell's joyfully exuberant singing in *Wonderful Town*, music by Leonard Bernstein, is as radiant on the record as on the stage (Decca DL-9010). The moods of Montmartre swell from Cole Porter's *Can-Can* (Capitol S-452). The great Gertrude Lawrence, whom early death took away from a company of wonderful singers, shows her artistry with them in Rodgers' and Hammerstein's romantic *The King and I* (Decca DL-9008).

Musicals which recently or not long ago departed from the New York stage can also be heard with their original casts. Damon Runyon's asphalt characters, talking tough and feeling soft, sound off their Broadwayese in Frank Loesser's *Guys & Dolls* (Decca DL-8036). RCA Victor presents Jule Styne's *Hazel Flagg* with its many gay song numbers (LOC-1010). Phil Silvers leads the cast of Johnny Mercer's *Top Banana* (Capitol S-308) in this robust parody on burlesque and TV. Celeste Holm and David Brooks are featured in *Bloomer Girl*, music by Harold Arlen, a show with a Civil War background (Decca DL-8015); Anne Jeffreys and John Raitt in *Three Wishes for Jamie*, an Irish fairy tale in music, by Ralph Blane (Capitol S-317). Kurt Weill's stirring *Lost in the Stars*, a musical play based on Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country," displays the beautiful dramatic singing of Todd Duncan and Inez Matthews (Decca DL-8028).

Perennially popular musicals of the past, some of them never recorded before, are offered with modern casts. Dorothy Kirsten, supported by other able singers, appears in Sigmund Romberg's *The Student Prince* (Columbia ML-4592) and Franz Lehar's operetta *The Merry Widow* (Columbia ML-4666); Nelson Eddy in Romberg's *The Desert Song* (Columbia ML-4636) and Rodgers' and Hammerstein's *Oklahoma!* (Columbia ML-4598). *On Your Toes* by Rodgers and Hart, a milestone in the development of the musical, is also available from Columbia (ML-4645).

RCA Victor has started a new "Show Time" series, song selections from musical comedies and revues, some old, some more recent, a repertoire which includes, among others, Jerome Kern's *Showboat* and *The Cat and the Fiddle* (LPM 3151), Gershwin's *Girl Crazy* and *Porgy and Bess* (LPM-3156), Porter's *Kiss Me, Kate* and *Anything Goes* (LPM-3157), and Arthur Schwartz, *The Band Wagon* and *Little Show* (LPM-3155).

—FRED BERGER

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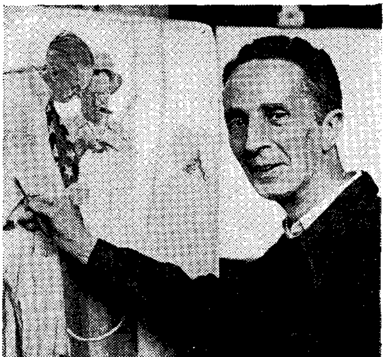

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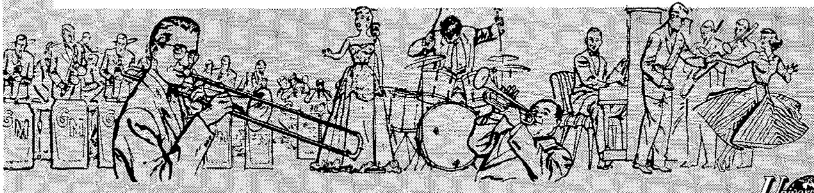

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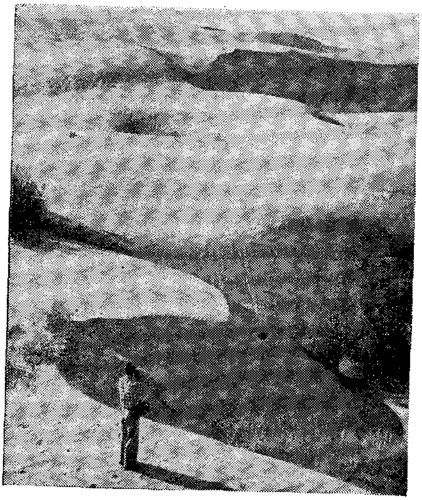

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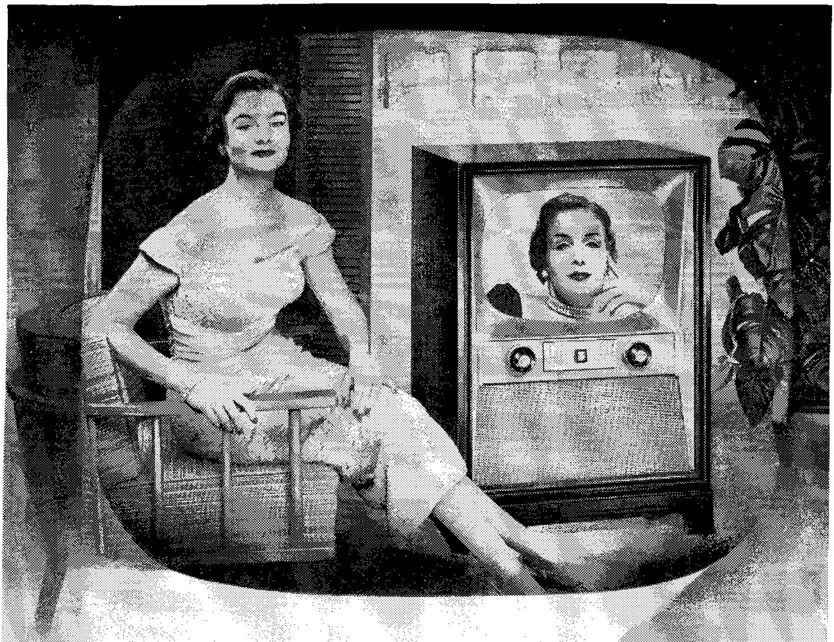

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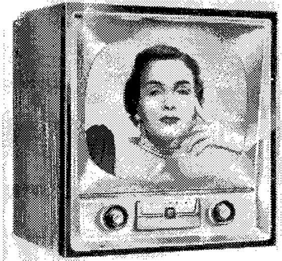

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FEBRUARY 1954

Teacher Talks Back!

An Open Letter to Parents of Schoolchildren

by **H. FREDRICKA ALLEN**

DEAR PARENT:

After six years of teaching, I'm getting out of the field. You have asked why. The answer is simple.

I am not satisfied with my employer, and that means I'm not satisfied with *you*. The school board and the administration may hire us teachers, but it is for you we work.

I walked out of college with fine ideals and lofty ambitions. I was inspired by that unwritten Hippocratic oath that every conscientious teacher wishes to uphold. But after six years as your employee, I have found I can do nothing without your support, and that support I do not have.

In the first place, you make it almost impossible to maintain discipline in your schools. Helen Brownell agrees with me. You remember Helen Brownell, don't you? She taught Junior English in one of your high schools a few years ago.

You will also probably recall Tom Jackson and his five buddies. If you don't, it is certain that the teachers in your school will.

One day, Miss Brownell had taken as much of Tom's witticisms, geared for his five cronies, as she could. "If you don't stop talking and start paying strict attention to what we are discussing, you will have to leave the class," she warned.

"Who's going to make me?" asked Tom. And without waiting for an answer went on, "Who do you think you are, anyway?"

Miss Brownell, who, you will remember, is just five feet tall, stretched an inch and said calmly: "I *know* who I am. I am the teacher and you are the student. You will obey me or get out!"

"Good! I don't like this class, anyway," replied Tom. "I'd just as soon leave."

With that, he slammed his books inside his desk.

"Just a moment," called Miss Brownell, as Tom strode arrogantly from the room, "You should also know that when you leave, you will not return again."

"That's what *you* think!" answered Tom.

Tom "reported" his teacher to Principal Cartwright. In the interview that followed with principal and teacher, it was recommended that Miss Brownell "get together" with Tom and reconsider.

"I've talked to Tom's mother," said Cartwright. "She does not want Tom punished in any way. She says she has never needed to discipline him at home. We should remember that he is now going through a phase of teen-age adjustment."

"He may be going through a phase," replied Miss Brownell, a bit grimly, "but he's not going through it in my class."

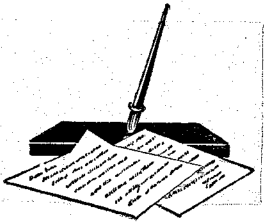
"Do you realize," the principal went on, "that if you put Tom out of your class, he will have to repeat English next year?"

"I do. I also realize that if Tom returns and continues as he has, my teaching effectiveness will be nullified. I will lose all respect the class has for me."

"Oh, I'm sure it won't be that bad. We can't afford to have parents against us with the school bond elections coming up."

Miss Brownell, with her back against the wall, said: "Then you make your choice—either Tom goes into that classroom or I do. But not both of us."

Helen Brownell stood her ground and the next day, under the eye of the superintendent and the principal, Tom went into the class and Miss Brownell did not. Next day Miss Brownell went in and Tom took English the following year.



Helen Brownell won the admiration and respect of the students, including Tom and his five pals. But we all aren't Helen Brownells. We can't go it alone. We need your help. If you don't believe in discipline or are afraid to administer it in your home, naturally your child will rebel against it in the classroom. If your son does not respect authority in his home, he cannot be expected to respect it at school.

Secondly, I do not believe that you *want* scholastic standards upheld. There was a time when parents sought for their children what they themselves had not been able to get. But that day seems to have passed. Take the mother who complained to your California school board because her son's eighth-grade assignments were so difficult she "couldn't do them herself!"

The old-fashioned dining room table where the family sat after dinner—Dad reading, Mom sewing and Junior doing his homework—has gone with the dining room. In its place is the television set. Yet Junior moans because Mr. Jones made him read all during class period. Where else can he read?

To teach, there must be standards. Yet what do you parents do to help us maintain standards?

An Arizona mother, who claimed she could not leave the beauty shop she operated, sent for her daughter's teacher. There the young teacher was reduced to tears and humiliation in public, because she had given a failing grade. The teacher's professional dignity in the eyes of students and townspeople was irreparably damaged.

A veteran New England teacher said to me recently: "After ten years of being brought to a state of nervous collapse at the end of each term, I find my sense of values going. I'm so tired of facing irate parents and spoiled brats that when summer comes, I give the brat the grade he wants and go away peacefully."

Thirdly, we wonder: do you really want moral and ethical values instilled in your children?

Morals are not taught children by words; they are learned through deeds. Six hours a day of lecturing on moral values and ethics mean nothing in the face of what a child sees in his home. Parents, not teachers, serve as true examples to children. And that is the way it should be.

IT IS A SAD HOME in which the child turns from his parents with disgust and seeks to follow another. Yet, when the home standards of conduct are too low or too vacillating, what else can he do? Children are quick to sense dishonesty or immorality, and they must have it either justified or condemned. Don't believe they are ignorant of it. They are not.

Remember the unfortunate year that I served as girls' counsellor in one of your Eastern schools where Mr. Weaver was principal? That was the year an angry mother demanded that I come to her home for a conference.

"My daughter is pregnant," she shouted by way of greeting. "And it's all your fault. We pay teachers high salaries. You are a counsellor—it's your job to prevent these things."

"I—" I began, but I never had a chance.

"She needed counselling and you didn't give it to her. That's your job, isn't it?"

"But, if you knew she needed counselling, why didn't you tell me? I have 250 girls. You have only one."

"When do I see her?" the mother retorted. "I work all day, and every night she's out to some fool school activity. I never see her—you're the one who sees her."

I looked around the room. Were you ever in Mrs. Curtiss' home? We were in the game room. It had a fully equipped bar in one corner. The walls were covered with pictures of semi-nudes.

"Is this where she entertains her friends?" I asked.

"Yes. She has always been told to feel free to bring her friends home."

"But don't you think," I began, "that this room—the pictures—"

"Oh, those—I want her to learn life at home—not out on the streets."

Later, I told Mr. Weaver: "I don't think she's right. But I do think we should do all we *can*. I know there's 'petting' in the cars during dance intermissions. Perhaps if we were stricter about that—and about hand-holding and 'smooching' in the halls—it would help."

Principal Weaver agreed.

His orders were strict: Petting would be banned. Students disobeying would be suspended.

Of course, no one believed him and in a week, 25 students had been suspended.

Remember how the deluge fell on Weaver? A petition was signed by 200 parents (were you one?) to remove Weaver from his post of "old-fashioned dictatorship."

We all knew that Mr. Weaver could not afford to lose his position, so he bowed his head and apologized publicly, as was demanded, to the student body for his "hasty actions" and "unjust suspicions." Mr. Weaver was not rehired the next year—for "one can't tolerate such a spineless man as principal!"

FOURTH, do you actually want extra-curricular activities sponsored in a democratic way?

Democracy means equal rights for all and leadership achieved through ability. Yet sometimes we feel that you want leadership bestowed by the magic word "my."

One of our Middle West teachers, you will recall, was threatened that her contract would not be renewed if a certain student was not chosen for the lead in the senior class play. If Jane, the janitor's daughter, has the best voice, why can't we have her for the operetta lead instead of Sue, the trustee's child, who squeaks on high "C"?

You cannot really want us to educate for the individual child if the only child you recognize as the individual is your own. We love helping the "underprivileged" child and we strive to keep the "average" child from feeling he is average.

But the hope of our teaching is the superior child. Yet, do you remember the awful fuss that drama teacher started when he allowed Dick Wilson to rewrite, direct, produce and take the lead in a Shakespearean play? Dick, I have heard, has now received top honors from two of our universities . . .

Dear Parent, I for one am not happy in your employ. I think, moreover, that I speak for many of my fellow teachers.

You want us to perform in less than 200 school days the miracle you cannot perform in a lifetime. You want us to build up in 6 school hours what you can destroy in the remaining 18. You want us to give our working day to your child, our evenings to his activities, our weekends to his sports and our holidays to his picnics, excursions and tours.

But—*you* won't even give us your confidence. If you would give us your confidence as you give it to your doctor who deals with your body, your lawyer who deals with your legal problems, your minister who deals with your spiritual welfare, to us who deal with your child's mind and our nation's greatest heritage, then we will *be* your teachers, upholding our oath.

But if, dear parent, you just want your child amused for six hours a day, please send him to your local theater. We are not entertainers, or we would be better paid.

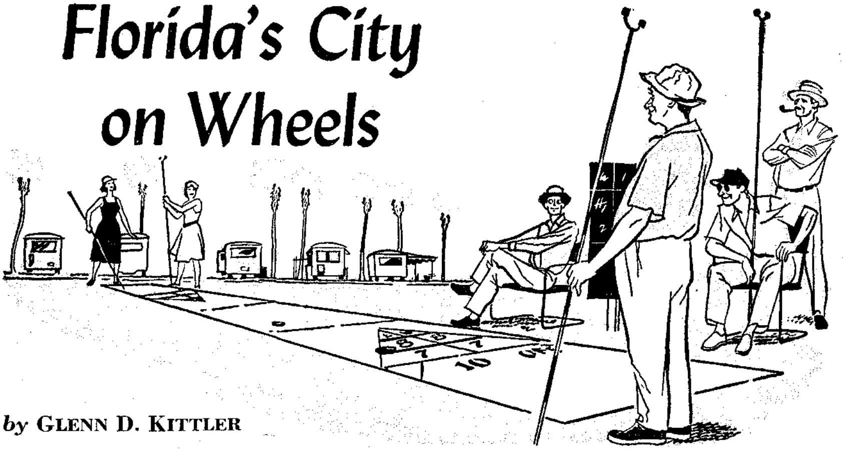
Sincerely,
YOUR CHILD'S TEACHER

Barring Temptation

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, famous Kansas journalist and philosopher, had to do considerable wangling before he got the license number he wanted: 13-1313. Asked why he requested that particular number, he had a stock reply: "It should be obvious. Who'd steal a car with that number?"

—MARY ALKUS

Florida's City on Wheels



by **GLENN D. KITTLER**

The Bradenton Trailer Park is a unique testimonial to local ingenuity and pride

LAST YEAR, the youngsters of Bradenton, Florida, received an unusual gift: an $80,000 gymnasium. It was the most recent in a long line of similar gifts, all indirectly provided by benefactors who comprise the most unique community in the world. They are the residents of the Bradenton Trailer Park, virtually a city on wheels.

Packed during the winter season with more than 1,100 trailers, the park operators claim it is the world's largest. A few years ago, it was just a vast wilderness on Bradenton's outskirts. But for the foresight of a group of local boosters, it might still be that today.

During the fabulous Florida boom of the 1920's, a Bradenton corporation installed streets, sewers, lights and landscaping in 40 cleared acres at the edge of town, then waited for realtors to give the community its first suburb.

But the bubble burst. Weeds crept through the unused streets like a slow, eerie tidal wave. Expensive water mains and sewage pipes became the empty arteries of a ghost town that was never born. The suburb a corporate enterprise, Bradenton had never been able to tax it, and the city's treasury was miserably slimmer.

That was why, in 1936, the city council turned deaf ears to pleas from local businessmen for municipal aid in capitalizing on Florida's newest big business: trailer tourists.

"Florida's highways are heavy with travelers who want to spend their winters here," a spokesman told the council. "They've even brought their own housing facilities—their trailers. Every day we keep these tourists in Bradenton means more business for us and prosperity for the town. We urge the council to help us meet this new opportunity by establishing a municipal trailer park."

The council members shook their heads. "We haven't the money," they said. "We're still paying for what happened during the boom."

For a moment it seemed that the vacationing trailerites would continue to by-pass Bradenton. Then one of the council members studied the petitioners and observed: "Most of you men are Kiwanians, aren't you? Why don't you start the trailer park as a club project? If you believe so strongly that it'll make money, then you can use the profits for your youth programs."

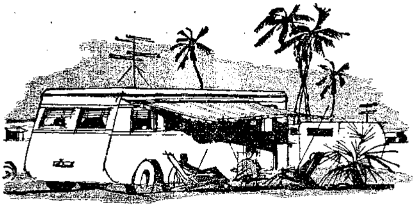
That sounded reasonable. The Kiwanis Club had long searched for such a project, and there could be no greater challenge than this. It meant work, hard work, and risk; but if it succeeded, then the community would profit greatly, and its youth would profit, too.

At the next Kiwanis meeting, the members unanimously approved the project; and the city leased the land to the club for $1 per year. The first year, the Kiwanians were just able to pay the rent, for at the end of the season the park showed a profit of exactly $4.75.

"Something's wrong," they conceded. "We won't have much of a youth-service program on profits like this."

There was a great deal wrong. Despite the park's excellent facilities and expansive landscaping, there was simply nothing for the guests to do. Bored by the inactivity, they stayed a night or two and then moved on. In the first year, only 200 trailerites did even that.

What was necessary was an entertainment program to make people want to stay longer. And what was more necessary was a man who could devise and carry out such a program. The hunt began. It ended quickly, when the Kiwanians discovered Bobbie Brollier.



Entertainment was Bobbie Brollier's middle name. Since boyhood he had been in show business. Leaving his Nebraska home when he was 18, he had spent the next 40 years touring America's grass roots as singer and actor in tent shows. When the Kiwanians found him, in 1937, he had retired to a small farm eight miles from Bradenton.

His long experience in tent shows had taught Brollier how to squeeze the most entertainment out of even the slimmest facilities. He began by arranging to hold dances, shows, concerts and hobby exhibits in the park's huge recreation hall. Clearly visible to driversby, he laid out an enticing shuffleboard court.

There were other exciting inducements: the Ringling Brothers Circus wintered nearby. Five major-league baseball teams took their spring training within a few miles' drive. Some of Florida's best West Coast fishing areas were in the vicinity. The famous Cypress Gardens, the mysterious Everglades and impressive orange groves were all close enough for one-day jaunts.

Brollier wrote letters, mentioning all these things, to the guests of the previous year. He also wrote everyone he had met during his show-business years, plus anyone else he thought might come to Bradenton.

For anxious weeks, nothing happened. Then the first few applications arrived. The numbers grew, and by the time the season opened, it appeared that the Bradenton Trailer Park was in for a good year. It was, and every year since has been better.

Today, a large sign along Highway 41 acclaims Bradenton as the largest trailer park in the world. At the height of the winter season, approximately 3,000 people make it their home. The park's tree-lined streets are now endless rows of neat trailers, ranging from homemade one-room cabins to sumptuous four- and five-room apartments, completely air-conditioned.

Electricity, running water and even sewage removal services are available to all trailers. Ten shower and laundry buildings are scattered through the park. The recreation hall contains a fully-equipped grocery store and post-office-box facilities. And the rental is only $1 a day, or—as a temptation for long visits—$3.50 a week.

Most of the guests are elderly, retired people, living on small pensions. Because of the park's low costs, they are able to spend the winter in Florida on less than they could in their own hometowns. And they have more fun.

Brollier and his wife Flo are always the center of activity. Both small, peppy people in their 70's, the Brolliers have infected the park with their own love of merriment and good-fellowship. To overcome even the briefest sense of being an outsider at Bradenton, newcomers are officially greeted by a welcoming committee.

When the Brolliers gave a party for guests married more than 50 years, 53 couples showed up. The party was as gay as a teen-age open house. At weekly dances, it is the oldsters who keep the place really jumping.

A strict rule of the trailer camp is that none of the visitors may take jobs while staying there. This prevents competition with Bradenton establishments which cater to transient workers and sustains the playground atmosphere which permeates the park. However, a sale each year of items made by the various handicraft clubs often earns the entire cost of a trailerite's luxurious vacation.

Bradenton regulars have developed a tremendous loyalty towards the park and each other. The shuffleboard team is one of the best in the country. In the summer, retired team-members travel in a group—by trailer, of course—to Northern parks where they compete against local teams.

After one couple's trailer burned to the ground, the guests built them a new one. When a trailerite was notified that his pension had expired, a wealthy factory-owner guest gave the man a summer job up North where he could earn enough to continue spending his winters at the park.

The trailerites contribute as a group to Bradenton's church and civic campaigns. And should the town's teen-agers need chaperons for an evening's event, there are scores at the trailer park eager to volunteer.

Though the entire community of Bradenton has profited greatly through the success of the park, its young people have gained by far the most. All profits of the park go to them. Out of its average annual gross of some $300,000, the Kiwanis Club has built, besides the $80,000 gymnasium, a clubhouse for Girl Scouts and helped with another for teen-age social events. The Future Farmers of America local chapter is also a Kiwanis project. Dental and eye care is provided free to poor children, as well as some 5,000 school lunches a year.

The Kiwanis Club is justly proud of what it has achieved: it is considered the richest and most active group of its kind in the world. The rewards have been many, and outstanding among them is the fact that, since the trailer park first provided funds to expand the youth program, there has been no juvenile delinquency in the community.

For Flo and Bobbie Brollier, the experience of supervising the park has been ripely fruitful. The countless close friends they have made have put them in the rare position of being able to walk up almost any Main Street in the country and meet someone they know.

Sitting in the park's recreation hall recently, Brollier watched his wife direct a women's play. In one corner, a group of hobbyists planned their annual handicraft sale. Another group discussed a coming shuffleboard tournament. And in the middle of the room, 50 people practiced square-dancing. The room purred with the friendly voices of happy people.

Brollier watched the scene with the smile of a contented man. He said: "Sixteen years ago I took this job at $15 a week because I wanted to help. It's been a lot of work, but a lot more fun. Thanks to our guests, we've been able to do some good for our kids. And, you know, I've found these trailer-dwellers such wonderful people that I'd be willing to pay to stay here with them myself!"

Words from the Wise

AS LONG AS A MAN stands in his own way, everything seems to be in his way. —HENRY THOREAU

QUIET MINDS CANNOT be perplexed or frightened but go on in fortune or in misfortune at their own private pace like the ticking of a clock during a thunderstorm. —ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

TRUE FRIENDS VISIT US in prosperity only when invited; in adversity they come without invitation. —THEOPHRASTUS

I FORGET WHO IT WAS who recommended men for their soul's good to do each day two things they disliked. It is a precept that I have followed scrupulously, for every day I have got up and I have gone to bed. —SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I HAVE BUT ONE lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. —PATRICK HENRY

CHINESE MAGIC

by **GALEN DRAKE**

WHEN BRILLIANT young Ko Kuei Chen returned home to China in 1923, with an M.D. he had earned after five years of study in the U.S., he realized how backward his countrymen were in medical knowledge. He had almost forgotten that they still used herbs and insects to cure ills.

What bothered him most was that his uncle, an apothecary, was selling such things—and making a success of it, too. He had a shop in Peking, stocked with a hideous array of smelly leaves and dried insects. These he would prescribe for any ailment.

Chen tried to be patient with the old man. But it seemed weird that while he and his American superior, Dr. Carl F. Schmidt, were using modern medicines at Peking Union Medical College, his uncle, just a few miles away, was practicing witchcraft.

One day the old man brought out two dried-up leaves which he placed before his nephew with care. "We have something better than your Western scientists," he said. "We have *ma huang*."

"Looks like something left over from the Stone Age," Chen said disdainfully.

"Do not be disrespectful," said his uncle. "*Ma huang* will make dying people breathe again."

"I love you and honor you, Uncle," Chen said, "but I do not believe in nostrums or black magic."

Now his uncle was angry. "You think your Western doctors have nothing to learn? Take these with you. Try them. And do not scoff again at something you do not know."

Chen showed the relics to Dr. Schmidt, who stuck them in a closet and hoped his young assistant would forget. Chen did forget until a few weeks later, when he and Schmidt were preparing a dog for a student demonstration. While the dog was under anesthesia, his breathing unaccountably slowed. Frantically, the men injected him with stimulants. Still the pulse weakened.

"I'm afraid we can't save him," Schmidt conceded.

"No," Chen agreed. "But this is a good time to try my uncle's mysterious medicine."

Quickly Chen dissolved the leaves in water and injected the dying animal with the strange solution. The dog began breathing normally.

Neither Chen nor Schmidt could believe what they saw. But, after months of experimentation, they realized that the fantastic drug which the Chinese had been using for centuries was truly a powerful respiratory stimulant. And since that time, under the name of ephedrine, it has helped countless thousands of sufferers from asthma, low blood pressure, shock and hemorrhage all over the Western World.

Galen Drake appears on CBS radio Saturdays, 9:45-10:30 A.M., EST.

25 WAYS TO CUT YOUR INCOME TAX

by **Ralph Wallace**

Every year a lot of people pay more income tax than they need to. They don't do this on purpose, of course. It's just that they slip up on claiming all their deductions.

Don't let this happen to you when you are making out your return for 1953. Here is a list—from A to Y—of some perfectly legitimate deductions that are often overlooked. If you observe this "alphabet" when filling out your tax form, you should save yourself some welcome dollars.

A IS FOR ACCIDENTS. If you have one with your car, you can deduct your loss. Of course, you don't have any loss if you collect on your insurance (or on the other fellow's insurance) for the full damage. It is only the amount you are out of pocket that is deductible. Another point: if the accident was caused by the taxpayer's own driving error, he can still get a deduction, provided he wasn't guilty of "willful negligence." Mere faulty driving is not willful negligence, the Treasury says; but drunken driving is.

B IS FOR BAD DEBTS. People are often skeptical about deducting for loans to relatives and friends. But the instructions with the tax return clearly state that if you fail to collect a personal loan—that is, a loan you expected to be repaid in full—the debt can be listed as a "short-term capital loss." That means it can be used to wipe out capital gains; or, if you have no capital gains, up to $1,000 of the debt is deductible from your other income, such as salaries and wages, in the year the debt becomes worthless. (This is so, even though you use the "standard" deduction.) Remaining losses above $1,000 can be deducted for the next five years, up to $1,000 a year. (*Caution:* Do not deduct for personal "loans" that you never expected would be repaid. These are really gifts, the Government says.)

C IS FOR CONTRIBUTIONS paid in cash or property. Gifts of property are the ones you are likely to overlook. For example, you use your car in doing something gratuitously for a governmental, charitable or religious organization. The gasoline you buy for this kind of driving is deductible as a contribution, as is the cash value of used clothing or furniture donated to charities. (You can't, however, deduct for the value of your services.)

D IS FOR DOCTORS' AND DENTISTS' bills that you pay within limits fixed by your income, age and exemptions. That's clear enough. But did you realize you can deduct also the cost of *going to* the doctor or dentist in some cases? Example: Jack Smith, 12 years old, lives on a farm. Something ails him, and the family doctor tells his parents that Jack must see a specialist in a nearby city. Jack's mother takes him there. When Jack's father makes out his tax return, he can consider as "medical expense" the money spent for carfare, meals and lodging for both mother and son.

E IS FOR EDUCATION, if the schooling is necessary for you to hold your job. If it's to give you a better job, the Government says no deduction. Here are two examples on opposite sides of the line: (1) Miss Brown teaches high school classes in a southern state. The requirements are tightened and she is told she must get her master's degree or lose her position. She spends $600—for tuition, travel and lodging—attending Columbia the following summer. *The $600 is tax-deductible.* (2) Miss Green, teaching in the same school, already is an M.A. She goes to summer school just because she wants to improve herself—maybe she'll be considered for principal some day. *Miss Green's expenses are not deductible.*

F IS FOR FIRE, FLOOD OR FREEZE that made you poorer in '53. You might even add FROST to the list, if the frost was unprecedented. The point is that you can deduct losses from "casualties." Such losses, says the Treasury, are those "sustained through natural physical forces, or 'acts of God,' which occur suddenly and unexpectedly." Pipes that freeze and burst can be deducted. So can ornamental trees and shrubs that are ruined by an ice storm. Fire losses are usually covered by insurance; but if the insurance isn't enough, you have a deduction.

G IS FOR GAMBLING LOSSES. They can be deducted up to the amount of winnings. Example: During the course of the year, a man wins a total of $1,000 while losing a total of $2,000. He reports $1,000 income and deducts $1,000 of the loss.

H IS FOR HEALTH AND HOSPITAL insurance. Generally, the premiums are deductible as medical expense (within the usual limits for medical-expense deductions). The only exception is where you have a health or accident policy that pays *only* for loss of earnings, rather than for medical expenses incurred. If the insurance company says it will pay for medical care or for specific injuries, the full premiums are considered medical expense.

I IS FOR INTEREST—and don't forget the interest on INSTALLMENT purchases. If you are buying a car, refrigerator or television set on time, you probably are paying interest. Get a statement from the seller showing the exact amount you have paid during the year. Interest on INSURANCE policy loans is often overlooked at income tax time, too. But, if you want a deduction, you must pay the interest and not just have it added to the loan.

J IS FOR JOURNALS. Says the Government: Professional men ordinarily subscribe to professional journals, such as bar and medical association publications and technical journals. These expenses are considered ordinary and necessary and are deductible.

K IS FOR KITS of tools that a carpenter or mechanic must buy with his own money. What if they are expected to last several years? Can you deduct the cost all at once, or must you write it off gradually as depreciation? The Government concedes a point and says that if they are small tools, like hammers and saws and wrenches, you can deduct all the cost when you buy them.

L IS FOR LICENSE PLATES for your car, also your DRIVER'S LICENSE. Whatever they cost is deductible under "taxes paid." Do not deduct for dog, hunting, fishing or marriage licenses. They aren't really taxes, says Uncle Sam.

M IS FOR MEALS AND LODGING away from home on trips connected with work. Business owners and professional men take these deductions, of course. What if you are just an employee and your job requires you to travel? There's no reason why you should not deduct the expense. But don't take off expenses for which your employer reimburses you, unless you report the reimbursement as income.

N IS FOR NURSES that you had to have during an illness. There's no question about registered nurses. What about practical nurses? The Government says that if you paid someone to perform both nursing and domestic duties, you can deduct the part of the cost which was for nursing.

O IS FOR AN OFFICE that you maintain in your home for carrying on some kind of gainful work. *One example:* Mr. Black receives $1,200 a year as secretary of an agricultural association. He has set apart a room in his home to keep the books and handle correspondence. Quite properly, he deducts part of the expenses of running his home, including depreciation and insurance. *Another example:* Mrs. White doesn't call the sewing room in her five-room rented home an office. But from an income-tax standpoint, it is just the same as an office, for she makes a tidy income there as a dressmaker. So she takes a deduction for one-fifth of the rent she pays for the whole house.

P IS FOR PUPPY. Suppose you pay $150 for an eight-week-old dog. He gets away and is hit by a car. Do you have a casualty loss of $150? The courts have not given the matter their attention, but right would seem to be on the side of the dog-owner.

Q IS FOR 'QUAKES, if the damage to your property wasn't covered by insurance.

R IS FOR RENTAL of a safe-deposit box in which you keep income-producing securities. You cannot deduct the cost of a box used merely for jewelry, insurance policies and other valuables that produce no taxable income.

S IS FOR STATE INCOME TAX, a really big deduction for some people. State income taxes are extremely unpopular. They always seem to take the last few dollars left in the bank account after Uncle Sam has knocked at the door. In a sense, though, you get some of the state tax back—thanks to the deductibility feature—the next time you pay the Federal tax. STATE GASOLINE TAXES are also deductible. STATE SALES TAXES are usually deductible—better find out for sure about this in your particular State. STATE CIGARETTE TAXES are not deductible by the smoker in most states, but New Jersey is one exception.

T IS FOR THEFT LOSSES. But you must be able to prove the property was really stolen and not just lost. A man reaches for his wallet, for example, and finds it missing. Did a pickpocket get it? Probably. But if the man can't prove it, he stands little chance of getting a deduction.

U IS FOR UNIFORMS and their upkeep—provided the special clothes are required for the job and are not usable off the job. A railroad conductor went to the courts on this point. The Government said his plain blue uniform could pass for street clothes and he said it could not. He won his case when he brought out the fact that his uniform had 23 pockets and several service stripes and stars embroidered in gold on the sleeve.

V IS FOR VITAMIN tablets prescribed by your doctor. Their cost is medical expense.

W IS FOR WORTHLESS STOCKS AND BONDS. You treat them as though you had sold them for nothing on the last day of the year in which they became worthless. Thus, you have a capital loss, usually "long-term." This is a deduction you can take, even though you use the standard deduction.

X IS FOR X-RAYS, another medical-expense item.

Y IS FOR THE YMCA, the YW and so forth. Contributions to such organizations are deductible.

Z DOESN'T SEEM TO STAND for any particular deduction, but it is a reminder that you may be at the tail-end of the procession if you wait till the last day or two before March 15th to make out your tax return. So do it now, while you have time to go through your check stubs and receipts.

Quoteworthy

A FRIEND is one who walks in when the rest of the world walks out.
—*Kreolite News*

DUTY, too often, is the thing that one expects from others.—OSCAR WILDE

CHLORELLA:
Key to World Plenty

by JOSEPH C. KEELEY

This tiny one-celled plant may in time prove more important than the H-bomb

IN THE PAST DECADE or two, so many miracles have been performed in laboratories that we have come to accept them as a matter of course. Science has given us wonder drugs to make us live longer. It has provided us with amazing things to wear, and the know-how to travel at fantastic speeds. Indeed, it has been so prolific that manufacturers are hard pressed to translate the contributions of science into things you can buy.

But now we are on the verge of getting something which can have more far-reaching consequences than all the rest. You may even include the A-bomb and the H-bomb, since the new development is likely to eliminate one of the major causes of wars—hunger, and the pressures that are generated when great masses of people can't get enough to eat.

This phenomenon is called Chlorella—a single-celled plant which lives in fresh water. You have likely seen it or one of its cousins floating as scum on ponds. As an alga, it occupies the lowest position in the plant kingdom, and its insignificance is reflected in its size. Magnified 3,000 times, *Chlorella pyrenoidosa*, to use the proper scientific term for the species of alga that shows the greatest scientific promise, would be about as big as your eyeball.

The unusual feature about Chlorella, however, is that it is virtually all nutrition. There is no waste in roots, leaves or stems. It contains more protein than the edible portions of higher plants and also contains fats and carbohydrates. Also it contains the ten essential amino acids, plus all the health-giving vitamins except C. And since Chlorella does not require much room, an area not much larger than Rhode Island could grow enough to provide the world's population with half its protein requirements.

Why is this possible? Because Chlorella can multiply amazingly, creating seven times its own volume in a day. Also, it can easily be persuaded to do such tricks as changing its own composition. And it is a veritable weed in hardiness, being able to thrive under a wide range of conditions.

Such traits have made this plant-life "guinea pig" a favorite of scientists for 60 years. In the past few years, the experiments have been stepped up because of important new facts learned through tools made available from our great atomic piles.

CHLORELLA first moved out of the test-tube stage in 1948 when Stanford Research Institute started work on specifications for a large-scale culture plant. A similar project got under way in Germany at about the same time. During 1951, a great step forward was taken when a pilot plant for the Carnegie Institution was constructed by Arthur D. Little, Inc., at Cambridge, Mass. This plant showed that the large-scale culture of algae was technically feasible, with a possible annual yield of 17½ tons an acre.

Some scientists are so enthusiastic that they believe Chlorella may solve the problem of feeding the men who someday will live on the "space platforms" of the future.

However, not all ideas about Chlorella are so visionary. Highly realistic studies are being carried on, not only in this country but also in Japan, Germany, Holland, Venezuela and England. In Israel, the work is being done under government auspices. In the U. S., concerns such as General Mills and Ralston Purina are interested in its development. Much of the present work concerns the care and feeding of Chlorella cells in outdoor ponds and in indoor tanks. The major food requirement of the algae is carbon dioxide, the same gas that gives soda water its zip. As a matter of fact, in some cases soda water has been fed to the wonder plant. Sunlight is necessary, but not too much of it, and the temperature range can vary from close to freezing to 102.2 degrees Fahrenheit. Within these limits, Chlorella can be grown and harvested continuously.

While scientists and chefs are figuring out ways of making it appealing to the human palate, Chlorella is likely to provide us with steaks, pork chops and lamb stew because of its potential for animal feeding. Dr. Vannevar Bush, discussing large-scale culture, gave an indication of how this might work out, by saying:

"It is hoped that such a development may take the form, ultimately, of a multitude of individually owned, relatively small establishments, perhaps combining the culture of algae with utilization of the product for animal feeding on the spot . . ."

Equally intriguing are Chlorella's possibilities in another field. Today, we Americans burn about 29 billion gallons of gasoline in our automobiles every year, and conservationists estimate that known supplies of petroleum will last only a very few decades. What then?

Here again, Chlorella may come to the rescue as a potent factor in energy production. Some enthusiasts talk in terms that border on the fantastic, saying that algae can provide all the fuel the world can use. One prediction is that all the food and energy needs of our world population could be supplied by the Chlorella grown on an area equal to less than ten per cent of the earth's land surface.

All this is possible, scientists maintain, because Chlorella is a highly efficient collector of solar energy. The coal and oil we use today gathered their energy from the sun long ages ago. Using the sun's energy seized by growing algae last month or last year seems to make as much sense as utilizing solar energy acquired by plants which grew in prehistoric times.

Important though this is, the world's big problem is food. Even today, there is not enough to go around, and the result is that only one-third of humanity has an adequate diet. The basic trouble is that the plants we use as food are not efficient machines for providing nutrition. Most of them were brought into cultivation by primitive man, and while they have been made to yield more and better food, they do not fulfill all our needs.

In contrast, Chlorella cells are fast-working, efficient food-making machines, containing within themselves the pigments necessary for photosynthesis and storing up materials formed in the process. Photosynthesis is what causes green plants, with the aid of sunlight and the green pigment known as chlorophyll, to convert carbon dioxide and water into energy-bearing substances.

Credited with being the first to glimpse the inner recesses of photosynthesis are Drs. Samuel Ruben and Martin Kamen. In 1939, at the University of California, they used radioactive carbon as a sort of tracer to find out what went on behind nature's iron curtain. They used carbon 11, but because this element remains radioactive for only a few minutes, results were limited.

Then they discovered a better tool in carbon 14, which has a radioactive life of thousands of years. However, there was virtually no carbon 14 available.

At the end of the war, however, the Atomic Energy Commission started shipping carbon 14 to scientists, and photosynthesis projects were started at the University of Chicago, Washington University in St. Louis, the Kettering Foundation and the University of California.

One of these days, you may see huge bodies of water walled off for the production of Chlorella on a mammoth scale, with giant harvesting plants operating along the shores. Or you may see miles of huge plastic tubes coiling around the countryside, filled with water seeded with Chlorella.

Fantastic? There are many scientists who don't think so. After all, they say, what about the atomic bomb? It was not until 1939 that the A-bomb became even theoretically possible. Now, they want to know, why not go all-out in the war against hunger? If we do so, it may be that it will never become necessary to resort to stockpiles of atomic weapons.

Candid Comments

WHEN THINGS TURN green these days, you don't know whether it's spring, envy or chlorophyll. —*Wall Street Journal*

WHAT A TERRIFIC DIN there would be if we all made as much noise when things go right as we do when things go wrong.
—*The Bay Liner*

How Secure Is "Security"?

And how many of our scientific "secrets" are secrets only in our imagination?

by JAMES BERNARD KELLEY

IT IS A TOSS-UP whether the late Al Capone or I have been fingerprinted more often. Mr. Capone, as a big man in the rackets around Chicago, found himself involved with assorted police. I happen to be a physicist and, as a consequence, have been well-known around law enforcement circles since I decided to have a go at scientific work in 1941.

The reason is, of course, security. And security is the business of concealing information. From whom the information is supposed to be concealed is not always easy to determine. Certainly it is not concealed from spies.

The "war's best kept secret"—the atom bomb—managed to stray off the reservation to an alarming extent, and about the only people who did not have a complete picture of the whole setup were the scientists working on it. What was going on in one department was kept secret from what was going on in another department.

The various spies who have since been uncovered—how many more have not been uncovered remains an interesting question—seem to have suffered from no dearth of information. Witness the speed of Soviet atomic development.

When it is recalled that the Manhattan Project was one of the most amazing pieces of good security, one begins to wonder at the value of security at all. Security must be absolute or it is not security. One leak, one spy, is all that is needed to ruin all the security measures ever taken.

During the last 12 years, including three years in Washington as a naval officer engaged in highly classified work in jet propulsion, I ran across a collection of anecdotes which make the whole idea of security worthy of Gilbert and Sullivan at their very best.

Suppose we start with 1941, when I ran into my first security measures. At that time I was working for a private company engaged in the development of instruments for ships and aircraft.

There was a rule in the plant that no one was allowed to remove blueprints from the premises. The guards took this literally, and so no blueprints went out. Of course, the company did nearly all its work with "black on whites." Since there was no rule against any color except blue, you could take out all the "black on whites" you wanted.

One day, however, catastrophe hit the plant. The company was giving a course in organization. Prior to each lecture, a set of mimeographed notes was passed out. One week the Mimeograph machine cut up capers and so, since the old blueprinting machine was no longer being used, it was decided to blueprint the notes.

Need I tell you what happened? Everybody taking the course was stopped cold by the guards, the notebooks containing the horrible blueprints were impounded, and the culprits marched off in disgrace.

Finally a vice-president was found who could vouch for the purity of the "blueprints" and the culprits were freed. As a result of this incident, I raised the question of security with one of the senior men in the organization.

His answer ran something like this. "If you take ten men of approximately equal talent and experience and give them the same facilities with which to work on a given problem, they will all come up with essentially the same solution in about the same time. The variations will be insignificant."

How far off the mark is this opinion? Apparently not too far. For instance, radar was developed by the United States, Great Britain and Germany, independently, in the early days of World War II. The 1952 Nobel Prize in physics was awarded to two men—Drs. Felix Block and Edward Purcell—for work on the same problem which each had done without the knowledge of the other. And so on. It is difficult to make secrets out of the product of human intellect.

DURING MY TOUR of duty in the Navy Department, a "Top Secret" packet was delivered to our office, complete with an officer and two enlisted men, all armed. Cautiously it was opened. In it were the supposed details of the construction of the German V-1 bomb, commonly known as the "buzz bomb," together with an artist's conception of its actual design.

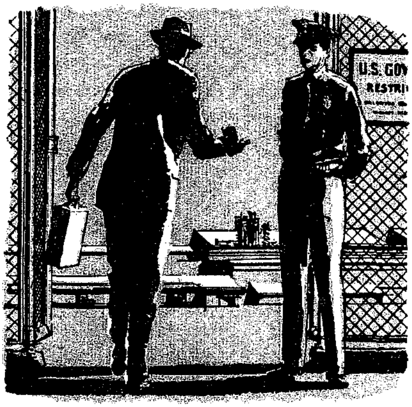
This was indeed a fine piece of information. Only one thing was wrong. The previous evening I had read the identical story in the *Washington Star*. There was no violation of security. The public relations people had released the story to the press. That was all. We had a Top Secret document on our hands which was worthless. Yet we had to guard it with our lives or run the risk of court-martial.

At one time we were forbidden to use the word radar—radio detection and ranging—in writing or conversation. This was several years after the Germans and English had used radar in combat. Also every newspaper and every radio news program was continually beating the word into your ears.

Most of us were pretty careful about security regulations, no matter how ridiculous, because we did not care to wind up at Portsmouth—the naval prison—making little ones out of big ones. Our opinions, however, were something else.

JUST HOW EFFECTIVE is security? To answer honestly, we must break security down into two categories: military security and scientific, or technical, security. Under the first heading we would group troop movements, supply movements and the like. This is security that applies to the actual and immediate prosecution of war.

Scientific security, which is the concern here, is something else. This involves restricting to a greater or lesser extent the flow of scientific knowledge among scientists and keeping it completely away from the general public. There are three usual grades of classification, plus a special grade. The first three are: "Confidential," "Secret" and "Top Secret." The special grade is the so-called "Q-Clearance" which refers to atomic energy developments only. The most difficult kind of clearance to obtain is "Q." The investigations made for both Top Secret and Q are, however, about the same.



As a rule, all officers of a company or corporation engaged in a project coming under security regulations are required to secure clearance. Then one of these persons is appointed clearance officer for the company. From then on, he decides which other employes will need access to classified material and submits their names for a clearance check to the government agency for which the company is doing its work.

Each case has to be considered separately and the investigation is conducted by the FBI or by the agency involved. The Office of Naval Intelligence frequently conducts its own investigations. Both the Army and the Air Force usually do the same thing.

A scientist who has been cleared in one of the above mentioned manners is then free to look at classified material within his own classification or within a lower one.

The investigations are by no means political and nothing else, although this impression is fairly widespread. Persons may be turned down for clearance for many reasons, including: emotional instability, excessive drinking, criminal records, membership in subversive organizations and so on.

The entire question of security has become so confused in the public mind—in some professional minds—that there is reason to believe that security investigations may prove meaningless.

For instance, I recently heard of the case of a young man who was working as an engineer in an aircraft factory. He had been cleared through Confidential, but he was going to be assigned to a new project which necessitated Secret clearance.

One of the standard procedures for the FBI in making security checks is to question neighbors concerning the character and behavior of the man or woman being checked. As a result of this neighborhood check, the man found that his children were being shunned by the other children. The parents thought he was a Communist spy or at least suspected of being one. His position became very difficult.

You see, the public is completely unaware of the meaning of security and the method of making investigations. Hence, to them, any man or woman who arouses the interest of the FBI must be under suspicion.

YOU, TOO, can be a spy. It is very easy. The best way is to read the newspapers, magazines and, as a last resort, the technical journals. While it might be difficult to work out the secrets of scientific security from the daily press and from popular magazines, it is not nearly so difficult to do so using the scientific journals. For it is a virtual impossibility to keep a secret which involves both human intellect and published research. And without published research there can be no research at all.

Our use of the so-called "delta wing" configuration in combat planes came as no surprise to anyone familiar with the technical literature in the aerodynamics field. Since 1946, meetings of aerodynamicists, and papers published in aeronautical journals, featured discussions of the various properties of delta wings.

The alternative to such publication is complete secrecy—an impregnable iron curtain around all scientific work, with the scientists themselves forbidden to discuss what they are doing, even with each other. How effective this sort of thing might be can be illustrated by a story a friend told me recently.

The group with which he was associated in his company was working on a secret project. The various members of the group did not know what the end result of their work would be, because each one worked independently of the other. There would be some kind of final assembly at the end performed by one man, and that man, the supervisor, would be the only one who would know.

Finally in desperation the supervisor called all the engineers together. He said: "Look, I don't care if I go to jail for life, but I'm going to tell you fellows what you're doing. This is insane. No intelligent man can work at his best level when he is working in the dark. So here's what we're trying to do . . ."

The project picked up speed and finished ahead of schedule, whereas, previously, it had been dragging seriously behind schedule. Unquestionably there are lots of people in Washington who believe you do not need to know what you are doing when you go to work every day, but fortunately most scientists and engineers were not trained in the bureaus of Washington.

There is one road to security and that is through ability. All the armed guards, all the whistles, all the barbed wire, all the gongs and all the investigation in this world from now to D isday will not turn out one common pin. If Ame gineers and scien- tists g out top quality ot matter who knows y the time the "enemy" with the work through w the American scientists ineers will be on something nich will make the stolen idea ete.

By this I do not mean to imply that all security should be tossed out. That would be bad for psychological reasons. We all feel a certain protection in secrecy, even though we know it fails at the most critical times. However, it does seem that the whole business of scientific security could be made much more realistic. Here are some suggested steps:

(1) Eliminate all the classifications of material, as was done recently with "Restricted"; replace them by a single classification. In other words, no more "Confidential," "Secret." Just have one. All material now considered to be under the first heading should be unclassified. Most of it is common knowledge among scientists anyway.

(2) Continue the present type of security investigations and have them handled by the FBI. Speed them up so that no more than six weeks elapse in the clearance procedure.

(3) Require all company security officers to take intensive training under the FBI, as well as periodic refresher courses.

(4) This is the most important. Put only that material on the classified list which is of immediate military value. Be absolutely certain that all interested parties are notified that material has been declassified before some eager beaver in a military public relations office decides to blow himself to a set of week-end headlines.

Finally, as a general admonition, remember that intelligence and progress are the best defenses man has ever devised against any enemy. If American scientists and engineers stay ahead of the world, we have nothing to fear.

Delightful Alternative

KENTUCKY WAS PROUD of her late Congressman Ollie James, and Ollie was just as proud of Kentucky. Once he ventured to enter the bid of his beloved Louisville for the National Democratic Convention.

"Ollie, are you crazy?" a friend demanded. "We couldn't take care of that crowd! If beds were placed in the halls and dining rooms of every hotel in this community, there wouldn't be nearly enough for all those delegates and their friends!"

"Bed!" Ollie shouted. "Why, sir, Louisville would make her visitors have such a whopping good time that no gentleman would dream of going to bed!"

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

TRUTHS ABOU THE COMMON COL

People have some very strange beliefs about mankind's most common plague

by **E. A. JACOBI**

IN THE ANNALS of medicine, nobody has ever died of a common cold. Compared to cancer, TB, heart disease and many others, the cold is a very minor problem. Nevertheless, it is one of the major nuisances plaguing mankind.

Each man, woman and child in the U.S. suffers an average of three colds a year. The cost to the nation is reckoned well in excess of a billion a year, counting loss of manpower and efficiency and expenditures for medication and doctor bills.

The disease for so long has resisted all persistent efforts at penetration by medical research that it has become overgrown with a moss of myths, clichés, misconceptions and misinformation. Listed below are some of the most widely held beliefs about the common cold and the answers which latest research data provide.

1. *Doctors still don't know any more about the common cold today than they did when Columbus discovered America.*

Not true. A good deal of systematic research has been done in recent years. One fact established beyond doubt is that the cold is an infectious disease caused by a virus, or possibly a whole group of viruses.

A virus is an infective agent—an organism of ultra-microscopically small size that can multiply only in living cells. The cold virus is so small that it will pass through filters with pore openings of 120 millimicrons. (For your information, it takes 25.4 *million* millimicrons to make up one inch.)

Finding the cause is always the necessary first step in combating a disease. Having traced the virus, there is reasonable hope that medical science will in due time find a means of rendering it harmless.

2. *Colds are caused mainly by exposure to cold air.*

Certainly not. The cold does not occur without the presence of a virus, regardless of temperature and climate. Explorers and isolated communities within the Arctic circle have reported a complete absence of the disease during long periods of extreme cold.

3. *Colds are "catching."*

Evidence indicates that they aren't nearly as catching as generally believed. Dr. Christopher Howard Andrewes, famous British research scientist at Harvard Hospital, Salisbury, England, disovered that only 50 per cent of ose who received injections of ac- secretions taken from people with colds caught colds. However, ndirect contact through use of tensils and furniture had no results at all.

4. *Chilling and drafts lower one's resistance to colds.*

The discovery that this almost universally-held belief does not necessarily follow was one of the most startling results of Dr. Andrewes' experiments.

Several groups of people were exposed to severe chilling after taking hot baths. They doused their heads with ice-cold water, stood in cold drafts clad in wet bathing suits and, for good measure, walked around in wet socks for the rest of the morning.

5. *One cold will keep you immune for the rest of the year.*

On the contrary, there are indications that irritation of your nasal passages and sinuses resulting from a cold may increase your susceptibility.

6. *Overheated, stuffy rooms are responsible for colds.*

No connection has ever been established between room temperatures and colds, although numerous surveys have shown that certain temperature and moisture ranges, as well as adequate ventilation, are best suited to maintain a feeling of comfort, efficiency and general well-being.

7. *Children today have more colds than they had a generation ago.*

Debatable. While a survey among New Haven schools disclosed an appreciable increase in the rate of absences "due to colds" over a similar period 21 years before, it is impossible to say whether the increase was the result of more colds among children or whether it was merely the result of an increased awareness among parents and doctors that a child with a cold needs care and rest.

8. *The surest cure for a cold is a shot of penicillin.*

Definitely not. Both penicillin and streptomycin have been proven to be completely ineffectual against the common cold. However, for a particularly bad cold, a physician may prescribe antibiotics just in case the "cold" may be a more serious virus infection.

9. *When you feel a cold coming on, you can rely on antihistamin tablets to knock it out.*

Medical opinion remains highly skeptical. Allowing for the great number of colds which seem to start and never quite develop, as well as those conditions simulating a cold but based on some kind of an allergy, where antihistamins *will* help, they find these drugs of little proven value.

10. *Cats, dogs and other house pets are liable to catch colds, too.*

Researchers wish this were so, as it would greatly simplify their investigations. Dr. Andrewes has unsuccessfully tried to transmit colds to rabbits, rats, mice, guinea pigs, hamsters, gray squirrels, hedgehogs, pigs, chickens, kittens, baboons, and monkeys.

11. *The best thing for a cold is a shot of whiskey.*

Sir William Osler, one of the idols of American medicine, had this to say: "When you have a cold, hang your hat on a bed post, go to bed and drink whiskey till you see two hats." He doesn't promise this will cure the cold, but it will make it a lot more bearable.

12. *After all is said and done, how does one catch a cold, and how does one prevent it?*

The answer to both these questions is still shrouded in mystery. While there is universal agreement that the cold is caused by a virus, the enigma that puzzles scientists is the factor of resistance.

Dr. Andrewes, who keeps in touch with his human guinea-pigs after they leave the research center, has found that many people, who resisted concentrated exposure to infection in the relaxed vacation atmosphere of Harvard Hospital, frequently caught colds after they were back in their normal routine. What conditions or combination of circumstances cause us to catch cold at one time and enable us to resist or abort the infection at another? Dr. Andrewes, for one, has so far refrained from suggesting an answer.

What, then, can be done to prevent a cold? Nothing has yet been found to take the place of the time-honored advice of the old family doctor: adequate rest, wholesome food, fresh air, avoidance of crowds during cold "epidemics" and observance of commonsense rules of health.

Who Would Buy It?

THE ENGLISH FARMERS looked at the strange plant and shook their heads firmly. "It isn't edible. Who would buy it? You couldn't even feed it to your pigs."

But Thomas William Coke was equally adamant. He told the farmers: "Sir Walter Raleigh brought it here. In America people eat it every day. It can be tasty, if you prepare it properly. Also, it can be stored a long time. Think of what that can mean to the poor people in winter when our food supply is low."

Coke's campaign seemed futile. For five years he argued with neighboring farmers. Meanwhile, across the English Channel in France, another crusader for the plant faced similar opposition.

An apothecary, Parmentier, had encountered the vegetable while serving as a prisoner of war: prisoners could not complain about the food. Parmentier, realizing that this strange new plant could easily become an important part of everyone's diet, was eager to cultivate it, but he did not seem to make any progress.

"But how can I convince the people?" he wondered.

Before long, he acquired land and hired soldiers to police the property. Then as neighboring farmers watched, he planted his vegetable.

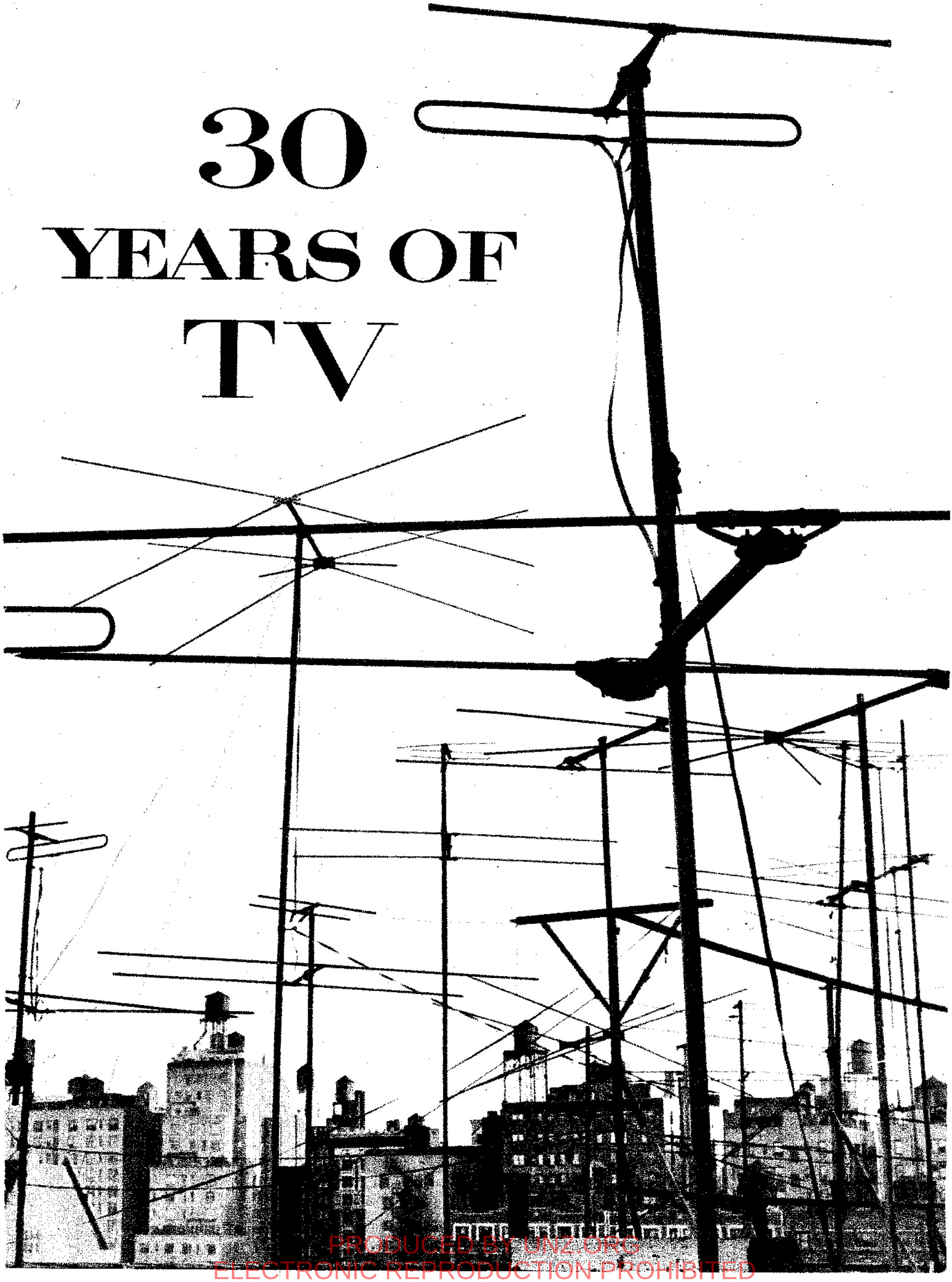
For weeks the soldiers patrolled the farm—by day. At night the fields went unguarded. When the plant was ready for harvest, Parmentier had no problem: the curious farmers had raided the fields at night.

Thus, by pressure from an Englishman and connivance by a Frenchman, there appeared on Europe's menu a new, palatable and nourishing food: the potato.

—GLENN D. KITTLER

♛ Picture Story

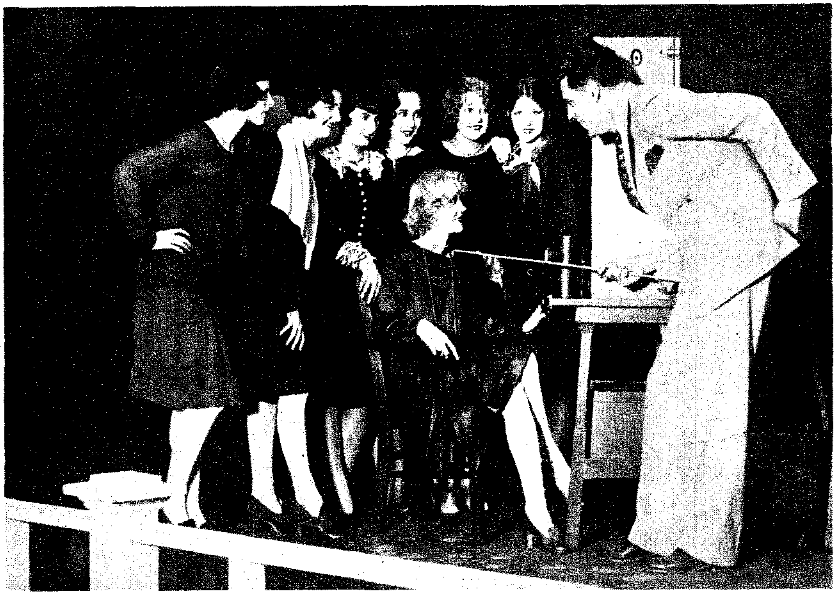
30
YEARS OF
TV



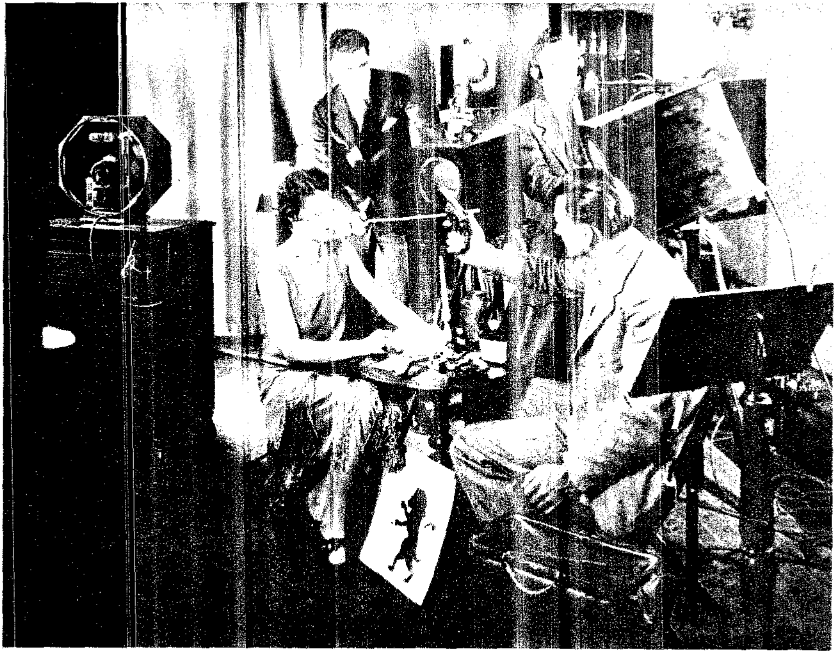
1920's: GE's Alexanderson, RCA's Zworykin, and C. Francis Jenkins—pioneers.

IN TERMS OF PUBLIC MISCONCEPTION the notion that television is an invention of post-World War II years is in a class by itself. The truth is, long before Uncle Miltie was old enough to have any nephews—as early as April 8, 1927—the New York *Times* carried a front-page headline: "Like a Photo Come To Life; Hoover's Face Plainly Imaged Here As He Speaks in Washington."

This triumph of science proved, once and for all, that television was within the realm of probability. It



1928: George White's chorines were tested to see which registered best on TV.



1928: Mort Stewart directed TV's first play, *The Queen's Messenger*, from Schenectady.

paved the way for Godfrey, Berle and a host of other luminaries.

Countless scientists contributed to the phenomenon. Marconi gets credit, as do Farnsworth and Lee De Forest. But the real starting line was strung by an RCA scientist named Vladimir K. Zworykin in 1923, when he applied for a patent on an iconoscope—a TV eye which converted a scene into a stream of electronic impulses for transmission to a kinescope receiver, which reproduced the scene on its glowing screen.

Not until 1939 was this all-electronic system ready for public use. Meanwhile, some notable firsts were rung up with more primitive mechanical scanning equipment: General Electric presented a one-act play; a woman, televised in London, was seen on a receiver in

1928: Al Smith was televised in Albany.

1930: Songstress de Leath and chimp.

Hartsdale, New York; Station WRNY, New York, inaugurated daily telecasts. And all this during the days when a Model A Ford was the snappiest car on the road.

In 1926, *Variety*, the Bible of Show Business, predicted that "Radio artists may be seen and heard in television." Five years later, Chicago boasted 1,000 receivers and sporadic telecasts. Once, in a burst of exuberance, Station W9XAO promised a series of boxing matches. But the gladiators moved too quickly for the scanning disk. The project was quietly dropped.

In New York, RCA projected six-foot images on the screen at Proctor's Theater. Later, the first coaxial cable—copper tubes the size of a fountain pen permitting wide-frequency bands to be sent long

1932: The first images had to be separately synchronized with the voices.

1935: M. Barthelemy developed the first television receiving screen in France.

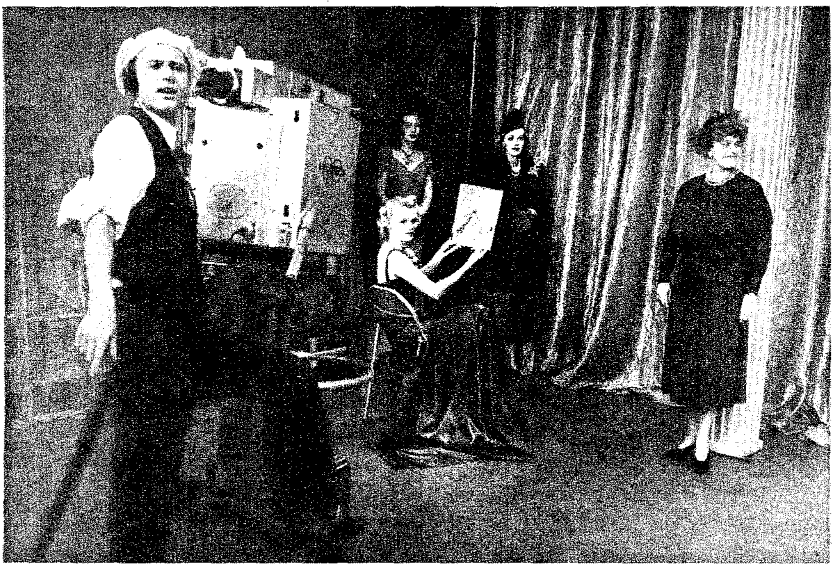
distances—was laid between New York and Philadelphia.

In 1931, CBS inaugurated an experimental TV series with fanfare. Mayor Jimmy Walker opened the station and Kate Smith sang *When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain.* In the year that followed, CBS offered dance lessons, music, comedy and a mystery entitled, *The Television Ghost*, whose ghostliness was frequently enhanced by electronic flickers and flutters that had never been written into the script.

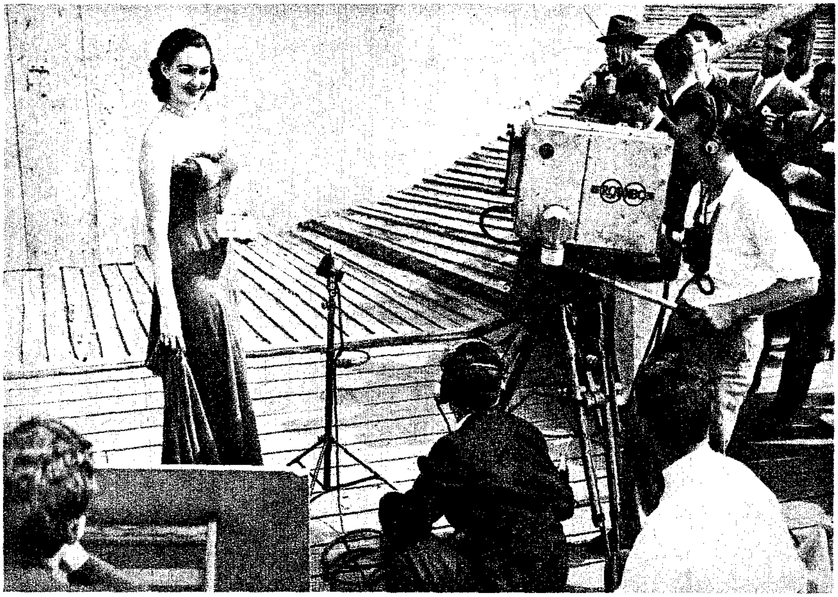
Across the sea, the English Derby was televised, as were King George VI and his Queen, their images being sent over 7,500 square miles to delight 50,000 Britons with close views of the sovereigns.

Meanwhile, the glowing promises and pronouncements—a TV set beside every radio—continued una-

1936: TV followed the Berlin Olympics.



1939: A Bergdorf-Goodman fashion show called for an opulent, elaborate set.



1939: A logical step in television's history — the choice of a Miss TV.

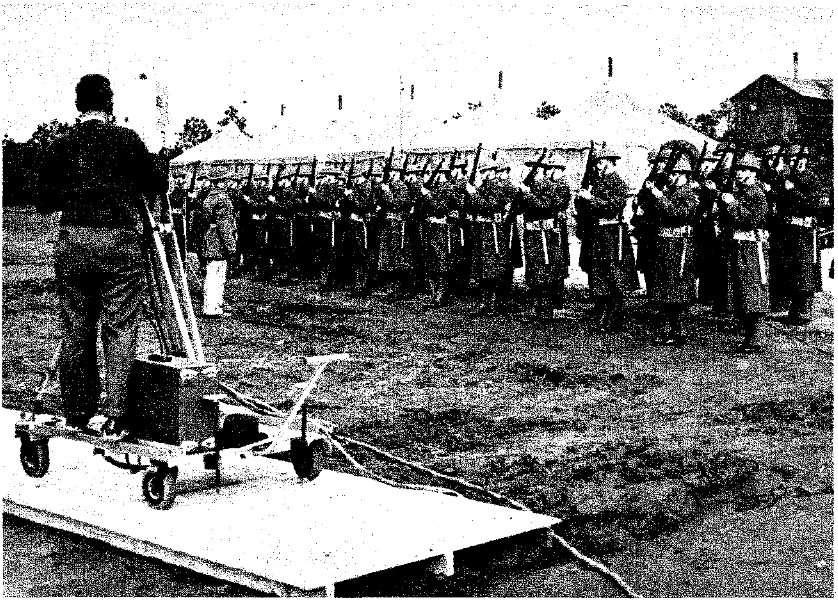
1939: Imogene Coca without Sid Caesar.

1939: First major-league game televised.

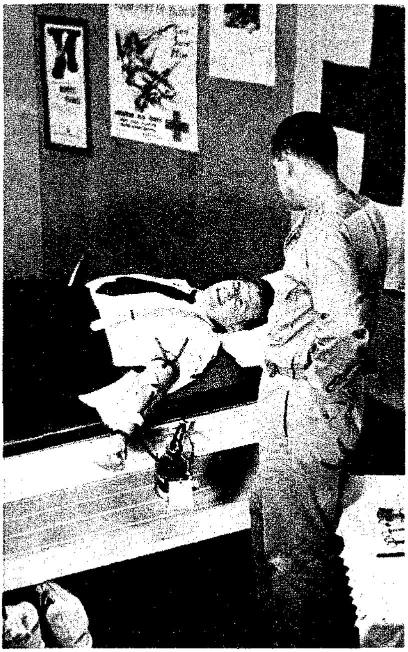
bated. The public could only wait, and eventually conclude that if television was indeed just around the corner, it must be around the same corner as Prosperity.

By 1938, a few enterprising companies—Andrea, GE, Du Mont—had sold some 5,000 receivers and assemble-at-home kits, but throughout most of that time-marking year, their proud owners had nothing to look at but the opaque screen of the kinescope and the mahogany cabinet. In England, a vast audience "saw" Prime Minister Chamberlain return from Munich with "peace for our time." With the opening of the New York World's Fair in 1939, Franklin D. Roosevelt became the first American President to be televised as NBC inaugurated regularly scheduled programming. Simultaneous-

1939: TV watched FDR open the Fair.



1941: Television cameras at Camp Upton, N. Y., recorded the induction of draftees.



ly, RCA unveiled its "popular-priced" receiver: $695.

Then came World War II and a virtual halt to TV's forward march: the coaxial cable was taken over for defense; critical materials went from TV to radar and bombsights. And, despite an occasional telecast —four hours a week—with a patriotic message, Americans could only add TV to their list of dreams for the postwar world.

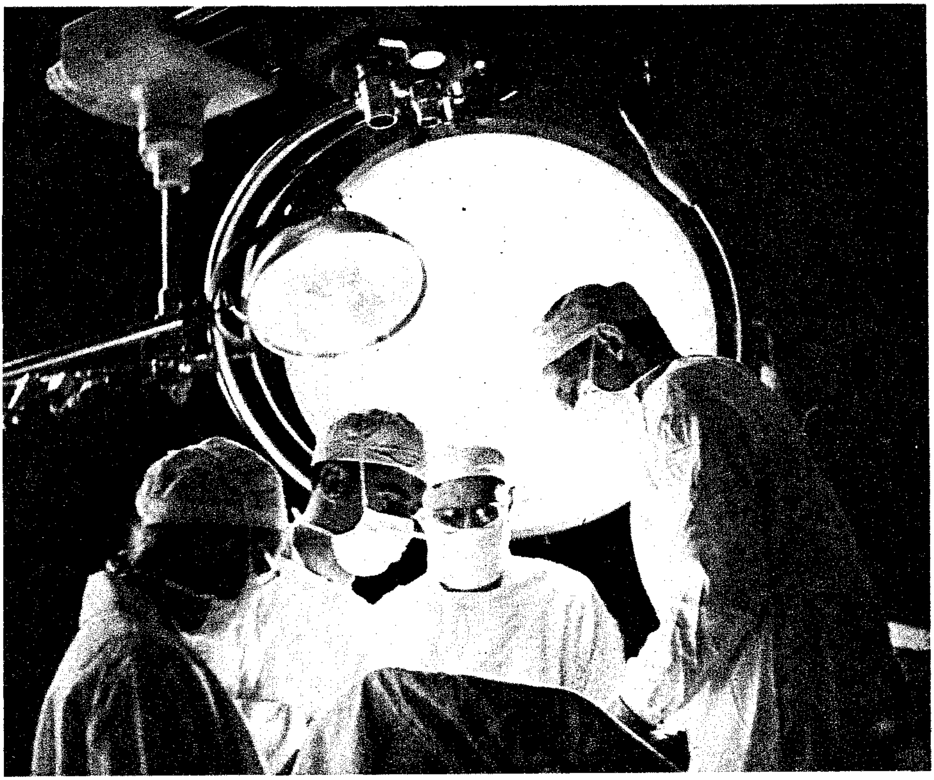
When TV finally came of age, it was like a giant breaking loose from long-confining bonds. Within three years after the war's end, television swelled from a timorous infant to the undisputed leadership of show business. In the process, it changed the American scene.

Where there were nine commercial stations and 129 pending appli-

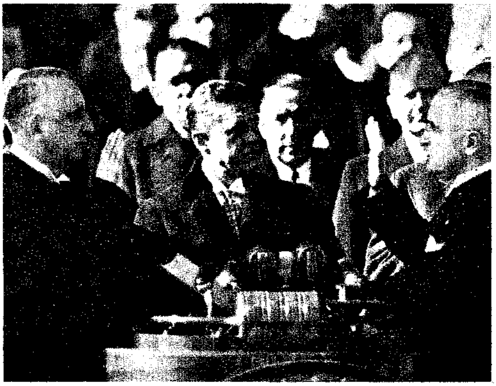
1941: This was Arthur Godfrey's TV debut.

1946: The panel shows became early favorites, as did Jinx Falkenberg.

1947: An early commercially-sponsored program featured fashions, music, drama.



1947: Hundreds of doctors and nurses watched the historic blue-baby operation.



1949: 10,000,000 saw TV's first inaugural.

cations in 1945, there were 48 stations and 247 applications in 1948, as well as 600,000 sets. Sponsors who had paid less than $200 for an hour of TV time in 1946 now faced hourly charges of from $20,000 to $25,000—and fought each other for the right to pick up the tab. Meanwhile, the cost of a receiver had dropped to less than $500.

What did the viewers see? Besides the new stars who were becoming household idols, they saw the victory parades for the heroes of World War II; they saw their elected representatives in action during Congressional sessions and the inauguration of President Truman (more people eyewitnessed this historic event than the sum total of all those who had seen Mr. Truman's predecessors sworn in). They were front row spectators at the World Series of 1947 and the wedding of Princess Elizabeth that same year. A twist of the dial might bring Toscanini, Howdy Doody or Mrs. Roosevelt. The fare was rich; it was varied; it poured into the nation's living rooms in increasing volume.

But beyond the facts, the figures and the stars, a revolution was being wrought in the American way of life. TV chairs and lamps suddenly appeared on the market; living rooms became little theaters. At parties, conversation lagged—until someone turned on the TV set, at which point conversation ended altogether.

America was quickly dividing into two camps over the effects of TV on children. Movie business was hard hit, with some theaters closing their doors on Milton Berle Night (formerly known as Tuesday). Hollywood, which had resolutely closed its eyes—and clenched its fists—at television, refusing even to permit its stars to appear before TV cameras, now quietly began making television movies. "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em," said the moguls *sotto voce*. On the other hand, TV-equipped bars hadn't been so crowded since the end of Prohibition. Their income soared, and *Variety* reported a new kind of want ad: "Bartender wanted; must be able to fix television set."

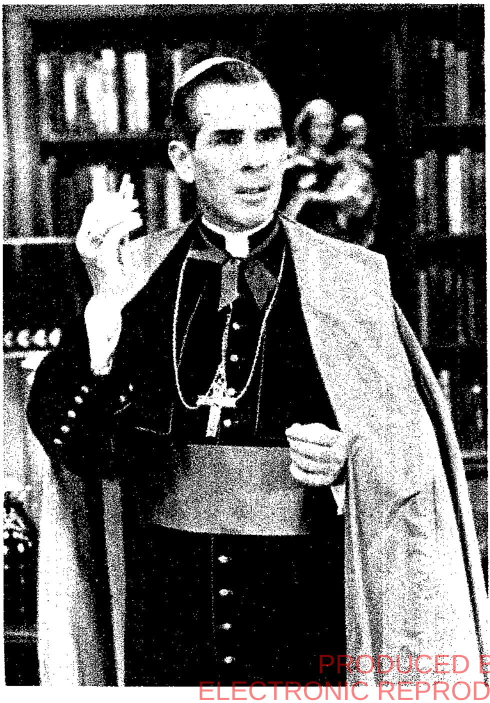
Television brought new dimensions to politics. For the first time,

1948: Bill Robinson was a Sullivan guest.

1949: Faye Emerson's neckline is adjusted.

1949: Kids loved Kukla, Fran and Ollie.

1951: The Senate Investigators—an image shot of the Kefauver Committee.



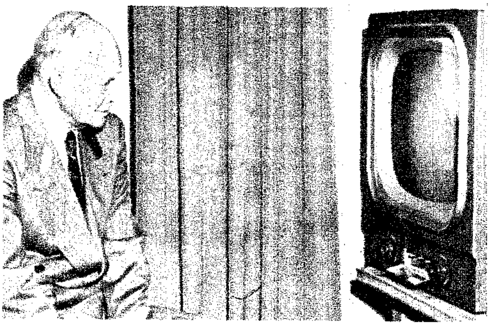
voters had a chance to judge their candidates as something more than newspaper characterizations, and many an old shibboleth fell by the wayside. Governor Thomas E. Dewey, on his way to a political graveyard after being tagged as "the bridegroom on the wedding cake," made an amazing comeback with a vigorous 18-hour "telethon." Harry Truman showed himself an humble, sincere public servant, and when the voters returned him to office in history's greatest political upset, TV told the staggering story as it happened. In 1952, Adlai Stevenson became the avowed Democratic spokesman in three short months, while Dwight D. Eisenhower

1952: Bishop Sheen's dynamic warmth.

1952: President Truman played the White House piano for 30,000,000 Americans.

proved he was more than just a military hero—all because of the remarkable facility of television to show a man as he was. During this heated campaign, it became commonplace for dignified statesmen and politicians to submit to pancake make-up and certain specific clothing colors, and any who demurred were told one of television's pet horror stories. Example: a show girl once appeared before the cameras modestly clad in a flesh-colored evening gown, but in millions of living rooms, she came out quite naked.

Television's greatest growing problems were space and materials. Available studios were soon bulg-



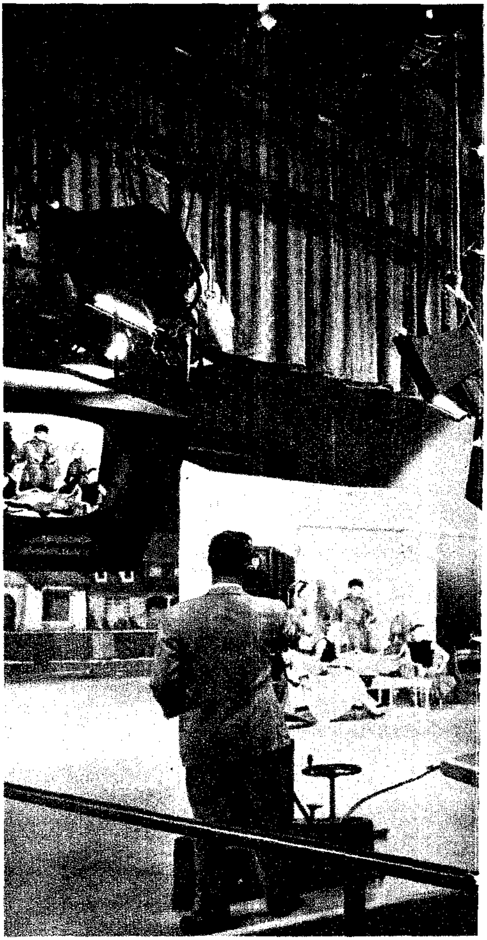
1952: Ike watched runningmate, Nixon.

1952: Adlai watched his nomination.

ing with booms, sets and cameras—and overflowing into legitimate theaters, dance studios and old movie houses. Back drops were consumed at an inordinate rate, as were most set-design staples.

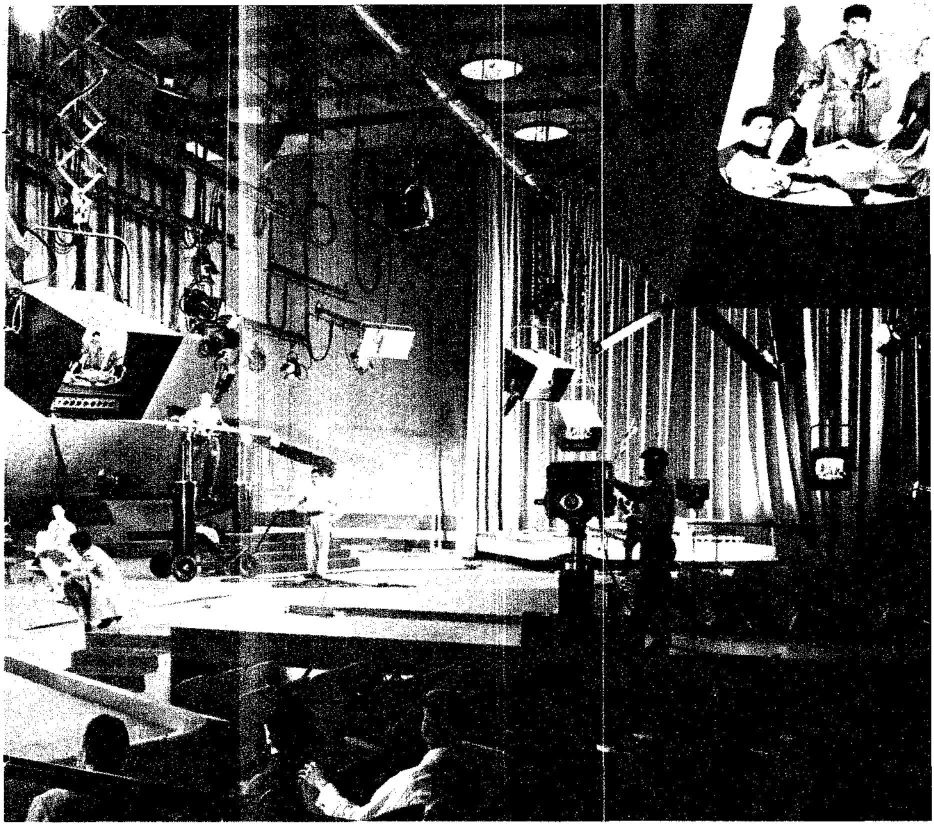
But these were as nothing compared to the fantastic consumption of story material. Libraries were combed for suitable subjects, and the names of short story writers, dead these many years, suddenly appeared among the TV credits. Many a successful show was filmed and shown over and over again to the applause of some listeners and the annoyance of a considerable number of others.

Unexpectedly, assault came from still another quarter: on the hapless head of television, sports promoters heaped the full blame for dwindling gate receipts and threatened to keep the Big Game off the telewaves. But when the chips were down and TV's money was on the line, they almost always relented, with the result that baseball, boxing—except in rare instances—and football continued, as they had from the beginning, to be television standbys.



1952: A TV first—Dad sees baby born.

To meet the space problem—and to take advantage of the proximity of movie stars who now scrambled to mount the TV bandwagon—CBS built Television City in the heart of Hollywood. NBC countered with a production center of its own in Burbank. With the laying of the coast-to-coast coaxial cable, there was hardly a corner of the country not sprouting the angular antennas



1951: CBS's mammoth Television City is a preview of the TV studio of the future.

which had become the symbol of the age of television.

Now programs of a different kind appeared. Bishop Fulton Sheen brought a new scope to religion—and won millions of listeners of all creeds. When, in recognition of his new role as a TV star, trade papers dubbed him "Uncle Fultie," the Bishop responded with characteristic good humor.

Delicate operations were televised for medical students; fathers even watched their children being born. When a Baltimore school was closed by a strike of maintenance workers, classes were brought into each student's home via TV. There seemed to be no limits to the public-service potential of the box with the magic eye.

There is an old and revered axiom of show business that goes like this: the only thing that will never change is change itself. So be it with television, the newest, brawniest and most far-reaching facet of the world of entertainment.

Color television, first demonstrated in 1928, hovers on the horizon. This year, color will be broadcast on a limited scale, but it will be several years before color sets will be mass-produced at prices comparable with those of the best black-and-white sets.

UHF, magic letters to TV executives and scientists, have opened countless new broadcasting channels in the ultra-high frequencies to bring TV service to many new areas. Eventually, it will put more than 2,000 new stations on the air (there are now over 300), including 242 devoted to education and other public-service, non-profit programs.

Also ahead: closed-circuit television which will permit, among other things, housewives to choose their favorite cuts of beef right from the living-room screen and business conventions with the participants thousands of miles apart; television telephones; television camera baby-sitters; and, of course, a system of 3-D which will, inevitably, be labelled "telerama."

And that is where the Television Story stands at this moment. Thirty years of pioneering including less than a decade of actuality have given us 25,000,000 TV sets and a great new window on the world. Only the most confirmed optimist can hazard a guess at what we shall see in the decade to come.

1953: Working with a special 3-D screen, a scientist uses "mechanical" hands.

Dogs Are Dumb!

by RICHARD HUBLER

Every so often, an article comes to CORONET *which, in spite of its sharp and controversial nature, seems to us to be well worth printing. "Dogs Are Dumb!" is such an article. Although many readers will violently disagree with what the author says, we feel that he has a right to say it. And for those readers who are so violently aroused that they will want to take up their pens as cudgels, we suggest that they read the announcement at the end of this article. Here is your chance not only to refute the argument that "Dogs Are Dumb!" but also to win a sizable sum of money for your efforts.* —*The Editors*

DEEP IN THE CURRENT of American sentiment is the idea that the dog is the smart and loyal friend of man. Nothing could be further from the truth, since most authorities agree that the dog is one of the most stupid and untrustworthy animals in existence.

A casual poll of a few people in any reasonably sane area of the U.S. will return a thumbs-down verdict on canines. The anti-votes will usually have a margin of more than two-thirds, even if milkmen, postmen and cyclists are barred from voting because of prejudice.

Scientific opinion is even more precise. In the matter of intelligence, Prof. Frank Beach, Yale animal psychologist, declares that dogs can solve only problems "so elementary that the behavior scarcely qualifies as reasoning."

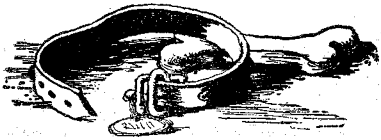
Writing for the British Museum, Dr. Maurice Burton talks of that paragon of wisdom in the canine world—the circus performer. The clever tricks you see have "nothing to do with intelligence," he says.

Dr. Bernard Riess, one of America's leading animal behaviorists, reports that dogs "don't rank very high" when applying themselves to novel situations. The director of the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory, Dr. J. L. Fuller, states that only "veritable geniuses of their kind" last more than a few minutes in a simple memory test.

Despite the myth that all dogs are four-legged Einsteins, elementary tests make fools of the canine species. Whenever the wonder animal has been measured scientifically for mental ability, the results showed little ability and no mind.

Dr. Beach has described a laboratory exam given to 12 barking quiz-kids. A machine, with a special mechanism for dispensing dog biscuits, was introduced to all contestants until they had learned to associate the apparatus with food. Then came the gigantic task of teaching the dogs to operate the machine themselves.

First, the rubber balls which released the biscuits when dropped



in a slot were actually put in the dogs' mouths. After up to 280 trials each, all the little wizards were getting their balls in the proper place to collect their reward.

Next, the balls were left in a tray and the contestants spontaneously dropped them in the machine. This time, it took as many as 290 additional trials. Thirdly, the tray was moved eight inches away from the machine and, with up to 249 more attempts, all dogs managed to get a biscuit.

But when the tray was moved to a distance, some of the dim-wits "carried the ball precisely eight inches toward the machine, dropped it in the air and expected a reward from the chute."

Dr. Beach tersely sums up this dismal performance: "It was obvious that the dogs failed to appreciate the connection between their own behavior and the appearance of food in the machine. There were no indications of reasoning or insight."

Yet all dogs are push-overs for flattery and food. Give them a bite to eat and a scratch behind the ear, and they will try for hours to do something which is obviously impossible to do.

As far as can be discovered, no dog understands human words. Some dog-lovers are deceived by the fact that dogs distinguish sounds and associate actions with them. These must be taught by rote, by punishment, patience or pats—and are rarely remembered without constant repetition.

"A reflex action cannot indicate intelligence," says one scientist.

Now, as for loyalty and trustworthiness, let us consider the personality of the wolf, who is usually given credit for the dog's origin. The age-old breeding of dogs by man has produced some amazing variations on this villain of many a folk tale. In man's effort to eliminate the wild wolf, he first aimed for docile, disciplined animals who would act aggressively—at man's command. Then he bred for climate; for scent; for hearing; for size; for beauty—for almost every purpose except for the specific improvement of the dog's own nature and his brain.

TODAY, 114 SPECIES of dogs exist, plus numerous sub-species. In the U. S. alone, nearly 22,500,000 of them live—pedigreed and mongrel, pets and rovers.

Breeds of dogs have appeared, been popular and vanished according to fashion or mass whim. It is safe to say that "sporting dogs"—such as hounds, beagles, bassets, setters, spaniels, terriers, retrievers—are more loyal and even-tempered than the others. They have stayed close to the original wolf-line.

The "non-sporting breeds," such as collies, miniatures, chows, Eskimos and Samoyedes, toys, poodles, mastiffs and such large dogs as the great Dane or St. Bernard have a much greater tendency toward shortness of temper and general nervousness.

However, such generalizations are safe only within the widest limits. If dogs are treated as individuals—and most of them are better cared for than the lower third of the American human population—then specific factors in each pup take control.

Historically, the dog has an ambiguous background. He has been both worshipped and despised. From what records of early man survive, it is apparent that the debt owed to dogs by the ancestors of our race was considerable.

The ancient Jews disliked dogs, believing them unclean. Dogs as sacrifices were forbidden and dog-selling or -buying was not allowed.

The Hindus regarded some dogs as demons, and rites were performed to offset their curse. Moslems loathe dogs, as evidenced in their favorite curse: "You son of a dog!"

On the other hand, the all-powerful Egyptians adored dogs literally. In Ethiopia, dogs were chosen as kings, kept in great state and surrounded by priests. The dog edicts (as interpreted from fawning or snarling) were followed to the last growl. Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher, would hold a wriggling puppy to the mouth of a dying friend to "receive his soul." Each time an Egyptian dog died, all members of the family shaved their heads in mourning.

It has always been true that man is abashed by his own prowess in the realm of the brain. He is unwilling to believe that he is the only intelligent being. Thus, he tries to transfer his own talents to the other creatures; nothing delights him more than to have animals talk and reason in books or on the screen.

This may account for man's feverish attempts over the centuries to find "intelligence" in dogs. Some recent aspirants for the canine intelligentsia include the winners of a Gaines Dog Research Center Contest. Tubby, a mongrel from a Pennsylvania farm, was supposed to obey 150 commands, but his most renowned talent was speech. The owner avowed that Tubby could answer questions. However, no one yet has made much sense out of his raspings.

Spike, the co-winner, was also a farm dog who chaperoned his owner's flock of chickens and herded cattle. Each dog was given the title, "America's Most Useful Dog," and was presented with a collar bearing a silver plate attesting to his honor.

All this, of course, can hardly be classed as "intelligence." It is on a par with the annual rash of newspaper stories about dogs who have saved their masters in the dead of night by rushing in and barking and/or nipping until they awakened and, lo! the house was on fire. What may justly be suspected is that the smoke irritated the dog enough to make him want to get out of the place and his master had the key. No story has yet been printed about a dog leaping *into* a house and waking his master.

Albert Payson Terhune, who popularized the collie into virtual over-soulship of dogs, used to thrill middle-aged ladies with his tales of how the animals could see ghosts. Coincidences of dogs howling at the exact moment when someone was injured or died or was born are not too impressive; I personally possessed one bulldog who howled so constantly that he could have been used as a deceased-population statistics computer.

As far as training goes, *learning*

does not constitute *intelligence*. It is not even necessarily part of the process of becoming intelligent, though it is useful. Such dogs as the Seeing-Eye shepherds or the sheep dogs that herd flocks appear to be able to learn—possibly by imitation or participation. But they never show any signs of going further, as humans do, on their own.

Dogs like Lassie, the famous male collie of motion pictures, require to be "cued" by expressions or sounds or gestures from their masters. Unless they have these and obey them automatically (what they "learned" previously through punishment and reward), they are lost.

If the usual dictionary definition of intelligence is accepted—the understanding and knowledge necessary to "apprehend the inter-relationships of presented facts" in such a way as to direct them toward a desired goal "especially in novel situations"—the dog is abysmally below the elephant, chimpanzee and rat.

SO MUCH for intelligence. What about the loyalty of man's best friend—the second great attribute which does not require very much intelligence and is supposed to be the chief lovable trait of a dog?

Numerous instances of "loyalty" can be given in the traditional sentimental vein. One hears of dogs dying on the graves of their masters; of refusing to eat until a loved one comes home; of not allowing anyone to come near an injured or unconscious mistress. It may be said that such actions have a strong flavor of stupidity.

One of the recent tragedies in the Swiss Alps was the fact that some of the huge St. Bernard dogs had turned against stranded travelers and had actually attacked them.

It is the opinion of many of the most experienced dog trainers that most breeds will just as soon take a bite as a bark out of a newcomer. This is usually the first time either meet and may be interpreted as canine bravado. For afterward, when a dog is accustomed to a visitor, he will neither bite nor bark in most instances because he regards the person as he would a tree or shrub—however damaging this may be to the human ego.

At this point, a series of questions can be asked by dog-lovers, and it is pertinent to answer them:

What makes my dog climb on my lap, if not affection? It is probably softer and warmer there, as well as a privileged spot.

Why does my dog lick me and gambol about when I come home, if he is not glad to see me? It may be presumed that the animal sees his master on such occasions as a godlike Giver of Free Hamburger.

Is it not true that, like various dogs in the motion pictures and on television, my own dog will pull me out of wells, run miles to inform friends of my impending demise, bring me food and drink and aid me to the end in all extremities? No, it is not true. Dog scenes in the movies and TV are usually the hardest to shoot. The pup must be sedulously trained to do his chore and, even then, almost invariably refuses. If a rabbit crosses his trail and he has to choose between a hot chase and the rescue of his master—does anyone doubt which he will take?

In a word, the dog is practical to the last degree. He will act as desired as long as self-preservation and self-perpetuation—the two great natural drives—are satisfied. But once these hindrances are removed, dogs are for the most part alien to man himself.

No more than a couple of the outstanding delusions of dog-lovers as to the savvy of their pups may be mentioned:

One California family has a dachshund that, they swear, appreciates classical music. They aver that when the *Liebestod* is played, the large eyes of the creature fill with tears as it leans on its paws and listens. On the other hand, if someone breaks loose with *Who Flang The Whiskey In The Well*, the dog is likely to bite the phonograph.

A family in New Jersey also likes to think their pet intelligent because it has learned to back away, snarling, from a plate of food when the master cries: "Army mess!" If its master then says "Navy chow!" the animal barks with delight and eats.

The intriguing fact is that most people love their dogs because they *are* dumb; because the canine "mind" can be dominated; and because, in this human world, it is such an ego-booster to give an order and have it obeyed unquestioningly, however mechanically. The proof of this is the fact that apes—by far the most intelligent animal next to man—have rarely been accepted as pets. They are not "amenable to discipline" (that is, they think for themselves).

Somewhere along the dim trail of evolution, man took the high road and the dog took the low. If it had been otherwise, it is permissible to imagine yourself squatting in a corner, seeing an enormous Irish wolfhound standing before you on its hindlegs and saying, in a pleased tone: "Look! Isn't he almost doglike! Why, he looks as if he could nearly *bark!*"

$1,000 Prize Contest

READERS WHO DISAGREE with Mr. Hubler can win up to $500 for coming to the defense of "man's best friend." CORONET will pay $500 for the best letter refuting the charge that dogs are dumb, and $300 and $200, respectively, to second and third-prize winners. Letters should not exceed 1,000 words.

Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 1, 1954, and should be addressed to the Contest Editor, CORONET, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. All entries will become the property of CORONET and none may be returned. No correspondence concerning the contest will be entered into. The decisions of the judges are final. The winners will be announced in a forthcoming issue of the magazine.

LANGUAGE Tags

AT A CHURCH MEETING in a small town a man rose and announced: "Now, folks, we've all got to do something for the new preacher. We don't want to put the whole burden on any one family, but upon all of us, turn and turn about. Now, what can we do for the preacher?"

"Well," said one old lady, "I kin eat him, but I can't sleep him."

"That's fine," said the man. "Now, who's next?"

"Well," said another, "if Sister Jenkins is going to eat him, I'll agree to sleep him, but I can't wash him."

"That's fine," was the reply. "Who's next?"

Finally another woman spoke up. "I'll wash him," she said slowly, "but I ain't much good on boiled shirts!"

—*Wall Street Journal*

A DANISH TEACHER told an interviewer that all his students were strongly in favor of the defense program and the Atlantic Pact. This result, he claimed, had not been accomplished by lectures appealing to their patriotism. The teacher simply chalked the entire Russian alphabet on the blackboard.

—RANDERS DAGBLAD in *Everybody's Digest*

WHILE WITH THE OCCUPATION in Japan, we had a young Japanese houseboy, Hirano-San, who was very anxious to learn to speak English. He always planned what he had to say to us, then carefully looked up in the dictionary the meaning of any word of which he was in doubt.

One morning in the cook's absence, Hirano-San was to prepare breakfast. His knowledge of cooking was very limited, so I did not know what to expect. However, Hirano-San bowed politely and said, "How will you have your eggs this morning, Oksama?"

"How many ways can you cook them, Hirano-San?" I asked.

He smiled proudly. "I now can fry them or disturb them!"

—MRS. L. ARMSTRONG

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, chatting in Paris once with an American visitor on the difficulties of international cooperation during World War I, reminded the American that even the same word in the two languages means wholly different things.

"For example," explained Clemenceau, "you sit down and carefully outline your plans at length. When an American says 'yes' he means, 'I will go ahead and do it.' But when a Frenchman says 'yes,' he means, 'I understand what you are saying.' "

—KENNETH GOODE, *How to Win What You Want* (Prentice-Hall, Inc.)

A FAMOUS LECTURER was asked the formula of success in public speaking.

"Well," he said, "in promulgating your esoteric cogitations and articulating superficial, sentimental and psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your extemporaneous decanta-

LESSONS

tions and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity without rodomontade and thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pusillanimous vacuity, pestiferous profanity and similar transgressions.

"Or to put it a bit differently," he concluded, smiling, "talk simply, naturally, and above all, don't use big words." —HAROLD A. SMALLMAN (*Quote*)

OUR JETS are so fast that a pilot cannot jump with his parachute in the old way because of the severe air blast.

Now, if it becomes necessary for him to jump, he merely touches a button and he and his seat are fired out of the plane as a complete unit.

A pilot over Korea had to abandon his jet plane because it had just abandoned him, so touched the button. By good fortune he landed all right and a jeep picked him up, half-frozen and bruised, but alive.

"Who are you?" the driver asked.

"You've heard of flotsam and jetsam?" the disgusted flier replied. "Well, I'm the jetsam."

—HY SHERIDAN in *Flying*

GARY COOPER was asked during an interview if he uses any word other than his famous "Yup."

"Yup," replied Gary.

"What is it?" asked the newsman.

"Giddy-up!" said Cooper.

—IRV KUPCINET (*Chicago Sun Times*)

IN THE LITTLE North Carolina mountain settlement where Mary T. Martin Sloop and her husband were practicing medicine, men of the community were moving the schoolhouse to a new location. Oxen, hitched to the small structure, were not behaving well.

The foreman approached Mrs. Sloop, an interested spectator, and advised her to move to a point some distance away.

"I'm not afraid of those oxen, Uncle Preston," she smiled. "I can run faster than any ox I ever saw."

"Well, Miz Sloop, ma'am, it ain't exactly that," he said seriously. "You see, we got t' git them oxen apullin' straight ahead, an' they don't understand what t' do when we speak to 'em in the language we have to use if you're around."

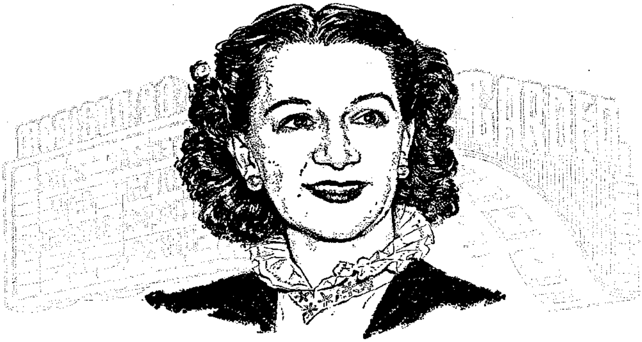
—MARY T. MARTIN SLOOP *Miracle in the Hills* (McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc.)

THE FEAR of speaking in public may be cured by one magic word: Don't. —IRVING HOFFMAN

TWO FOREIGNERS in a European capital were listening to a speech by Cordell Hull, our then Secretary of State. They were frankly puzzled. The words sounded at times like English, but not the English to which their ears were accustomed.

An argument arose as to whether Hull was speaking in English or French. Finally one hit upon a solution. "Let us wait," he suggested. "If the interpreter translates it into French, then we'll know that the Secretary is speaking English."

—VIOLA FREDERICK (*Quote*)



"Diamond Lil" of Madison Square

by **JHAN** *and* **JUNE ROBBINS**

A woman has proved that she can handle sports publicity for the famous Garden

WHEN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, the country's best known sports arena, hired a woman—slender red-haired Lillian Jenkins—to fill its vacant press agent's post, the news was received with alarm, cynical amusement or grim foreboding. Although everybody hastened to wish Lillian well, many thought privately that the Garden's management had slipped a cog.

The odds against her making good in this muscled male mecca were being quoted among New York's sporting fraternity at 99-1. "Any day now there may be a startling change in the appearance of Madison Square Garden," observed one newspaperman morosely. "Don't be surprised if you find chintz on the box-office windows or pansies growing in the spitoons. A feminine touch has been added."

That was 12 years ago. And if the Garden was then dubious of Lillian Jenkins, she herself was, frankly, scared to death.

"Every secretary dreams of being offered her boss' job," she smiles, remembering. "There isn't a girl alive who doesn't think she could do it better if she had the chance. Except me. I didn't think I could do it at all."

But her boss, Ted Deglin, had gone off to war, so Lillian smoothed her red curls and settled her small, trim figure behind his massive desk. In her seven years as secretary, she had managed to learn the difference between an uppercut and a dribble, a TKO and a technical foul, but it was a long time coming.

Reporters still tell the story of Miss Lil and the prizefighters' trunks. It was on the eve of the Braddock-Baer fight that Lil saw a crowd of newsmen hurrying through the Garden and decided to join them. "Where are we going?" she asked.

"To the weighing-in," a photographer told her. "It's today's big story."

Lil was happy to be in on the day's big story and was about to enter the room where the two heavyweight fighters were preparing to get on the scales.

"Where are you going?" a grizzled fight trainer asked, barring her way. When Lil explained, he shrugged. "Go ahead, have it your own way. But they weigh-in in the nude, you know."

Lil gave an anguished cry and fled to her office.

Now, however, she had to learn all the ropes, and fast. "I had watched other publicists at work," she says, "and I knew the rules. Call everyone you meet by his first name—if you can't remember the first name, and if you're a woman, you call him 'honey' or 'darling.' That wasn't exactly my style, so I had to invent a technique of my own, one that would let me make good at the job and yet be myself."

Her answer has set a new and more effective vogue for lady publicists. Since her contacts were almost 100 per cent with men, she evolved two new rules for winning friends and influencing the working press. The first was to remember that today's unknowns are tomorrow's big shots.

"I was kind to them while they were on the upgrade," she recalls. "People told me I was foolish to waste my time. But when the war was over and everybody sort of moved up a couple of notches, those insignificant little fellows became important. All of a sudden, I had a lot of very influential friends."

The second way she changed her job was to recognize the fact that even newspapermen have families. When she meets a reporter, she inquires first after his wife and children. She sends home cuttings from her garden. When the circus is in town, the sportswriters' kiddies line up for rides on the elephants or, at rodeo time, to swap stories with Roy Rogers or Gene Autry.

Lil's basic idea was to bring freshness and femininity to her job without any undignified trading on her sex. That she made good is obvious. A flustered, shy little slip of an Irish colleen, she holds down one of the toughest jobs in the fiercely competitive, exhausting field of public relations.

In 1951, she received a Theta Sigma Phi Award for outstanding achievement in journalism. This may have been what bolstered her confidence to the point where she recently potted a dozen begonias and lilies from the garden of her country home on Long Island and distributed them defiantly along her office windowsills.

Lillian's job is as big and as busy as the Garden it glorifies. She handles all the publicity and advertising for the rodeo and the two major ice shows that appear annually at the Garden. She is go-between and coordinator for the advertising agencies that handle seasonal publicity for hockey, basketball and boxing, the circus, dog show, horse show, track meet, bond rallies, political gatherings, conventions, benefit performances and the Boy Scout-O-Rama.

Among the nation's pressmen, her reputation is that of an ace space-grabber. An unusually large percentage of her releases land in print, partly, as one newsman says, because "Lil is so doggone honest, we know we don't have to send someone over to the Garden to find out how much of what she says is just press agents' malarkey."

Although she has an office staff of seven, Lillian anxiously supervises every detail. Once she stayed up all night toying with the radical idea of using mauve on a poster heralding the approach of the Hollywood Revue. The management demurred at first. They insisted that mauve had no place in a sports arena, but she eventually won.

The fact is that women today make up more than 50 per cent of the Garden's attendance. It was less than ten per cent when Lil took over.

A 12- or 14-hour working day, seven days a week, is Lillian's ordinary schedule, or was until her marriage—her second—to Fred Podesta, the Garden's promotion director and basketball business manager. Now, by adroit maneuvering, she occasionally manages to take an entire week-end off or to get home as early as 9 o'clock.

The sporting fraternity, it goes without saying, capitulated to her long ago. Now, when the bantamweight redhead goes flying along West 49th Street scouting for a taxi, someone is almost sure to hail her with a genial, "Hey, Diamond Lil!"

The nickname—Diamond Lil—refers to the fact that each year she distributes 50,000 free passes—about a quarter of a million dollars' worth. Giving them away calls for flawless judgment. "You can't afford to offend anyone important," she worries. "Yet there are never enough to go around."

Everyone wondered how Lil would handle the free tickets. She found a woman's way to say no. On her wall she posted relevant passages from the Scriptures:

"*Thou shalt not pass . . .*"
Numbers XX, 18.

"*None shall pass . . .*"
Isaiah XXXIV, 10

"*So he paid the fare thereof and went . . .*"
Jonah I, 3

Religion has played a significant role before in Lillian's Garden career. In 1935, with her first marriage ended and three small children to support, she tramped New York streets looking for any kind of job. She had some secretarial training, but there were thousands of secretaries out of work.

One day she slipped into a tiny neighborhood church and said a special prayer for help. Soon after, a friend tipped her off that Deglin, the Garden's new publicist, needed a secretary. He hired her, even though she explained about her deficiencies in shorthand.

"Never mind about that," he told her. "What I really need is someone who can handle people and sort of sell them on doing stories for us."

Lil is desperately shy, but she could not afford to think about that. She gulped and agreed eagerly that she would love to meet people.

Today that shyness is evident only when she is off the job. "I keep myself so busy I don't have time to be scared," she explains.

Someone suggested not long ago that Lil could earn a living much more easily by competing in the rodeo's wild-cow-milking contest. When the rodeo is in town, there are 43 performances in 26 days. Ice shows and other major events call for similar effort. Lil rarely leaves a show until the last chip of ice is melted or the last bit of sawdust swept up. She keeps a complete change of wardrobe in her office closet so that she can go gracefully around the clock, if necessary.

She has an old-fashioned set of Sunday School good manners that are equal to the most sophisticated social situations—even to meeting royalty. Once during a Sonja Henie ice show she was summoned to a box where a plainly dressed couple introduced themselves as Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Märthe of Norway. They said they would like to meet Miss Henie.

Lil said cheerfully, "Sure thing. Follow me," and led them through the catacombs beneath the Garden to the skating star's dressing room.

Afterward, Miss Henie pointed out that the royal couple were her former sovereigns. "It was my place to come to them," the Norway-born star said.

"I'm sure they didn't mind," Lil assured her. "They seemed like a couple of good eggs."

Miss Lil has not hesitated to surround herself with dearly-earned luxuries. She owns a diamond bracelet, a mink coat, an 18-room country home where she and Fred think nothing of asking 12 to spend the week-end and a luxurious town apartment.

Lil admits, however, that nothing will ever really compensate her for having missed out on most of a mother's natural satisfactions.

"I guess it was lucky that my mother was able to take care of the children while I worked," she reflects. "We'd have been in a tough spot otherwise. But you see, I never got to bake apple pies, or patch up their skinned knees or even, very often, to kiss them good night.

"When my daughter finished high school, I asked her what she wanted to train for in college. She told me very seriously that she was going to mortuary school and learn to be an undertaker. A more experienced mother would have just let it ride, but I was terribly upset. I took her finally to a leading mortician here in town who, I hope, talked her out of it. He told her that *it was a tough job for a lady.*

"But—wait a minute! Where have I heard that before?"

The Male Animal

THE WOMAN'S WORK that's never done is most likely what she asked her husband to do. —GENERAL FEATURES CORP.

IT'S NOT LETTING a wife have the last word that worries most husbands; it's waiting for her to get around to it.

SOME MEN have a very snide way of criticizing their wives. They boast that the little woman made them what they are. —ADRIAN ANDERSON

"Let's Leave Each Other Alone"

by EDWARD R. MURROW

DURING FEBRUARY, we observe a notable holiday in honor of George Washington. However, for a nation that prides itself on efficiency, we have allowed our general holiday situation to fall into a deplorable mess.

Different holidays in different states; no consistency, no scheduling; and no holidays at all for people like myself in the news business. Hence, I should like to propose, half seriously and in a holiday mood, yet another holiday. This would be a national holiday (it could be either in winter or summer), which would be very appropriate in these times when we don't know where we're going. This holiday would be designed to remind us where we have been—of what the "Good Old Days" were really like.

The provisional title for this holiday would be "Let's Leave Each Other Alone." On this one day, no one would work, except firemen and skeleton hospital staffs. There would be no electric light, no hot and cold running water. All trains would stand on sidings; all aircraft would be grounded. No newspapers would be published; radio transmitters would be silent; television screens would be dark.

For 24 hours, all telephone exchanges would close down. No mail would be delivered, no telegrams transmitted. It would be impossible to buy gasoline, or cigarettes, or soap. Streetcars, buses, subways and taxis would be immobilized. As a matter of fact, the whole country would be immobilized.

If a senator made a speech, only those within the sound of his voice could hear him. If the Russians made a threatening gesture, we wouldn't know about it till the next day. Important news, such as marriages, divorces and who was seen dining with whom at what night club, would just have to wait for 24 hours, by which time who was dining with whom wouldn't be news any more.

We do not pretend to know what would happen during this "Let's Leave Each Other Alone" holiday; but we would guess that the average citizen could catch up with national and international affairs without much trouble, once normal facilities were restored. And meantime, there would have been 24

From a CBS-Radio broadcast by Edward R. Murrow hours of silence, immobility and, perhaps, contemplation.

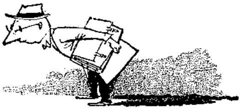
A few families might have become acquainted again. Some letters might have been written, with attention to style and detail. Parents might have remembered stories to tell their children. Some conversation might have grown where there had been no conversation for years. There might have developed an increased appreciation of the modern wonders of electric light and transportation and drugstores.

A few people would have discovered that they can walk a few blocks or climb a few stairs. The postman and the taxi driver, the pilot and the engineer, would be held in new regard. In the eyes of the younger generation, the men and the industries that created these marvels that we take for granted would increase in stature.

This could be a day for the compiling of a personal mental and spiritual inventory, when the individual could take counsel with his conscience, his family and his neighbors. The secondary and superficial distractions would not be there. There would be enough hardship and inconvenience to send him back next day into this civilization of steam, scurry and scamper with an improved appreciation of the mechanical aids available to him for either use or abuse.

It would be a day with time for remembrance, for the counting of blessings and for the making of worthwhile resolutions. For some people, the waiting time would be hard—waiting for the light and the water and the radio and the TV to come on again. But probably the strongest argument against our proposal for a "Let's Leave Each Other Alone" holiday is that too many people might come to like it and be reluctant, as is the case with all holidays, to see it end.

That's Show Business



SPONSOR: A listener who turns his radio off after the commercial.
—*Wall Street Journal*

CRITIC: A person who understands and interprets what the author didn't know he was writing.
—HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

DISK JOCKEY: A guy who gives you the needle. —GOODMAN ACE (NBC)

NEWSCAST: The same things happening today that happened yesterday—only to different people.
—HY GARDNER

MOVIES: Television with washrooms. —BOB HOPE

CENSOR: A fellow who is always sticking his no's into other people's business. —*Coffee Cup*

COMMENTATOR: A man who spends his time explaining what would happen if something which isn't going to happen should happen.
—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

CHARACTER ACTOR: One who has more lines in his face than in his last play. —GUY LOMBARDO

Cameras in the Sky

by **Norman Carlisle**

The Fairchild Corporation has been a daring pioneer in aerial photography.

UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, the enemy is on the move. Engineers repair blown-up bridges, artillery is dug in, food and ammunition are stealthily trucked toward the front. But what is happening there in the heavy blackness will be no mystery to the American forces, for suddenly a jet plane sizzles in over the enemy lines and there is a flash of blinding light.

Long before the dawn offensive begins, our front-line troops will have close-up, detailed maps and photos revealing the enemy's plans. A fantastic device in the nose of that jet has come back with more secret information than could have been gathered by an army of spies.

In an American hospital, a group of doctors look with kindly concern at a three-year-old boy who smiles up at them trustingly. They know, from his clenched fingers and gasping breath at any exertion, that he is a "blue baby." His heart is not delivering blood as it should.

They can operate and, perhaps, give the boy a chance at a normal life. But first they must know exactly what is wrong.

Once they could only guess, making careful surmises from x-ray plates that could tell only part of the story. But now a new seeing-eye of medicine is probing the innermost secrets of that boy's heart, giving the surgeons a blueprint for the action of the scalpel that must work swiftly in the precious moments on the operating table.

It would hardly seem that there could be much connection between these two events, yet the swift revelation of the enemy's intentions and the rapid diagnosis of the child's ailment are made possible by a marvelous device which, in its simpler forms, is familiar to everyone—a camera.

As transformed by the photographic experts of the Fairchild Camera and Instrument Corporation on Long Island, where they are in the business of finding new and startling ways to put photography to work, this commonplace gadget has become a magic seeing-eye that vastly extends the scope of human vision.

The story of the devices began when a Harvard student, Sherman Mills Fairchild, started tinkering with cameras. In 1918, soon after he left college, he was in Washington trying to convince the Signal Corps that he had invented a remarkable new camera shutter. Its aperture was so large, yet its shutter-blade action so fast, that accurate photographs could be taken from moving planes. It could, he was sure, have great military importance.

Aerial photography was not new. It had been used during the just-ended World War I, and its history went back to the Civil War when Union forces took pictures of the Richmond area from a captive balloon. The Signal Corps knew there was room for improvement, but its high brass remained cool to the importunate young man's idea. There wasn't a camera in existence that would take such a shutter and, even then, they were not convinced it would work.

Young Fairchild did find one willing listener, however, in that prophet of air power, General Billy Mitchell. "It's worth trying," Mitchell agreed, "but first I suggest you go and invent a camera to put your shutter in."

Fairchild accepted the advice and spent the next two years designing and building a camera that would enable him to show what his big, fast shutter could do. When the Signal Corps men took his camera aloft, they came down with such amazing pictures that the inventor walked out with orders for 20 cameras.

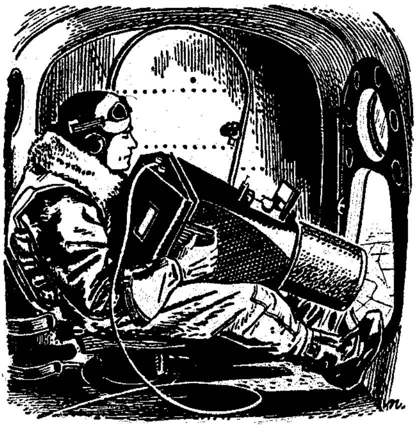
Fairchild's vision went beyond military uses for his camera when he set himself up as an aerial surveyor, offering his services to business firms and city governments. His first job, just an aerial picture of the grounds of a resort hotel in New Jersey, brought him only $25. Then the city of Newark hired him to make an aerial survey of its port facilities.

East Haven, Connecticut, stunned by an engineer's report that it would have to spend $80,000 making a five-year ground survey of taxable property, came to Fairchild. He did the whole thing in 60 days for $7,000.

Soon the earth was sitting for its portrait by Fairchild, as the aerial cameras helped geologists find new deposits of ore and oil, enabled highway builders to pick the best routes for roads, showed engineers where to locate dams, transformed map-making from a painfully slow and often inaccurate struggle into an exact science.

Meanwhile, Fairchild and his staff kept coming up with one device after another to sharpen the eyesight of his cameras. He had started out with a shutter and been forced to invent a camera to go with it. Now he found that the planes of the period were neither stable enough to be flying camera platforms, nor arranged so the pilot could see the course he was photographing. So Fairchild proceeded to invent a plane—the first cabin plane in America's history with the pilot inside and in front where he could see his course.

Then, to get around the fact that a pilot could not keep a plane on course without landmarks, Fairchild had to invent the Solar navigator, a thinking instrument that tied the



plane's course to that of the sun and allowed the pilot to fly accurate parallel courses over forests and vast jungles without landmarks.

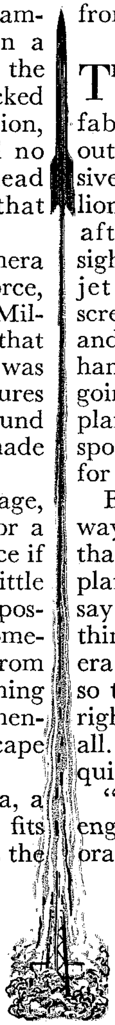
The real challenge to the ingenuity of the optical experts came during World War II, when military needs took new forms. In 1942, for instance, they received a hurry call for a light, simple, automatic camera that could be mounted in a B-25 bomber. This was hardly the type of plane that would be picked for an aerial photography mission, but the Fairchild men asked no questions. They just went ahead and sweated out a camera that would fit the space allotted.

A few weeks after the camera was whisked away by the Air Force, they learned how it was used. Millions of other Americans shared that revelation with them, for this was the camera that took the pictures of what happened on the ground when Gen. Jimmy Doolittle made his historic raid on Tokyo.

With the coming of the jet age, the Air Force saw a chance for a new kind of night reconnaissance if Fairchild could build them a little camera that would do the "impossible." What they wanted was something that would take pictures from a low-flying jet—at night. Coming in close to the ground at tremendous speeds, the plane could escape anti-aircraft fire.

The Air Force got its camera, a compact, amazing gadget that fits snugly into the nose of a jet. As the pilot thunders over the spot he wants a picture of, he presses a button. The night turns into daylight as a billion-candle-power flare bursts. A photo-electric cell in the camera system responds instantly to the light and snaps the picture.

What keeps the picture from being a mere blur? Just another little Fairchild device, a drive mechanism that reels the film backward as fast as the plane goes forward—which adds up to a picture made from a stationary platform in the air.



THE CAMERA that really broke the Fairchild people's hearts was a fabulous contraption that turned out to be the world's most expensive camera—more than half a million dollars for a single one. Right after World War II, some foresighted brass began thinking about jet interceptors, radar-warning screens, and guided earth-to-plane and plane-to-plane missiles in the hands of a defensive enemy. It was going to be tough, they knew, for a plane to get anywhere near certain spots to take the pictures needed for intelligence.

But perhaps there was a good way around it. How about a camera that would take pictures from a plane flying at a great altitude—say at 50,000 feet? And to make things still easier, possibly this camera could take pictures at an angle, so the plane would not have to be right over the real target area at all. Could the Fairchild engineers quickly put together such a camera?

"In three years, perhaps," the engineers estimated, without elaborating on the fact that all the Air Force wanted was the biggest, most powerful camera that had ever been made strictly for aerial use, a giant that could take pinpoint pictures of ground targets from altitudes ranging up to, and including, ten miles.

"Make it one year," the Air Force told them.

The Fairchild men made the camera—a giant capable of using a 144-inch lens. They made it in a year; and for what it did, on a trial flight over New York, the half-million it cost seemed cheap.

The shots of Manhattan, taken from an altitude high enough that the plane was invisible from the ground, were astonishing in their details. They came out so clear that awed engineers could count the number of people walking around in Washington Square and pick out details like the rigging of ships in the harbor.

A terrific camera, all right, and the Air Force went off with it happily. Why was it a heartbreaker for its designers? Because it seems that to take full advantage of the big cameras, the Air Force would have to build whole new systems for processing film, filing and photo interpretation equipment. So no more orders came in.

The Fairchild men have the feeling that here they have another one-of-a-kind, like a venerable old Fairchild device they regard with mingled admiration and exasperation. Back in the early 30's, Capt. Oliver Scott Reading of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey appeared at the Fairchild labs with rough plans for a camera of dizzying proportions. He wanted it to have, he said, nine lenses, so it would simultaneously take nine pictures of a vast area of landscape.

Reading did not have much of a budget, but the idea was so challenging that Fairchild went ahead and made the camera—and lost money.

But that camera made history. Taken up on a maiden flight to check the coastline of Maryland, it gave the Coast and Geodetic men the first of a series of rude shocks. The charts that had been painstakingly developed from laborious ground and water surveys extending over decades were wrong. The aerial photos showed considerable areas of real estate located in places where they did not belong at all, according to the old charts.

Fairchild never made another camera like that one, and doubtless never will, but that old-timer is still in use after mapping thousands of square miles of land and coastline in the U.S. and Alaska.

FAIRCHILD ENGINEERS torture their cameras in test chambers that create all sorts of savage conditions they might happen to encounter in use. In these chambers, the cameras and their parts are subjected to withering 165-degree heat and 65-below-zero cold, dashed with salt spray, shaken violently in a device that simulates the five different types of vibration possible in a jet plane.

They are hurled violently earthward, then snapped short. In one such test, conducted by the Air Force, a camera stood an impact of 125 times the force of gravity—yet the delicate shutter blades were not even bent.

It is just as much of a marvel that the newer Fairchild cameras do not tear *themselves* to pieces. For inside some of them is an astounding device, the Rapidyne shutter, that has a speed of 1/2,000th of a second. Before the shutter is in action, the two tiny sets of blades are not moving; yet just 1/120,000th of a minute later, they are whirling at a rate of 70,000 revolutions a minute. If your car could accelerate that fast, it would be roaring forward from a dead stop to 1,400 miles an hour in just six feet.

Actually, this is only part of the miracle that goes on inside that lilliputian mechanism. Somehow or other these blades must be stopped, ready for the next shot. How it is done without tearing that paper-thin piece of metal to pieces is a triumph for the inventive genius of the Fairchild scientist, Fred Willcox, the man who developed the Rapidyne shutter.

Fairchild engineers conjuring up new optical magic in their laboratories in Syosett, Long Island, share a rising optimism about their high-flying cameras.

Many of their new roles, like the assignment Fairchild recently tackled for the Navy, do not take the cameras into the sky at all. What the Navy wanted was a camera for frogmen. The specifications presented extreme difficulties.

Picture a frogman stealthily moving along the floor of an enemy harbor. Nothing must reveal his presence if he is to come back alive with the vital pictures. A camera could be a betrayer.

There must be no whisper of sound that could be picked up by enemy listening devices, no magnetic effect that could set off mines. The frogman must be able to focus it and snap pictures by his sense of touch. Its flash arrangement must deliver a swift and powerful light to penetrate the murky darkness, yet not be visible from above. Its lenses must overcome the blurring effect of water. And with all that, the camera must operate efficiently in the air as well as under water, for the frogman cannot be burdened with two cameras.

Quite an order? It was, but the men who make the aerial cameras licked it with an underwater camera that promises not only military but peacetime usefulness as well. It can speed salvage jobs, permit quick inspection of ships' hulls while they are afloat, give a picture of the underwater condition of docks.

Another aerial camera that has come down to earth is playing its biggest role in medicine. A Fairchild medical camera has gone aboard trailers, turned up on street corners and in factories and stores as part of the great public drive to fight tuberculosis.

The achievement of the engineers, here, was to by-pass the former slow and cumbersome process of taking x-rays and devise a camera so fast that with it, a single technician can easily x-ray 800 to 1,000 chests a day.

It makes possible new miracles of diagnosis. Take that little boy with the defective heart. Ordinary x-ray shots give an inadequate picture of the heart in action. The fluoroscopic screen helps, but doctors need a chance to study the pictures—longer than the fleeting moments in which the patient can be exposed to the hurtling x-ray particles. The Fairchild medical camera—which has the unique ability to move large, heavy film at high speeds—gives them that chance.

Into a vein of the boy's arm, the

doctors inject a radiopaque substance. A second later it has reached the chest. In two seconds it is in the right side of the heart, pulsing up into the lungs to pick up oxygen. In four seconds it is pouring back into the left side of the heart. Two more seconds and it is racing out through the big arteries to other parts of the body.

All the while this is happening, a Fairchild camera is clicking, taking a picture every half-second. When the doctors look at this sequence of shots, every detail of the heart's action stands out. Here is the permanent record of the living heart in action—a sure guide to the life saving operations that new advances in surgery have made possible.

First used for heart-ailment diagnosis, the same technique is widening the horizons of medicine in many fields. Here is a patient whose symptoms indicate a brain tumor. But where is it? Those pictures, taken swiftly as the opaque liquid circulates through his brain, will tell the doctors almost unerringly.

Even the sky is not the limit for Fairchild cameras. That is, not the familiar sky of our own atmosphere. Already a Fairchild camera borne aloft in the nose of the rocket *Aerobee*, which went up almost 100 miles, has given us our first view of how our earth looks from space.

Some day a rocket is going further—to the moon—to Mars—or beyond. It may or may not carry human beings, but one thing almost certain to be aboard is an automatically operated Fairchild camera. What it sees and records will provide man with his first glimpse of other worlds.

A Window over the Sink

A FARMHOUSE in the White Mountains burned to the ground leaving the owner and his wife, both well on in their sixties, broken and homeless. The local minister, a woman, did what she could to consol m, but she found the old discouraged that she to raise money to se.

response, and o the minister would be raised 'd be something left over. She said to the old lady, "What would you like in this new house that you did not have in the old one; something you wanted but never could afford?"

The old lady's mind was made up in a minute. She r lied: "I have stood over the sink g dishes for 35 years. Always looked at the blank wall, le the wall hid a beautiful view of the White Mountains. I wish you could put a window over the sink so that I can see the mountains."

Autograph of God, Copyright 1952, by the Macmillan Co., publishers

Bravest of the Bulls

by TOM TERRISS

It took the devotion of an old man to lead "Bonito" to safety from Mexico City's arena

THE FRIENDSHIP OF ONE MAN for another is a precious thing, but often an even deeper devotion springs up between a man and his animal. Born and nurtured in the long, silent hours they spend together under the open sky, usually such mute comradeship can be destroyed only by death.

One day some years ago, on a small farm near Mexico City, old Juan Cervera, a breeder of fighting bulls for *Plaza de Toros*, met with the buyers for his prize stock. He was grim-faced, for included in the transaction was his mighty bull *Bonito*, known the countryside over for his majestic appearance.

For months Cervera had lost sales because he refused to part with the magnificent animal he had reared from a calf. But as his earnings slowly dwindled away, he could hold out no longer. His farm had deteriorated to the point where only money and equipment could save it. *Bonito* must be sold.

"Forgive me, Bonito!" whispered the old m[illegible] the bull was l[illegible]. "I did not w[illegible] sell."

And, [illegible] each Friday m[illegible]ping thereafter, Juan would sound out the officials of the *Plaza de Toros* to find out which bulls would be used the following Sunday. Impatient and a little amused, week after week they told him, "No, old man, it is not yet time for the Big One."

Juan took cheer that perhaps the gentle, loving care he had given *Bonito* made the animal unfit for the ring. Fighting bulls must have speed, agility and, above all, the desire to kill. Juan did not believe that his *Bonito* could kill, although he realized that the beast would be starved, prodded and angered to the breaking point.

Then, one Friday, the reply to his usual question was: "*Si*, it is time for the Big One."

That Sunday afternoon the *Plaza de Toros* was packed to capacity. Word had spread through the countryside that *Bonito* would appear. The crowd buzzed with excitement. Although they knew how the unequal struggle would end, spectators anticipated a fight that would long b[illegible]embered.

Th[illegible] co[illegible]

dispatched with quiet efficiency by talented matadors. With each kill the crowd grew more restless. When the carcass of the fourth bull was dragged from the arena, it was time for the main event.

At one end of the arena a red plank door opened and mighty *Bonito* charged to the center of the ring. Silence swept over the restless crowd as it rose in awe; with one glance, it knew that this magnificent specimen was of the highest order of fighting beast.

Two gaily colored darts protruded from either side of *Bonito's* shoulder blades. They had been placed there to sting him into fury, just before he raced from the darkness of his confinement to the brilliant light of the afternoon sun.

The *picadors* followed with their cruel and tantalizing jabs about his great body. Yet, with all the pain, *Bonito* never wavered. He made charge after charge at his tormentors and countless times chased them to the safety of the barriers. His blood stained the sunbaked turf, but he never lowered his horns out of weariness.

Then the matador entered the battle, a slender sword wrapped in his red cape. The crowd roared its approval. It was time for the kill.

The matador took his position. He saw that *Bonito's* head was still held too high for the final plunge of the sword, so he knew he would have to tire the brave bull into a fatal mistake. Time after time the matador brushed death as *Bonito* came hurtling by. The crowd's "*oles*" were deafening. Suddenly the crowd gasped as the matador misjudged his distance. *Bonito's* horn caught the flesh of his right thigh and he was thrown to the turf. Quickly he was carried from the arena and replaced by another.

Again the fight was on. The new matador worked the weakened beast into position and plunged the sword between the shoulder blades. To his astonishment, *Bonito* didn't go down. Again and again the red sword ripped through *Bonito's* skin, each time missing a fatal spot. The spectators roared.

Suddenly, amid the hysterical shouts, a single cry grew loud and distinct. Awed at the magnificent courage and amazing strength of the great animal, the crowd was imploring: "Spare the bull! Spare the bull!"

The matador looked to the Judge of the Ring, who arose in response to this unexpected cry. He waved his white handkerchief, signifying the end of the fight.

Bonito had won. For one of the rare cases in the history of the Mexican bull ring, an audience was so moved by the stamina and courage of an underdog that it had begged for his life.

Bonito pawed the turf nervously and the crowd waited anxiously. The officials called a hurried conference to plan the removal of the heroic animal from the ring. Then, suddenly, all eyes were drawn to one end of the arena.

A little old man leaped from the stands and walked calmly toward *Bonito*. It was Juan Cervera. Confidently and steadily he moved forward.

"Bonito . . . my friend!" he shouted. The great bull, eyes clouded with sweat and blood, lowered his horns for the attack.

"Bonito . . . my lovely—I am

Juan!" he called without slowing his pace. The crowd grew tense.

"Bonito . . . my Bonito!" he implored. The majestic beast tried to see through blood-filled eyes. Juan stopped a few paces from his champion.

"Poor Bonito . . . what have they done?" he whispered, tears streaming down his face.

Juan moved beside *Bonito* and gently stroked the beast's forehead as he had done so many times before. The magnificent animal was calm.

"Come, Bonito. We are going home" he said tenderly.

The thousands in the stands stood spellbound as they watched the little old man and the unconquerable bull walk slowly from the arena, back to their home.

Food Fancies

A BRIDE, shopping for fish, was trying to impress the fishmonger with her know-how, in spite of the fact that she really was ignorant when it came to piscatorial affairs. She objected to first one and then another of the man's offerings, pretending to find something the matter with each.

Finally she said haughtily: "I just don't like the looks of any of these."

"Lady," replied the man wearily, "if it's looks you're after, why don't you buy a goldfish?"

HELLO, BILL. Haven't seen you for ages. Did you know I was married last month? Listen, come around some evening and have dinner with us. Toots is a wonderful cook. You ought to see her whip up a dinner. She can unwrap frozen peas so fast you wouldn't believe it. She opens a can of potato sticks, tucks them into the oven and has hot potatoes in no time flat. She knows where to get delicious pre-cooked hamburgers and all she has to do is toss the meat into a frying pan, put it over the gas, and in a few minutes the meat is ready. And for dessert—Brother! You should taste it. She gets ice cream from a special delicatessen and serves it with pre-whipped cream and wonderful cookies from a vacuum tin.

Am I lucky to get a wife who can cook. Too many of these modern girls hardly know how to boil water.

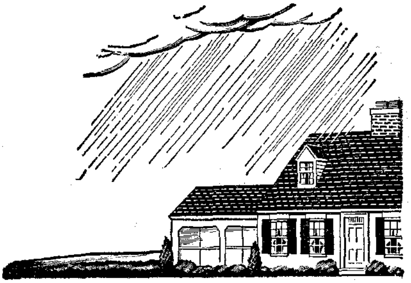
THE LITTLE GIRL who used to grasp a penny firmly in one hand and press her nose against the glass in a candy counter has now grown up and can be seen at a meat counter with the same look on her face as she clutches a $10 bill.

—*Wall Street Journal*

WOMEN DISCUSSING RECIPES usually bore me, but I have always regretted not paying attention on one such occasion. I was sharing a train compartment with three strange Englishwomen, each of whom was describing innumerable "favorite" dishes to the others.

Finally, it was more than I could bear. Just as one of the ladies started off on a new dish, I grabbed my baggage and fled. Only then did I realize what I had missed. For she had started her recipe with these words: "You take one elephant . . . "

—WALTER WERTH



Humidity!

by **John L. Springer**

Moisture on windows, ceilings or walls is the home-owners' ever-present enemy

WATER CAN BE A RELENTLESS foe of home-owners, striking constantly from all directions. Rains drive from above and from all sides. Like a fifth column, water used in heating, washing, cooking and bathing strikes from within.

If not halted, this onslaught of moisture will rot walls and floors, cause plaster to disintegrate, peel paint inside and out and mildew furniture and clothes. No wonder experts call humidity "Home-Owners' No. 1 Enemy."

In most instances, this trouble reaches its peak in winter and may take the form of condensation—water dripping on windows, ceilings or inside walls. Condensation results from a curious law of nature: The warmer the air, the more moisture it can hold. This vapor-laden warm air striking a colder surface cannot retain all its moisture and the vapor becomes water.

After shivering through a January freezing spell, an Ohio farmer bought a complete set of storm windows. Immediately the house became warmer. Condensation on his windows stopped, for now there was no sharp contact between the moisture-laden, warm indoor air and the single pane of glass chilled by the outdoors. But soon the farmer noticed water dripping beneath the house from between the walls. Why?

Blocked from escaping by the draft-proof storm window, the water vapor sought another outlet. Into his exterior walls, years before, the farmer had poured insulation without a vapor barrier to resist humidity. Now the moisture-laden air penetrated the walls and the insulation, then suddenly hit the cold outside wall. Between the walls there was condensation, saturating the wood and moving through to blister the outside paint.

How to solve this problem? Frank E. Parsons, engineer of the National Mineral Wool Association, a trade association of insulation manufacturers, says:

"There are three general sources of moisture which may cause trouble in the home. These are the areas inside the home, the underside of the structure and the outside.

"There are also three ways in which to control excessive moisture —by eliminating the moisture at its sources, by isolating the moisture to prevent its entrance into areas where it may cause trouble and by ventilating the excess moisture . . . exchanging humid indoor air with dryer outdoor air."

To do the best job of repelling outside moisture, replace missing, loose or imperfect shingles. Be sure that where the roof joins chimneys or other sections of roof or walls, it is properly "flashed" so that water won't enter through the joints.

See that roof gutters are large enough, are clean of leaves and are placed a slight distance away from the eaves so that overflow water won't enter your walls. Be sure rain water drains into the ground far enough from the house to avoid contact with your foundation.

Outside walls also should be checked regularly. Here are the most common warning signals: Cracked siding, which may provide an opening for rain; open nail holes; window frames not tightly fitted to the wall; peeled paint which may indicate rotting walls.

To resist ground moisture, a concrete block foundation should be properly waterproofed, the official U. S. Housing and Home Finance Agency advises. At the foot of the foundation, drainage tiles should draw off underground water.

Even if you successfully block all exterior approaches for moisture, don't be surprised if indoor humidity exists. For a family of four, for instance, water discharged merely in cooking meals and washing dishes averages three quarts a day.

Windows opened slightly during cooking, dishwashing, laundering or bathing allow humidity to escape. Ventilating fans suck out hot moisture-laden air. For kitchen and bathroom walls and ceilings, experts also recommend enamel, aluminum or rubber-based paints which repel water vapor and prevent it from penetrating the walls.

Since vapor-laden warm air rises, some inevitably reaches your attic. The Housing and Home Finance Agency advises ventilating the space between your roof and the ceiling with open vents in the walls, occupying 1/300th of the area of the entire ceiling.

In spite of all threats from within and without, by keeping on guard you can maintain your home's appearance, save hundreds of dollars in repair bills and win a full victory in the battle against water.

Top Secret

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, a swelled head never hurt any man. It's really the shrinking, in the long run, that hurts. —FRANCES RODMAN

Carnival in Rio

photographs by **Earl Leaf**

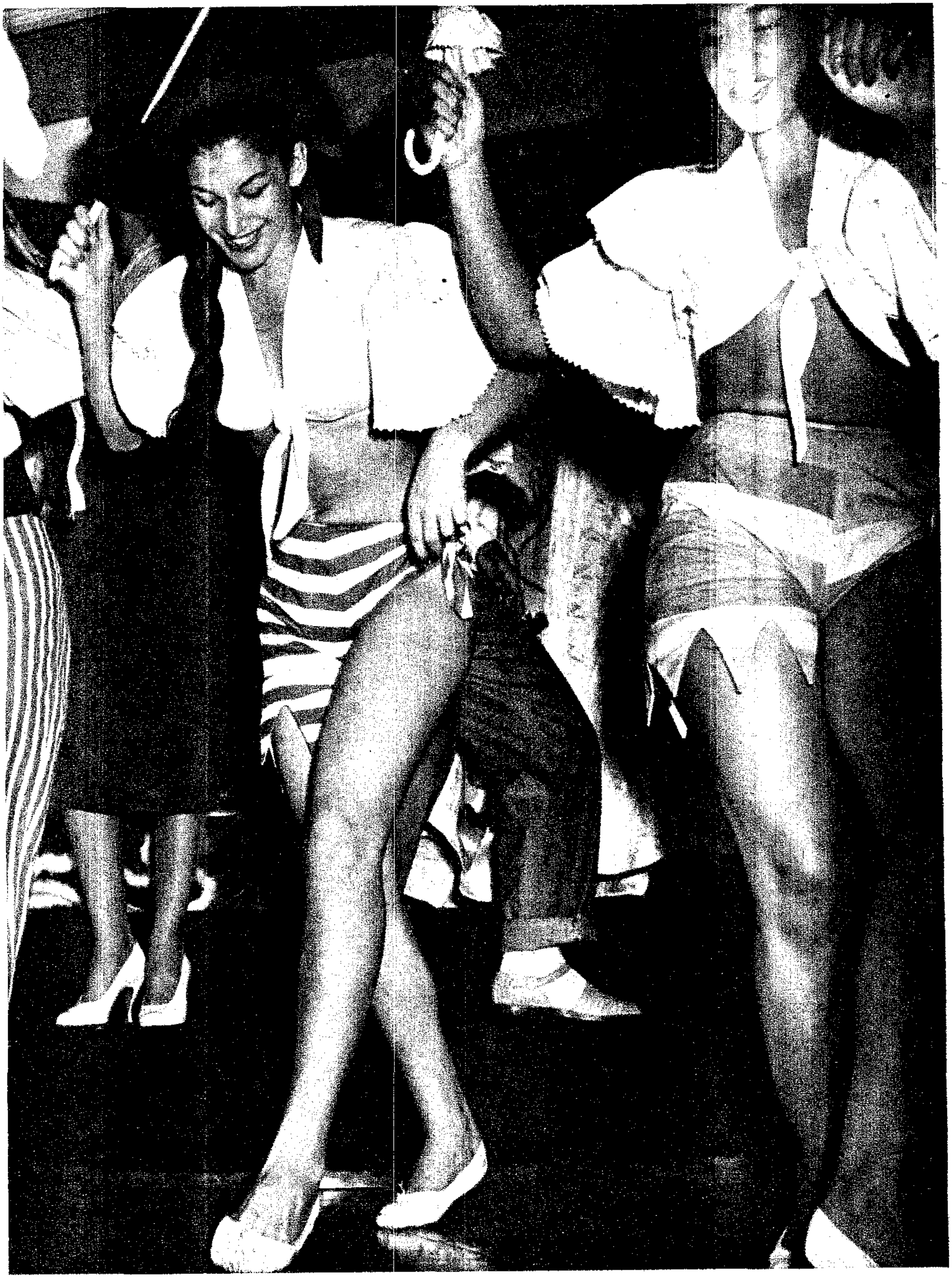
FROM THE FOOTHILLS, the pulsing beat of Brazil's samba drifts in to the city. Louder it grows and louder with every passing day, the gay, reckless rhythm reaching through avenues and alleys, mounting, beckoning. And then the big day is here. The city erupts in revelry: it is carnival time in Rio.

It is impossible to remain aloof: like a great wave, the tide of revelry washes over passersby and spectators. They are caught up in a swirling street dance and captured by the sheer exuberance of the moment.

To the never-ending jungle beat of the tom-toms, a kaleidoscopic parade whirls down the Avenida Presidente Vargas: spectacular floats; samba clubs in gay, gaudy dress; hill folk in their riotous native colors.

All is sedate at the Municipal Ball while dance halls across Rio abandon any pretense at pair-dancing for the singing, stomping mayhem of cordao—a wild and wonderful snake-dance.

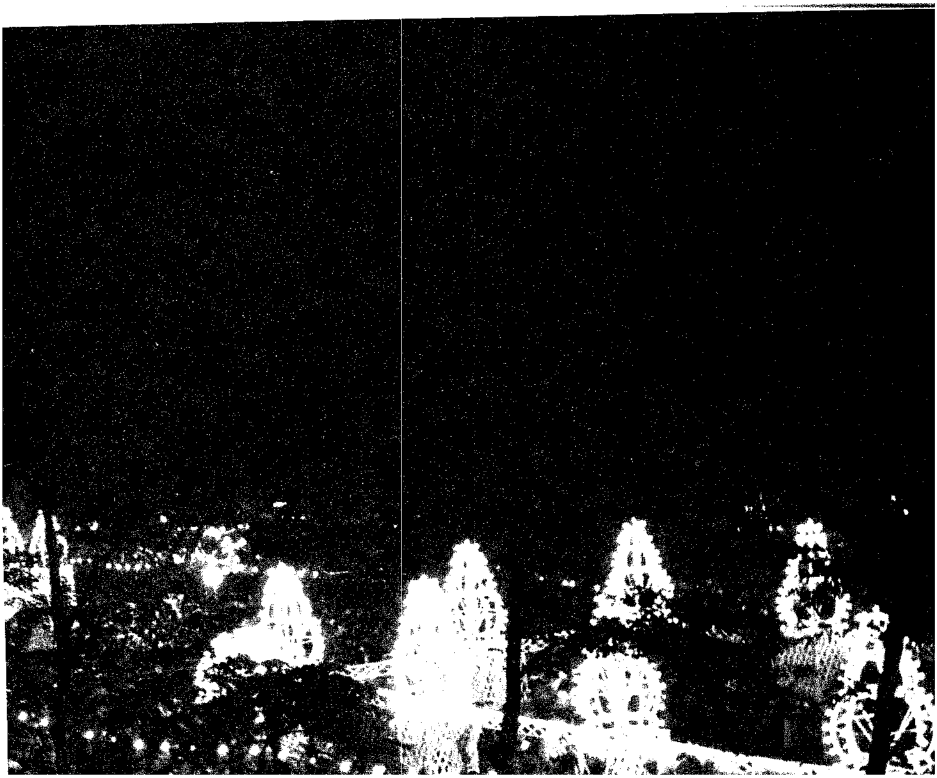
There are, it seems, prizes for everything: the handsomest float, the sauciest musical limerick, the most popular samba. But the sweetest prize goes to the girl who is chosen queen of carnival.



No liquor is sold during the festivities. Carnival itself is an intoxicant and only solitude is a sin. In jammed nightclubs like Monte Carlo and Casablanca, customers often wind up in the floor show.

Sambas, written and hoarded through the year by famed composers and untutored Bahianas, are now unveiled. To choose the most popular, judges attune their ears to the music of the swaying, chanting crowds.

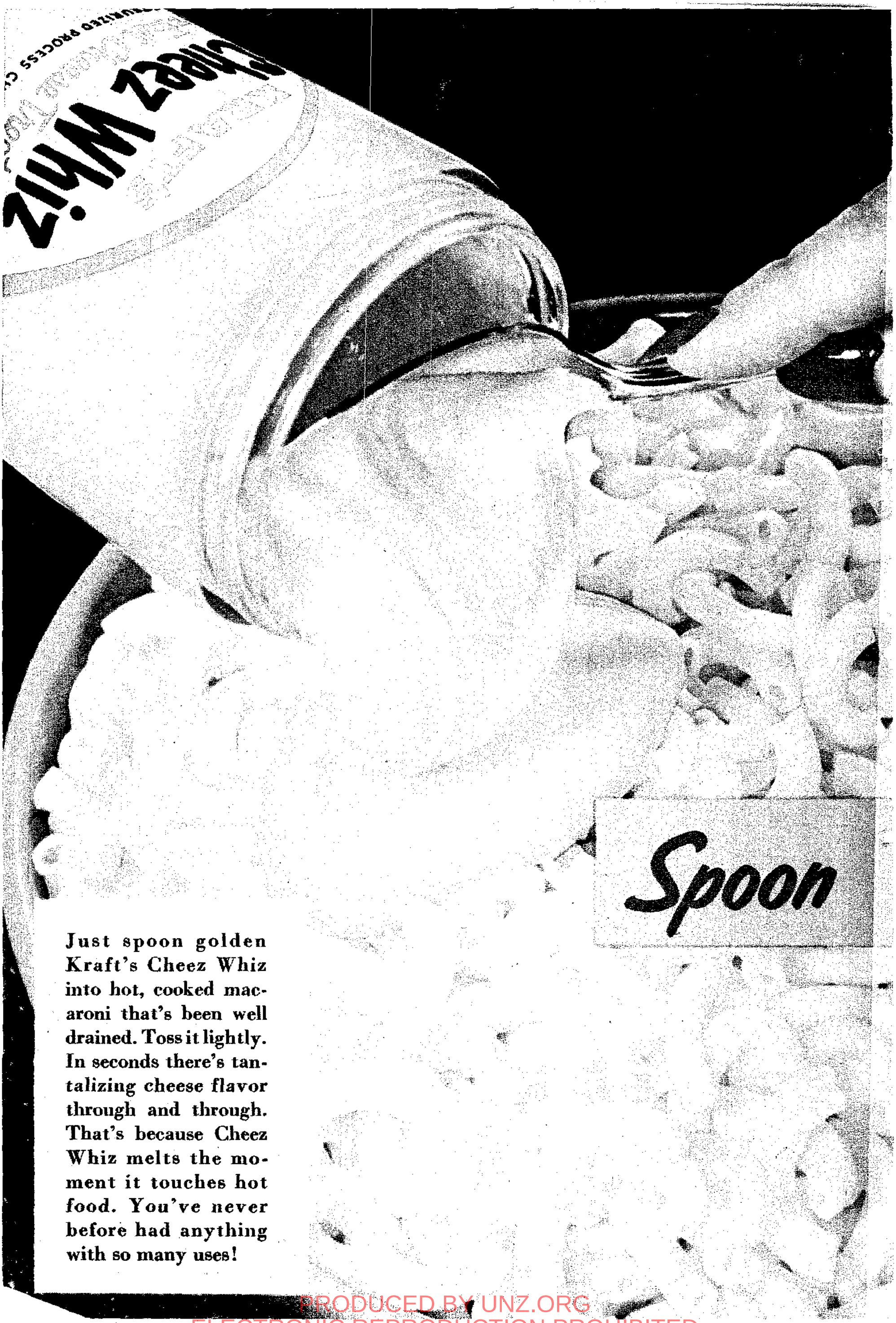
There is a saying in Brazil that every cent spent in Sao Paulo is a cent stolen from the Rio carnival. And so the money flows and, incredibly, the tempo mounts. Many a merrymaker disdains sleep until Ash Wednesday.



NEW! for scores of cheese treats... FAST!

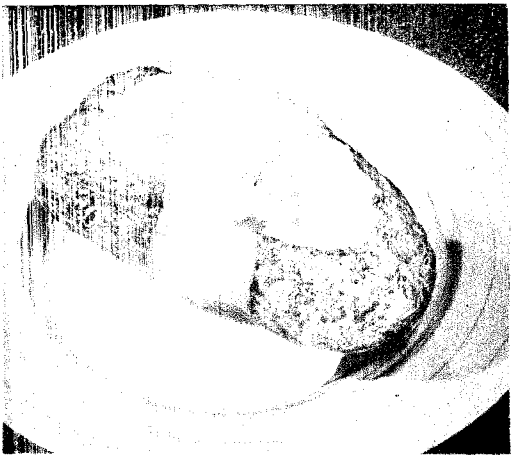
Cheez Whiz
A PASTEURIZED PROCESS CHEESE SPREAD
AMERICAN CHEESE, WATER, NONFAT DRY MILK SOLIDS, CONDENSED WHEY, SODIUM PHOSPHATE, CREAM, WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, LACTIC ACID, MUSTARD, SALT, U. S. CERTIFIED COLOR
MOISTURE 52%, MILKFAT 20%
1 LB NET WGT
KRAFT FOODS COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Here's your guide to all sorts of quick cheese tricks



Just spoon golden Kraft's Cheez Whiz into hot, cooked macaroni that's been well drained. Toss it lightly. In seconds there's tantalizing cheese flavor through and through. That's because Cheez Whiz melts the moment it touches hot food. You've never before had anything with so many uses!

Spoon Cheez Whiz onto hot, split baked potatoes. It melts at once to give you scrumptious *Cheese-taters* your whole family will love. Or spoon Cheez Whiz into hot, mashed potatoes; whip again. Creamy-rich Kraft's Cheez Whiz is absolutely different from anything you've ever had before.

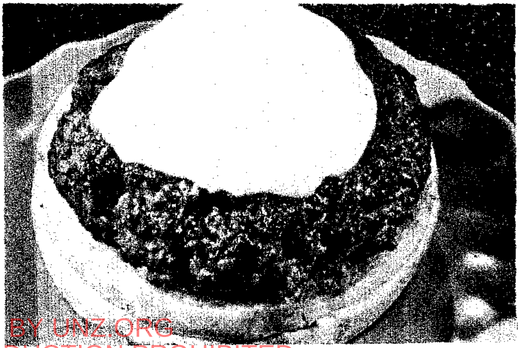


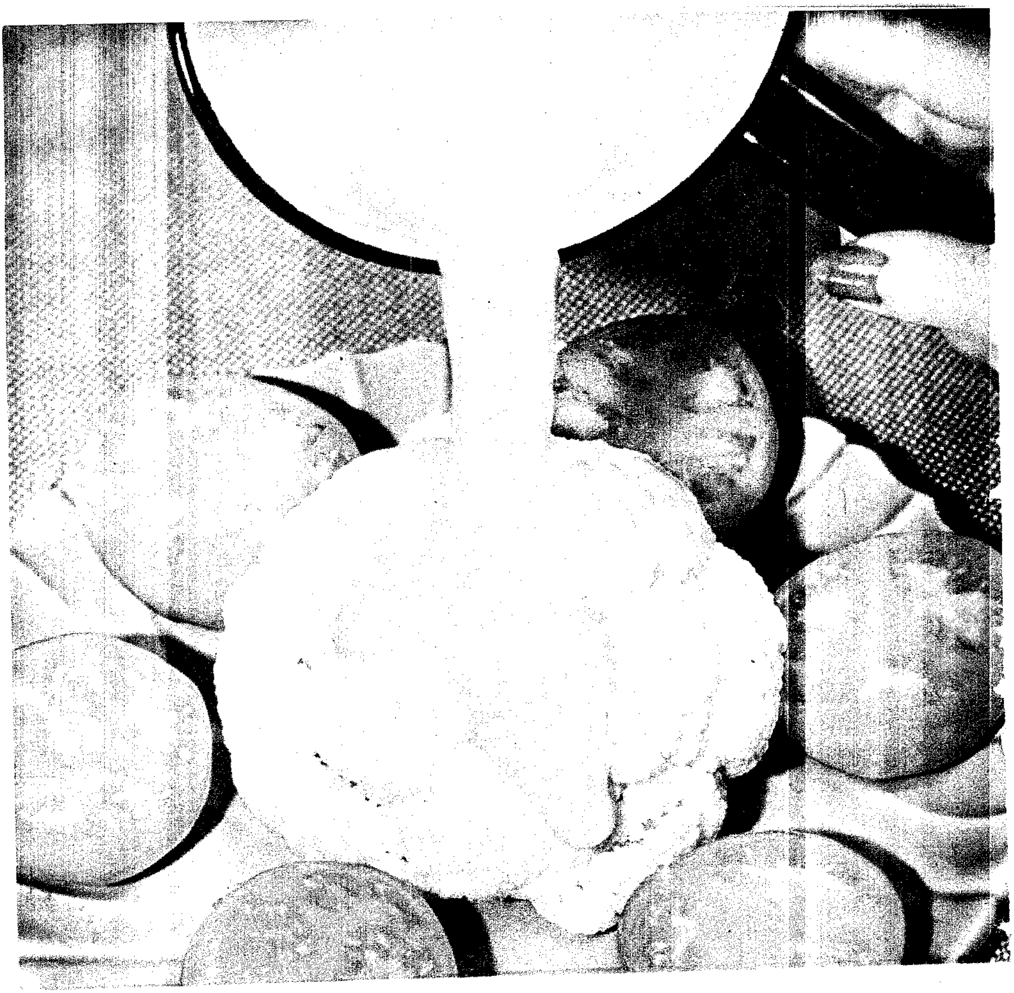
Spoon Cheez Whiz into hot, cooked whole kernel corn. Sprinkle soft, buttered bread crumbs around the edge of the casserole. Bake 10 minutes in 350° oven, while tantalizing Cheez Whiz melts all through the corn. Or try the same trick using hot, drained noodles. Both are *easy*, *speedy*, *good!*

Cheez Whiz into hot foods

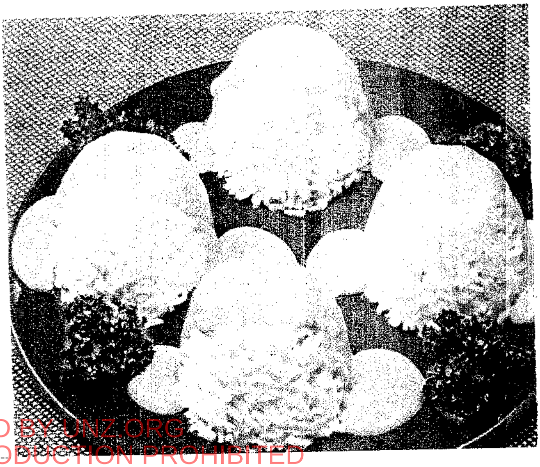
Use it right from the jar!
It's creamy-thick! Different
from anything you've ever had!

Spoon Cheez Whiz onto hot hamburgers for delicious cheeseburgers in a jiffy. Watch its golden goodness melt *fast*. Then taste that creamy-rich cheese flavor! It's a hit with everybody. Serve on split buns with onion rings and pickle chips. Only one of the many quick tricks you'll do with Kraft's Cheez Whiz.

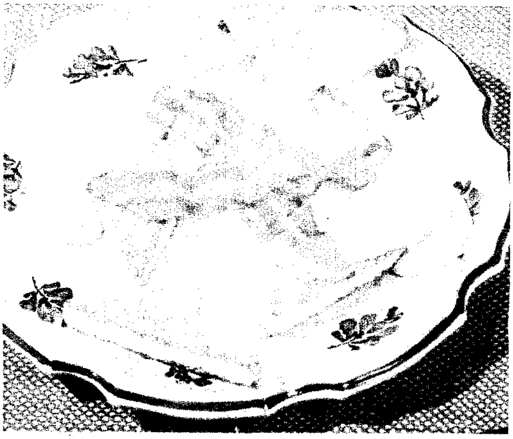




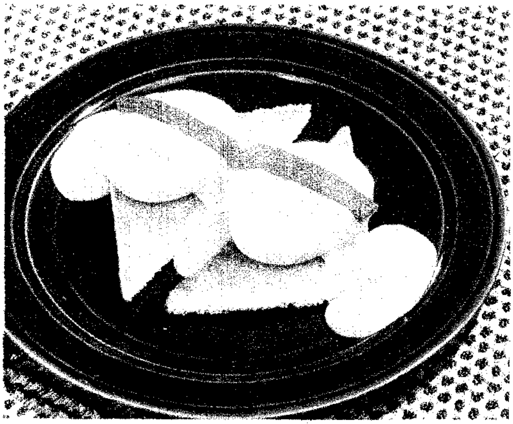
Heat Cheez Whiz for wonderful cheese sauce in a hurry! A few minutes in a saucepan over *very low* heat (or in a double boiler) and Kraft's Cheez Whiz becomes the most elegant cheese sauce you've ever served. Perfect for party dishes . . . for glamorizing vegetables. Pour heated Cheez Whiz over hot, cooked cauliflower (or broccoli or cabbage). Cheez Whiz makes all sorts of vegetables into *special treats.*



Heat Cheez Whiz in saucepan over very low heat (or in the top of a double boiler). Pour over toast triangles for a Cheez Whiz rabbit. Top with crisp bacon. Kraft's Cheez Whiz has *so many* uses, you'll dip into that jar of golden goodness many times each week.



Heat Kraft's Cheez Whiz for this wonderful luncheon or supper dish. Place hot, hard-cooked eggs on toast points and top with plenty of satin-smooth, heated Cheez Whiz. Garnish with strips of pimento. You'll find so many remarkable Cheez Whiz tricks, you'll say: "How did we ever get along without it?"



Heat Cheez Whiz

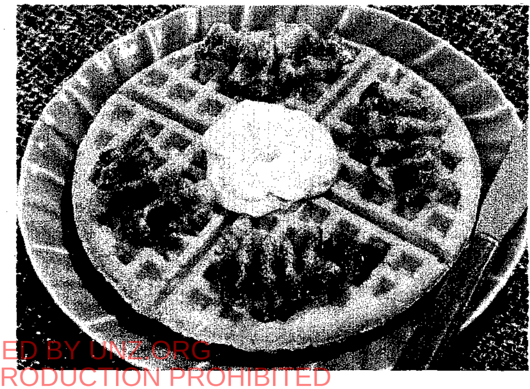
Heat Cheez Whiz in a double boiler or a small saucepan over low heat for glorious cheese sauce. For rice timbales: pack hot, cooked rice into greased custard cups. Unmold and serve with rich, hot Cheez Whiz. Try Cheez Whiz sauce over whole, cooked shrimp on toast points, too.

for grand cheese sauce

Spread

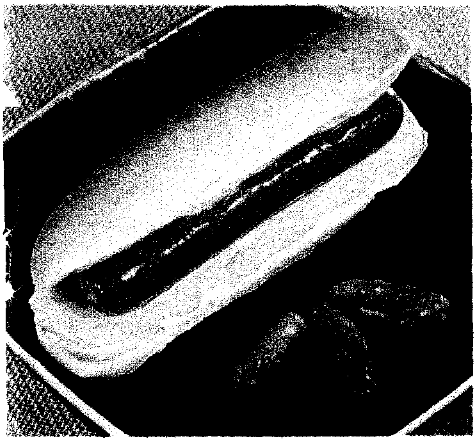
Spread Kraft's Cheez Whiz for all kinds of snacks and sandwiches, hot or cold. It's good *just* spread on crackers. Keep an 8-oz. or 1-lb. jar of this amazing pasteurized process cheese spread on hand and discover the *many, many* uses it has! Of course, Cheez Whiz has been thoroughly tested in the famous Kraft Kitchen.

Spread Cheez Whiz on a hot waffle and serve with crisp bacon for brunch or supper. You've never before had *anything* like Cheez Whiz—created by the Kraft Kitchen—to save you time in fixing dozens and dozens of cheese dishes and all kinds of snacks.

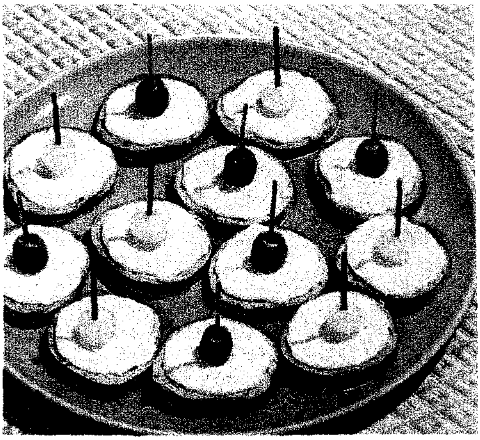


Cheez Whiz

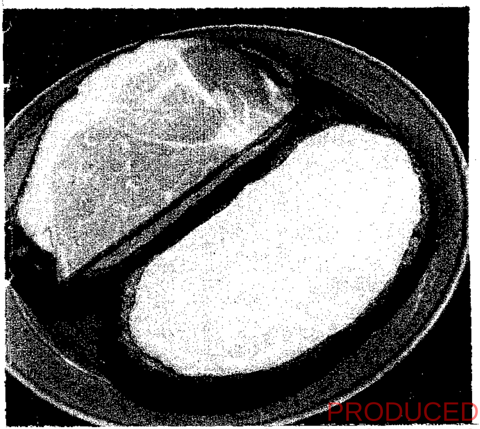
for wonderful snacks



Spread Cheez Whiz on the inside of frankfurter buns. Place hot "franks" in the buns. (Their heat melts Cheez Whiz.) Or serve Cheez Whiz and crackers—"help yourself" style. A real easy snack!



Spread Cheez Whiz right from the jar, on sliced icebox rye bread. Garnish each slice with a tiny onion or whole stuffed olive for a jiffy-quick snack tray. Kraft's Cheez Whiz is *so easy* to use for after-school snacks—the youngsters will want to fix their own.



Spread Kraft's Cheez Whiz for *all kinds* of sandwiches. Here's a delicious variation of the always popular "ham 'n' cheese on rye": spread Kraft's Cheez Whiz on one slice of rye bread; the second slice is spread with Kraft Prepared Salad Style Mustard, topped with boiled or baked ham.

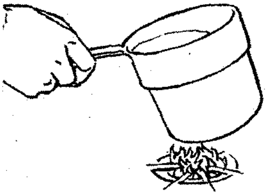
More wonderful ways to use

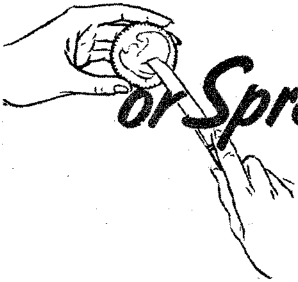
Kraft's Cheez Whiz

It's all ready for all kinds of cheese treats...*fast!*

Spoon it onto a casserole of hot baked beans; toss lightly.
into hot, cooked and drained green beans; mix gently.
into fluffy, hot rice; toss lightly.

or Heat it to pour over hot, cooked, diced potatoes.
to pour over well-drained, hot, cooked onions.
to pour over toasted tomato and bacon sandwiches.
to pour over deviled eggs served on toast points.
to serve over hot, well-drained asparagus on toast points.
to pour over toast points served with sliced almonds as a Welsh Rabbit.
and add tuna fish or crab meat to the hot Cheez Whiz; serve on toast.





or Spread it for quick snacks on crackers, bread, toast, buns, whole-wheat wafers.
on bread as the spread for ham, turkey, chicken sandwiches.
for grilled cheese sandwich: spread only one side of bread with Cheez Whiz. Brush whole sandwich on both sides with melted Parkay Margarine. Grill in a skillet or under moderate broiler heat until both sides are golden brown.

Grin and Share It

IN A WESTERN COWTOWN, an old gentleman was walking by a saloon when, without warning, a young cowhand dashed out, took a flying leap from the sidewalk and landed on the seat of his pants in the gutter.

The man hurried over to the cowboy and asked, "Are you hurt?"

"No," was the angry reply, "but I'd shore like to meet the so-and-so who moved my horse!"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal Magazine*

"GET SOME good old Barbados rum," directed the doctor. "Cover a lump of sugar in the bottom of a large glass. Fill with hot water . . . drink slowly. Every hour."

"But doctor . . . will *that* put me to sleep?"

"No," said the doctor. "But it will make you not mind staying awake."

—KENNETH GOODE, *How to Win What You Want* (Prentice-Hall, Inc.)

"HERE'S THE PLOT for our new picture," said the producer to his assistants. "Two boys are in love with the same girl. One boy is good while the other is bad. The girl doesn't know this, however. She is about to marry the bad guy when the good one appears and exposes him. They have a terrific fight which the good guy wins. He then marries the girl and the picture ends. Now," continued the producer, "if you think the public could stand another sea picture, I'd like to have all the action take place on a ship."

—*Jokes and More Jokes* (Croydon Publications)

GLANCING AT THE MAIL ORDER just filled out by her husband whose hobby was woodworking, the wife said, "What's a band saw, dear?"

"There are two kinds," he said, loosening his tie. "One you saw wood with. The other is a frayed shirt collar—like this—starched and pressed to a razor's edge."

—*Wall Street Journal*

CALLED ON for an impromptu speech at a dinner one night, a Yale graduate bethought himself of his *alma mater* and lauded her by showing that the "Y" stood for "youth," when all might enjoy the benefits of college. "A" stood for the "appreciation" of fine things which the college makes possible. "L" for "loyalty," the stem of all endeavor.

After about 30 minutes of that sort of thing, he ended with the "E," which he said stood for the "efficiency" of a Yale graduate.

Three seats down, a drowsing listener aroused himself sufficiently to murmur to his neighbor, "All I can say is, thank goodness he didn't attend the Massachusetts Institute of Technology!"

—*Sunshine Magazine*

A FAMOUS LADY NOVELIST wished to take her pet Pekingese along with her on a lecture tour some years ago. Knowing railway rules in regard to dogs, she trained the Peke to drape himself inertly across her arm like a fur neckpiece. The ruse was successful until they hit Pittsburgh. There a gateman glanced at her ticket, then at the pseudo-neckpiece and said, "Where is the baggage car ticket for the pooch?"

The lady raised her elegant eyebrows. "The pooch?"

"Yeah. The mutt. The dawg on your arm. Where's the baggage car ticket?"

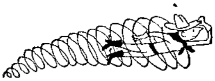
"Oh!" the lady answered in great surprise. "You mean *this*. Why, my good man, for your information, this animal is a mammal!"

The man did a double take. "A mammal?" He looked dubiously at the bright-eyed Peke. "Okay, go on, Ma'am—" he shrugged "—but darned if it sure don't look like a dawg!" —MARY ALKUS

A JEWELER IN WISCONSIN who had read too many detective stories suffered a disheartening experience recently. On three occasions a thief had broken into his store and gotten away scot free with valuable merchandise. The next time, vowed the jeweler, he would catch the marauder himself.

So he rigged up a camera designed so the thief would snap his own picture in the act of robbing the store. As bait, he put a tray of cheap costume jewelry, an imitation watch and two one-dollar bills in front of the camera.

But the thief, on his next visit, ignored the cheap jewelry, the watch, the dollar bills—and disappeared in the night with the jeweler's $150 camera. —BENNETT CERF



AN OLDTIMER WAS standing on an Alabama street corner watching ominous black clouds gathering overhead.

"I don't like to say it," remarked a stranger, "but those clouds look exactly like some we had in Texas just before the tornado struck."

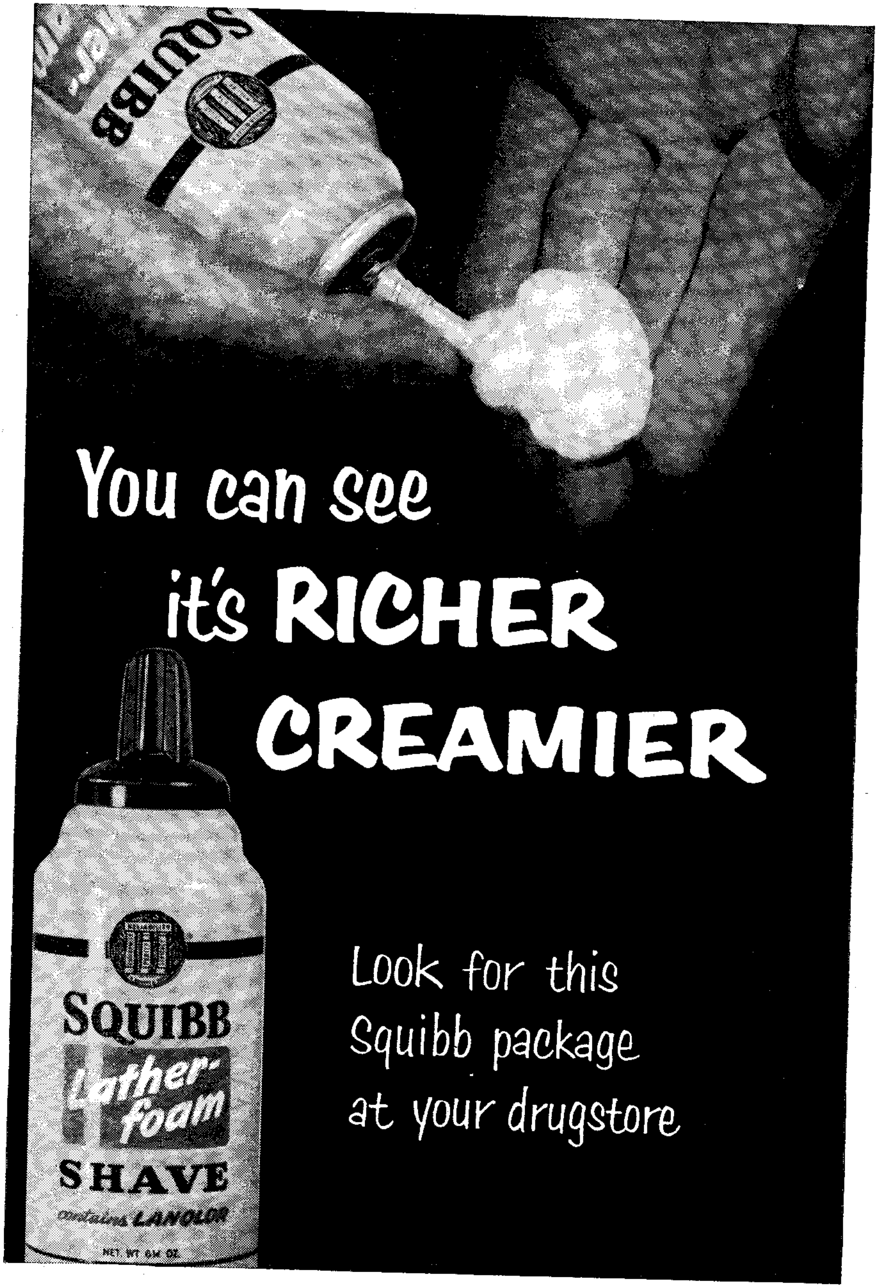
"Was it a bad 'un?" the native asked.

"Bad?" the Texan exclaimed. "How do you figger I come to be in Alabama?" —FRANKLYN S. JOHNSON

AN ENGLISH REPORTER who had worked several years without a vacation was given the summer off and departed to spend it quietly on an island in the Mediterranean. Shortly after he arrived, however, the island suffered an earthquake of unprecedented severity which left several towns in ruins and killed hundreds of people.

His editor in London, anticipating a clean scoop on the catastrophe, eagerly made plans for the complete coverage he was sure would be forthcoming from the reporter. Presently a telegram arrived. The editor shouted to alert his staff and anxiously tore open the message.

"No cause for concern," it read. "I am safe." —H. A. BURR


SQUIBB
SQUIBB
Lather-foam
SHAVE
contains LANOLIN
NET WT 6 OZ

You can see it's RICHER CREAMIER

Look for this Squibb package at your drugstore

YOUNG MRS. CURTIS thrust her husband's paycheck through the window and asked the teller if he'd please cash it.

The teller looked at the signature and saw that it was all right. "But the check needs an endorsement first," he told her.

Mrs. Curtis looked thoughtful for a moment, then wrote on the back of the check: "My husband is a wonderful man. Harriet Curtis."

—*Benefit News*

TEX RICKARD, the fabulous fight promoter of the last generation, was famous for his luck where weather was concerned. Hardly ever did rain interfere with the great open-air boxing matches that he staged.

Once he confided to a friend the principle on which he selected his lucky dates, months in advance. It is certainly not a scientific principle, and yet no scientist could do better.

Rickard would study the weather records for years past and pick a date on which in previous years there had been *more* than a normal amount of rain. He knew that the probability that rain would fall on any one day was the same as for any other day in the month. But he also felt that after a run of rain on a certain date, there was a good chance that the weather-luck of that day would turn. And, as his record showed, chance lived up to his expectations.

—*How to Attract Good Luck*, A. H. Z. CARR (Simon & Schuster)

AT THE 10TH ANNIVERSARY meeting of the National Inventors Council—a group of eminent scientists and engineers who examined wartime inventions submitted to them and funneled them to the proper departments—of the countless inventions submitted, the one which cut through the red-tape quickest, and brought demands from the Army, Navy and Marines for immediate personal discussion with its inventor, was a machine which came from the film star, Hedy Lamarr.

—LEONARD LYONS

DURING A FACTORY council election in an Iron Curtain country, voters were led to the polls and handed a sealed envelope to be deposited in the ballot box. One of the more inquisitive opened his envelope and started to examine the ballot slip inside.

"Why are you doing that?" the supervisor asked.

"I want to know for whom I am voting," the worker explained.

"Are you out of your mind?" cried the supervisor. "Don't you know that the ballot is *secret?*"

—*National Committee for a Free Europe*

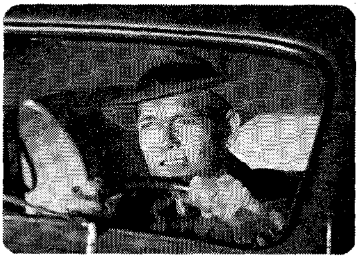
A FORMER SUPERINTENDENT OF schools in Manila treasured a collection of letters from various Filipino schoolteachers, which he had accumulated over many years.

The shortest was addressed: "To the Honorable School Board, Manila, P. I." It read: "This are my resigning. The hour are many, the work are many, the pay are few, and all the time the principal are making love to me—to which I reply, Oh Not! Oh Not! Hoping you are the same, sincerely yours, Angelita Flores."—SIDNEY FORRESTER MASHBIR, *I Was an American Spy* (Vantage)

Millions of busy Americans like YOU

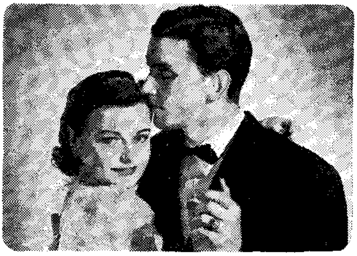
FIGHT FATIGUE SAFELY

with NōDōz *Awakeners*

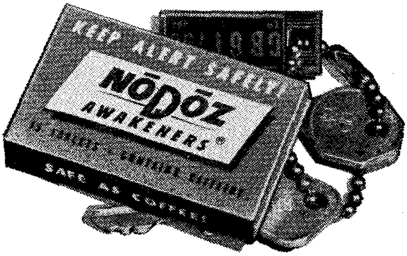


ON THE ROAD! Since 1933, more and more motorists, whose lives depend on keeping alert, rely on NoDoz Awakeners to help fight highway fatigue. Today, millions of busy Americans like YOU carry NoDoz in their cars.

ON THE JOB! Nobody *wants* to be dull and drowsy. When "3 o'clock cobwebs" rob you of productive hours, take a NoDoz Awakener. Safe as coffee! NoDoz helps restore your normal alertness, in minutes.



ON THE TOWN! Be vivacious, be awake. Don't let a hard day at home or at the office make you a social thud. Take a NoDoz Awakener before you go out . . . and take a package with you. (NoDoz also helps counteract mild effects of overindulgence.)



Safe as Coffee

15 tablets — 35c
Large economy size
60 tablets — 98c

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Keep a package handy
in your purse or pocket

Miracle Fabric for Home Sewing

by CAROL BURKE

A newly-developed interfacing provides a wrinkle-proof foundation for clothing

RECENTLY, AMERICAN housewives made a surprising discovery: they could sew like professionals. Gone at last was that homemade look that betrayed the hand of the amateur seamstress.

The home-sewers owed their sudden proficiency to a new kind of interfacing—that hidden layer of cloth that gives substance to the outer fabric. Though it is virtually unnoticed by most laymen, designers know that it is the key factor in achieving the flawless cut and hang, the subtle fashion, that characterize tailor-made garments.

Because it is the first product made from an unusual new material, the interfacing heralds the beginning of a sweeping change in textiles. Called "Pellon" by its manufacturer, David Morgenstern of New York City, the miracle fabric never wrinkles, always remains smooth and pliable. Thus, it unobstrusively "locks" the outer fabric in shape. Through repeated pressing and washing or cleaning, suits and dresses lined with Pellon retain their original style.

This adaptability is due to Pellon's method of manufacture. Resembling kidskin leather in surface appearance, the fabric is non-woven. Instead, various fibers—wool, camel's hair and others—are bonded with chemicals and high heat into a permanent combination. This elimination of spinning and weaving creates in Pellon a number of unique qualities which wool, cotton, nylon and similar woven fabrics do not possess.

For example, it has the same flexibility in any direction but does not shrink or stretch in washing. If it is folded, twisted or crushed, it jumps back into shape like a coiled spring.

Its non-woven texture cuts as cleanly as a sheet of paper. The edges never ravel or fray. There is no waste, because it eliminates the customary practice of cutting on the bias. The result is unparalleled ease in handling for home-sewers.

In the laboratory, it has been stretched and pulled on machines to the point where its strength has proved almost equal to that of a sheet of steel. While it washes easily and dries just as quickly as synthetics like nylon and Orlon, it offers the additional advantage of heat resistance. Ironing produces no ill effects.

Pellon had its start just after World War II when Morgenstern, a fiber expert, traveled to Europe to review progress in textiles. But he

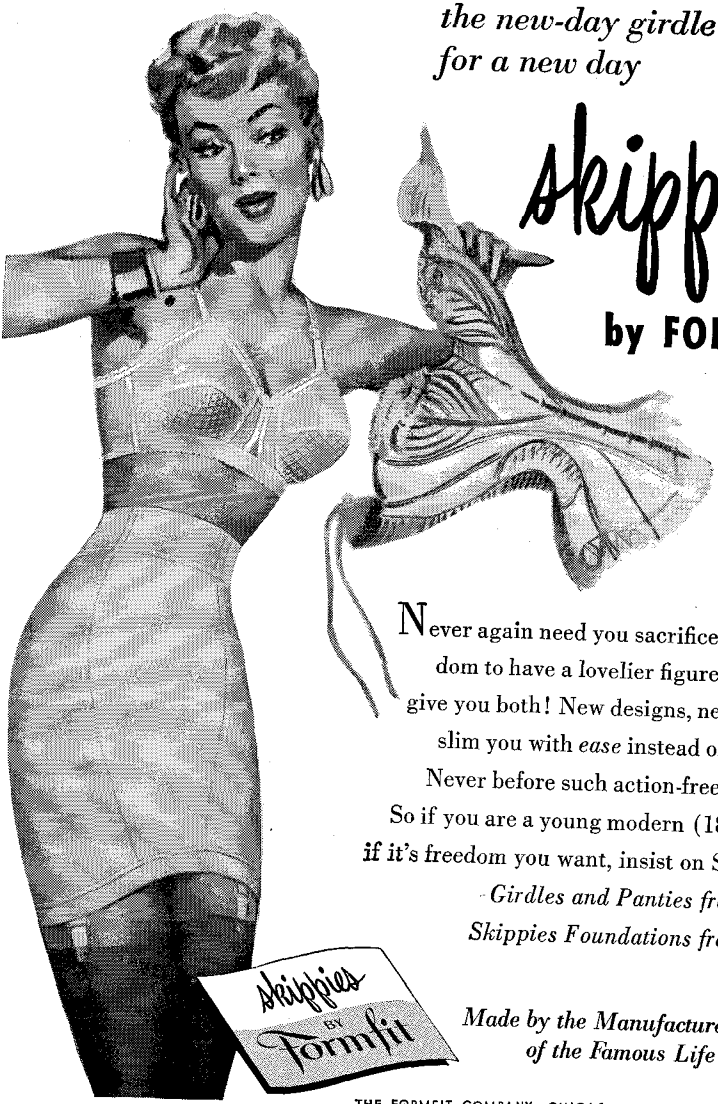
FOR THE WOMAN WHO SAYS:

"Freedom is a must!"

the new-day girdle
for a new day

Skippies

by FORMFIT



Never again need you sacrifice your freedom to have a lovelier figure. Skippies give you both! New designs, new elastics slim you with *ease* instead of squeeze. Never before such action-free comfort! So if you are a young modern (18 or 80)—if it's freedom you want, insist on Skippies!

Girdles and Panties from $3.95
Skippies Foundations from $5.95

Made by the Manufacturers
of the Famous Life Bras

THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK

crossed from country to country without seeing anything that marked a real advance.

Then, in a shop in Amsterdam, he noticed a swatch of material. He picked it up, crushed it into a ball, then released it. It sprang back to shape at once. Morgenstern examined the fabric more closely. It was non-woven.

Although the proprietor seemed unimpressed with his sample, Morgenstern knew that a non-woven material had been the dream of the industry for years. "Where did you get this?" he asked excitedly.

The answer—"Carl Freudenberg in Germany"—sent Morgenstern hurrying out of the shop. Next day he was at the Freudenberg office.

The new fabric, he learned, had first been developed before World War II by two young scientists, a German and a Dutchman and then later improved in the company laboratories. Morgenstern concluded an agreement whereby he purchased all rights to the fabric in the Western Hemisphere.

Two and one-half years passed before Morgenstern could raise sufficient capital for the Pellon Corporation. Then he located a plant in Lowell, Massachusetts, hired personnel and imported machinery from Holland.

Since then, Pellon interfacing has been used with approval by designers, wholesale manufacturers and home consumers alike. Morgenstern has no difficulty selling every yard his mill can turn out.

With that market well established, he has begun to look to the future. Already he has had a jacket made entirely of Pellon. "It was so light," he reports, "I felt as if I had nothing on at all."

The feeling of comfort was due, not just to the slight weight of the material but also to its high porosity. Because of the random distribution of fibers, Pellon traps and holds air, then allows it to circulate, exchanging slowly with the outside air. The air works as a conditioner, achieving coolness in summer and warmth in winter.

With further development, Pellon might well replace many materials on the current market. If this promise is realized, it could mean nothing short of a revolution in the textile industry.

U.S.A.—Good Provider

Lamb, Mich.
Fish, Ga.
Turtle, Mo.
Duck, W. Va.
Oyster, Va.
Two Egg, Fla.
Chili, Ind.
Rice, Kan.
Toast, N. C.
Corn, Okla.
Hominy, Okla.
Biscuit, Ky.
Pie, W. Va.
Tomato, Ark.
Lemon, Miss.
Orange, N. J.
Tangerine, Fla.
Cherry, Tenn.
Plum, Texas
Red Apple, Wash.
Cucumber, W. Va.
Jelly, Calif.
Sugar Loaf, N. Y.
Peppers, N. C.
Spice, W. Va.
Cocoa, Fla.
Goodwine, Ill.
Tea, S. D.
Soda, Tex.
Pear, W. Va.

—Donald O'Shea

Now... Millions of Americans Don't Suffer when Acid Indigestion Strikes

...because They Always Carry This Wonderful Relief

You never know when or where acid indigestion will strike. But with Tums on hand, there's no need to *suffer*. Just eat tasty little Tums like candy mints. Almost instantly they bring relief from gas and heartburn.

Yes, millions of people depend on Tums to keep them free from the pain and discomfort of acid indigestion.

Many people have abandoned the haphazard, excessive use of baking soda or "bicarb". And Tums are guaranteed to contain no soda of any kind.

Tums still cost only a dime for a whole roll. And you couldn't buy safer, surer, more wonderful relief for a ten dollar bill.

"WHO'D BELIEVE THE GROOM'S STOMACH WAS IN KNOTS ONLY AN HOUR AGO."

FOR STOMACH DISTRESS
12
TUMS
10¢
EAT LIKE CANDY

People all over the Nation carry Tums as faithfully as they carry their keys!

TUMS *for the Tummy*

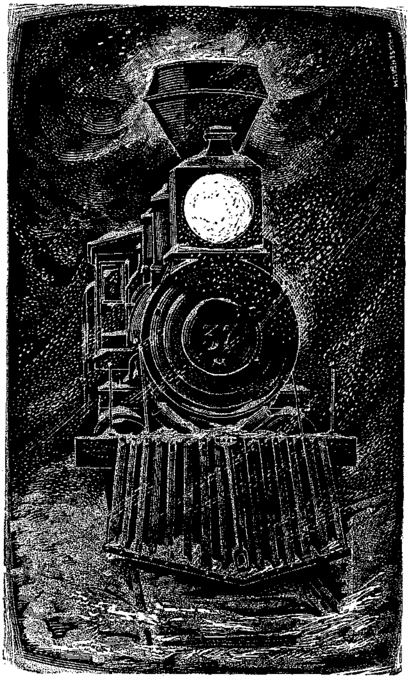
The Ashtabula Disaster

by VIRGINIA CARVILLE JOKI

Death was the grim engineer of the Pacific Express on a blizzard night in 1876

THE PACIFIC EXPRESS, three hours late on her run from New York to Chicago, gallantly bucked the blizzard howling in off Lake Erie that night of December 29, 1876.

Two engines, the *Socrates* and the *Columbia*, hauled the luxury flyer of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad over whose route the New York Central's Twentieth Century now thunders. Behind the shiny black locomotives, resplendent with ornate gilt and copper scrollwork, came 11 cars: four baggage and express cars, two day-coaches and five "Palace" cars which included a smoker, a drawing-room car and three sleepers.



Outside the creaking wooden cars it was a bitter ten below zero; the fiercely driven snow had fallen all day, almost burying the Ohio countryside. But inside was warmth and cheer as the Express approached the long iron bridge spanning the precipitous 76-foot gorge that the Ashtabula River had cut in its centuries-long rush to the Lake.

Although it was not quite 8 P.M., many women passengers, particularly those with young children, had laid aside their frills and bustles and retired for the night. Most of the men huddled around the pot-bellied stoves, discussing politics.

Up ahead in the lead locomotive, the *Socrates*, Engineer Dan McGuire peered tensely into the driving snow as the train ran slowly onto the bridge. On the other side twinkled the lights of Ashtabula, a small farming community of 4,000, about 60 miles east of Cleveland. Its great docks that were to feed iron ore to the ravenous furnaces of Pittsburgh and Youngstown were still far in the future.

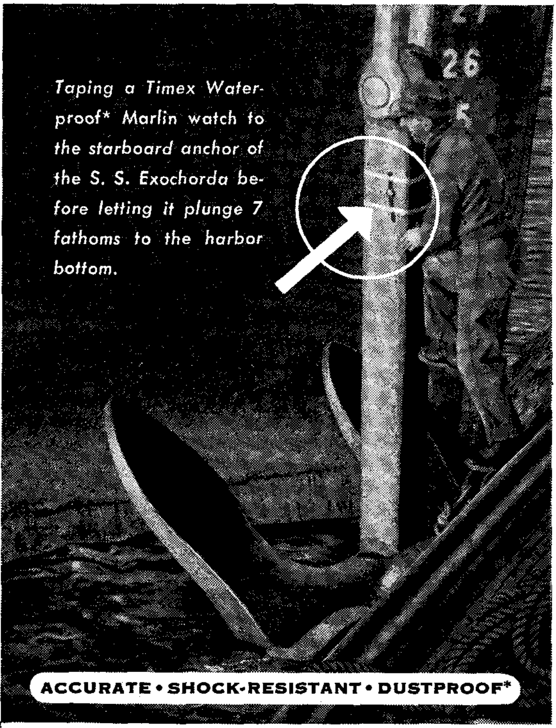
"Worst storm I ever rode through," McGuire muttered to his fireman, looking down into what appeared to be a bottomless abyss. As they neared the opposite bank,

DEEP WATER TEST IN NEW YORK HARBOR DOESN'T STOP THIS TIMEX WATCH

TIMEX MARLIN — Sweep-second hand, radiolite dial, chrome case, stainless steel back. **$11.95**

TIMEX SPORTSTER — Sweep-second hand, radiolite dial, chrome case, stainless steel back. **$11.95**

ALL PRICES PLUS 10% FEDERAL TAX



Taping a Timex Waterproof Marlin watch to the starboard anchor of the S. S. Exochorda before letting it plunge 7 fathoms to the harbor bottom.*

ACCURATE • SHOCK-RESISTANT • DUSTPROOF*

In N. Y. Harbor, the Timex waterproof* Marlin got one of its toughest tests from an American Export Lines ship...taped to an anchor and let go. Later when the anchor was weighed dripping with mud from the harbor bottom, the watch was still running—and on time. Another proof that Timex takes a licking yet keeps on ticking.

*The Timex Marlin and Sportster models stay waterproof and dustproof as long as crystal, crown and back are intact and, if removed, expertly replaced.

"She's running good as new!" says Harold Hanson, Captain of the tug, "Wm. J. Moran", who recovered the Timex from ship's anchor.

TIMEX

ONE-YEAR GUARANTEE

PRODUCT OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF WRIST WATCHES • 500 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.

he suddenly stiffened. "Good God! We're running *uphill!*"

Instinctively he opened the throttle wide and the *Socrates* leaped up the sagging rails. "Something's wrong!" he yelled.

Something was hideously wrong. Behind him in the swirling blackness, the bridge was giving way with a series of explosive cracks!

Shielding his eyes from the blinding snow, Engineer McGuire leaned from his cab and peered back. To his horror, he saw the headlight of the *Columbia* slipping out of sight.

In the train, passengers started in terror when the bell-ropes snapped like pistol shots. Then came a dizzy lurch, followed by the ghastly sensation of dropping into space. A woman screamed.

It was no wild, concerted plunge. Instead, one by one—as if with infinite reluctance—the red wooden cars toppled. Then, up at the top of the abutment where it had been hanging, the 35-ton *Columbia* did a slow, grotesque pirouette, and slid downward to crash on its side, facing the cars it had been pulling. And, putting a final, mad period to the horror, the rest of the bridge let go, to land in a tangle of rails and girders on the wreck beneath.

After that, there was silence except for the pelting storm and the hysterical clanging of the *Socrates*' bell overhead, summoning aid. . . .

AT THE ASHTABULA DEPOT, a thousand feet away, the stationmaster heard the crashes and rushed out. Fitfully piercing the darkness was the *Socrates*' headlight. And beyond it—nothing.

He fought his way toward it through waist-deep snow. From the waiting room and the railroad hotels across the street, others followed. They reached the edge of the gorge and looked down. What they saw below froze them into immobility.

Almost concealed by the dense fog which the *Columbia's* ruptured boilers had generated in the freezing air, lay the shattered Pacific Express. Roofs were crushed in, floors had burst open, sides yawned. From behind the mist came the cries of the injured.

The rescuers stumbled and slid down the treacherous cliff and began dragging survivors from the ice-clogged river or through the jagged car windows. Looking up, they marveled that anyone could fall from so high—and live.

From the New York sleeper, the *Palatine*, which had landed upright, all but one emerged alive, thanks to the heroic efforts of its Negro porter, Stewart, who personally rescued the passengers in his car. From the Boston sleeper, the *City of Buffalo*, only three escaped.

Just about then, a tiny flame darted slyly between two splintered cars. Moments later it reappeared, brighter now, but not so big that a handful of snow could not have extinguished it. Nobody noticed . . .

From the rear car, Brakeman Stone crawled. Though numb from pain and shock, his railroad-trained mind thought of only one thing: Somewhere back in the snow-filled night another train followed the Pacific Express!

"For God's sake, flag that train!" he cried. In the confusion nobody heard him.

Staggering to his feet, he miraculously retrieved his lantern and, with infinitesimal slowness, pulled

New Convertible features 335 h.p. V-8 engine, a removable top, adjustable steering wheel, and built-in hydraulic jacks.

How'd you like to drive one of these?

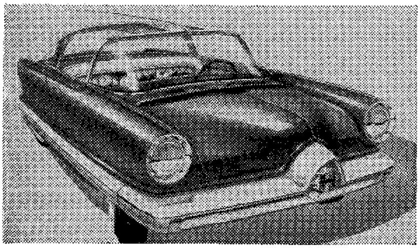
Auto-makers test experimental models today before putting their insignia on your car of tomorrow!

Sooner than you think, the car you drive may have the sleek look of tomorrow you see here! To speed the day, auto-makers build dozens of experimental cars. They test, measure, add improvements.

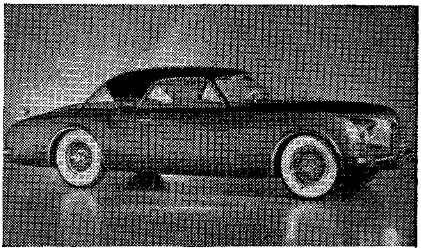
And when tomorrow's production model rolls off the line, proudly wearing the maker's insignia, it will be handsome, efficient, right for your needs.

Because the automobile manufacturer—like the maker of bobby pins, breakfast food or toasters—knows that if his brand name doesn't satisfy you, some other trademark will! So whenever you shop, name your brand—and better your brand of living!

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION
INCORPORATED
A Non-Profit Educational Foundation, 37 West 57 St., N.Y. 19, N.Y.



Streamlined hard-top has doors that curve up into roof, making it easier to enter and leave. Note how bumper circles car completely.



American-designed, this new model was hand-crafted in Italy. Chrome-plated wire wheels add style, help cool brakes and tires.

himself up the sheer bank. Painfully, he trudged to the Ashtabula telegraph office to wire ahead to prevent further tragedy.

The special horror of the Ashtabula disaster was the relentlessness with which Death pursued his victims. They met him no matter which way they turned. Many of those not killed outright were drowned, or died of exposure in the sub-zero cold. Now came fire.

Ignited by coals from the overturned stoves, fed by the shattered lamps, the paint and varnish of splintered cars, whipped up by the wind, flames began to lick along the train's length.

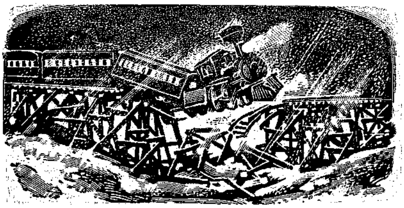
Even then there was still time to have cut the death toll by probably two-thirds. Because close by was a small railroad pumping station, and up near the depot the hand-drawn fire engine, Lake Erie. Both seem to have been forgotten while the final horror began.

"Save us! Save us!" shrieked survivors pinned in the wreckage as they followed with panic-stricken eyes the approaching flames. Some begged a more merciful death from those watching helplessly.

A young mother, clad only in nightclothes, stood barefooted in the snow, screaming hysterically. Her infant son and his nurse were held fast in the car from which she had been hurled.

"The baby is dead," the nurse's voice could be heard. "The fire can't hurt him now." And cradling the child in her arms, she calmly faced the flames.

Meanwhile, at the village fire station, horses pulled out the heavy steamer and the single engine, *Protection*. But the head-high drifts were impassable. In the sullen glow from the fire, more horses were rounded up.



Rearing and bucking, the terrified animals struggled through the drifts, dragging the bulky equipment. Ahead, panting and breathless, wallowed a line of townspeople.

Actually, 20 minutes passed before even the first of that macabre procession reached the scene. By that time, dazed and bleeding survivors were already struggling up the bank. Sleds hauled up still more. And soon virtually all of Ashtabula was either hospital—or morgue. Already a special train carrying doctors and nurses had left Cleveland. Pulled by two locomotives, it nevertheless took nearly six hours to make the 60-mile run.

Down in the gorge, rescuers, driven back by the fierce heat, stood powerless as the final despairing cry of agony was snuffed out. Then, as one witness described it: "Silence settled over the scene—the awful silence of the dead."

On New Year's Day, after the wreckage had cooled, workers began the grim task of sifting the ashes for any smallest clue to identification—a shred of cloth, a misshapen earring, a conductor's button—for from New England and New York, California and the South, relatives were converging on this small Ohio town frantic for news

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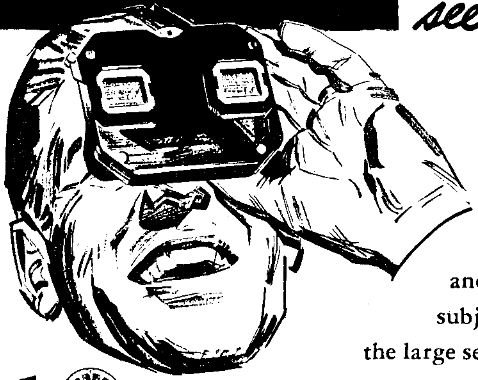

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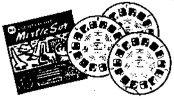

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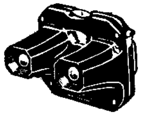

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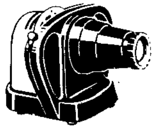

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- ☐ Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
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- ☐ Salt Lake City, Utah
- ☐ Niagara Falls, New York
- ☐ Dells of Wisconsin
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- ☐ Cairo, Egypt
- ☐ Natives of Zululand
- ☐ Tokyo, Japan
- ☐ Taj Mahal, India
- ☐ Jerusalem, Palestine
- ☐ London, England
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of loved ones who had been aboard.

Ashtabula overnight found itself famous. During 1876, Americans had had exciting newspaper reading. But this final story of the year vied with any of them—with Boss Tweed's imprisonment, "Wild Bill" Hickok's murder, General Custer's last stand, even the Brooklyn theater fire, which had occurred only three weeks earlier and which killed triple the number who died in the Ashtabula tragedy.

As the first shock wore off, accusing voices demanded, "Why?" The coroner's jury and the investigating committee, appointed by the Ohio Legislature, placed full blame on the railroad. The bridge, admittedly an experiment, was declared defective in design.

Though the official death toll was 84, the State's committee estimated the number as high as 100. It based its conclusions on several factors. One was that nobody knew exactly how many passengers were on the train. Some authorities said 131, others 160—testimony was conflicting. Another was the meagerness of the remains, which led to the assumption that many had been entirely consumed or carried under the ice into Lake Erie. Still another was the perplexing problem of more persons reported missing than there were established dead.

If such conclusions are justifiable, then the Ashtabula Bridge Disaster may, in loss of life, rank second only to the wreck in Nashville, Tennessee, which in 1918 took 115 lives.

Whatever the total, when the last inquest was adjourned, Ashtabula buried her dead. Thirty-six unidentifiable bodies were placed side by side in the village cemetery and a tall granite shaft erected to their memory. Today, the graves are still tended and decorated.

On each anniversary of the disaster, one oldster recalls the slim, morocco-bound volume which was found half-submerged when the Boston sleeper was finally moved. Somebody in that ill-fated car had been reading Robert Browning.

In an era when every smallest town boasted a Browning Society, that was not unusual. What *was* unusual was that the book lay open at the poem *Prospice*, which begins:

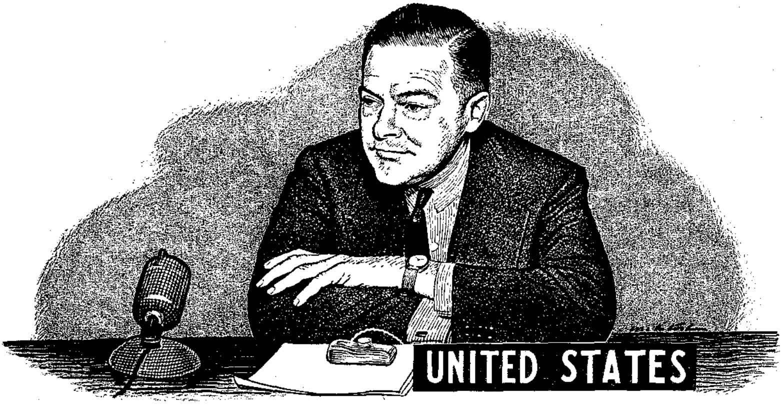
"Fear Death?—to feel the fog in
my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the
blasts denote
I am nearing the place . . ."

Wilson Mizner's Wit

WILSON MIZNER was a master of extravagant figures of speech. Talking about Tom Sharkey, the great fighter who kept a saloon with the old-fashioned swinging doors, Mizner said, "He was so dumb that he crawled under them for two years before he found out that they swung both ways."

TO AN ENGLISHMAN who complained about American plumbing, Mizner said, "An Englishman never bathes. He is born wearing a sack suit, which they have to pry off him after death with a cold chisel."

—*The Legendary Mizners*, by Alva Johnston. Farrar, Straus and Young, Inc., Publishers. Copyright 1953, by Evelyn Johnston.



AMBASSADOR LODGE:

Our UN Salesman

by **JOHN HOHENBERG**

With frankness and courage, he has brought about a new concept of diplomacy

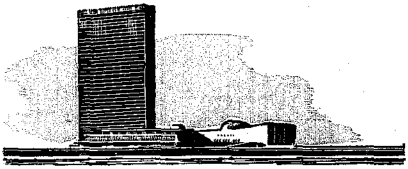
On a fall day in 1950, the cleaning women of the United Nations building in New York City were the subject of an international incident. Authorization for overtime pay had been included in a request for appropriations to the distinguished committee of 60 nations, which must approve all U.N. expenses.

What might have been a routine administrative affair took on sudden importance when the Russians, following a set policy of slashing UN appropriations wherever possible, made an issue of the cleaning women's extra salary. Alexei Roschin, member of the Soviet Union delegation, argued that the overtime pay request was unreasonable.

The American delegate in the committee was a tall, handsome Bostonian with one of the most aristocratic names in American politics—Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. Lodge, then a U.S. Senator from Massachusetts, was a new member of the American delegation.

Aroused over what he regarded as a Russian attack on a simple humanitarian right, he did not wait for orders from the State Department. He talked back to the Russians where it hurt them most—their unwarranted pretensions at championing the cause of the common people.

"The United Nations," he said, "should set an example throughout the world for humane treatment of



its employees. It should not support sweatshop labor. It is inhuman to say that time-and-a-half pay for overtime and night-wage differentials for these women must be denied."

It was one of Lodge's first arguments with the Russians and he won it easily. The committee voted overwhelmingly to grant the cleaning women overtime pay.

Lodge's victory was an experience that made him realize the value of an early and effective answer to the Russians, who for so long had been using the UN as a sounding board to attack the U. S. and ridicule the intentions of the free world.

Unlike most diplomats, who are lawyers and professors, Lodge's training is as a newspaperman—a training he chose deliberately as preparation for a political career. This background serves him in good stead, for as a young man he learned to get into print fast with his story.

"That's true in diplomacy, too," he says now. "Here at the UN, if you wait four days to talk back, no one is interested."

Consequently, among the first things Lodge did, when President Eisenhower appointed him this country's chief delegate to the UN with the title of Ambassador, last February, was to establish a different technique in dealing with the Russians. In the past, it had been the custom for the Americans to await orders from Washington strategists after a Russian attack. In the time that elapsed before permission came, Soviet charges, no matter how fantastic, gained wide circulation.

Lodge changed all that. "It is inexcusable," he told close associates, "for the Soviet dictatorship to beat us in a fundamental matter of salesmanship. I'm going to get up and say something the minute the Russians let loose a blast at us. It is my job to see that we are not defeated in the war of ideas."

Andrei A. Gromyko took the first pounding from Lodge. The dark, saturnine Russian had delivered a vitriolic speech splattered with completely untrue statements that U. S. forces in Korea had been guilty of "atrocities." Gromyko had hardly left the rostrum of the General Assembly when Lodge was on his way to the platform. Leaning over and staring directly at the Russian, Lodge took up his charges one by one and exposed their falseness.

The American did not make a lengthy speech. He did not have to. Nor did he have a manuscript. In his hands he held only a few scribbled notes he had made while Gromyko was speaking.

"The U. S. Army that you have sought to smear here today is the same Army that stood beside the Russian Army to defeat Nazism in World War II," Lodge said. "The U. S. Army was good enough for you then. It has not changed. It should be good enough for you now, and it would be if your government's position had not so tragically changed."

Not only the galleries but the delegates applauded when he had finished. Press associations, correspondents and the radio carried that Lodge speech to the free world. It created a deep impression because an American official, acting on the spur of the moment, had bested one of the shrewdest of the Soviet propagandists.

Nor did Lodge back down when the angry, fast-talking Andrei Y. Vishinsky challenged him during a debate on the possibility of international control of atomic energy. Vishinsky had been his usual provocative self, fairly bubbling with insults. Lodge did not waste time before talking back.

"You are here as a member of the UN in a purely cynical spirit so that you can destroy it from within," he told Vishinsky. "But I must say that I get the curious impression of a mixture of the conspiratorial and the really childish. No one who really wants peace begins by insulting the other party."

In the months that have passed, Lodge repeatedly has proved himself to be our most effective spokesman in the UN. Not because he is a born orator (because he is not); but because he does have a basic sincerity that communicates itself to an audience. In addition, he has great courage.

This combination of assets undoubtedly led Eisenhower to choose Lodge over other candidates with far more diplomatic experience. While many old-line statesmen muttered that Lodge was only a glamor boy and would fall on his face at the UN, the White House maintained fullest confidence in him. The result has been that the newcomer has consistently won favorable notice not only in the American press and radio but abroad as well.

Now 51 years old and a grandfather, Lodge looks and acts like a man in his late 30's, and might be mistaken for a fugitive from Hollywood's cameras. He is six feet three inches, and his 190-pound frame is packed with the sinews of a fullback. He is strong-faced, clear-eyed, unworried. His neatly-combed dark hair is graying at the temples and his firm mouth softens easily into a cheerful smile. But arguing with him is as unprofitable as arguing with a buzz saw.

Lodge's personal charm and attractiveness lend themselves to his theories of how to sell the principles that motivate the U. S. in international affairs. He began by visiting one delegation office after another, starting with Afghanistan and ending with Yugoslavia. Sometimes he was expected, but there were times when the big American burst in unannounced and shook hands with his astonished but delighted colleagues and introduced himself.

Only the Soviet bloc of five delegations was excluded from these initial calls because its members had not called upon Senator Warren R. Austin, his predecessor, upon their arrival in this country. For that matter, Lodge refused to pose for a photograph with Vishinsky to drive home the lesson that diplomatic amenities had to be practiced by both sides.

With the delegates of the other 54 countries, however, Lodge has been a monumental host. Since he knew few delegates, he determined at the outset that he would have as many as possible to his home. Some nights there would be 24 for dinner

—and the capable Mrs. Lodge successfully managed these functions, week after week.

Like everything Lodge does, the dinners were different. "It wasn't the same old diplomatic routine," one of his associates said recently. "Cabot knows that you can't look at six delegates across a committee table all day and then sit them down across the dinner table from you in the evening and expect a brilliant display of charm and wit.

"He decided to have a lot of Americans in—writers, actors, editors, clergymen, interesting people of all types. Our foreign friends like it a lot. And so do the Americans. It's one way of getting to know the UN."

Moreover, the delegates liked Lodge's ability to speak French as well as English—he went to school abroad in his teens. Right now, with characteristic earnestness, he is studying Spanish at night and practicing at odd times on Spanish-speaking visitors. He wants to be able to talk with Latin-American delegates in their own language.

In his personal habits, Lodge differs somewhat from the diplomatic norm. While he dresses conservatively, few remember having seen him in the traditional striped-pants diplomatic uniform. Unlike most of his colleagues, he does not smoke, having given it up years ago.

It is true that Lodge's habit of speaking from notes, immediately after Russian speeches, created difficulties for the UN press and radio corps, but they got used to it. What they did not quite understand at first was his decision to change completely the past practice of making the text of major American speeches available well in advance of delivery, so that the press and radio would have time to prepare adequate reports on them.

It so happened that the Russians were given the same opportunity, since all they had to do was to pick up copies in the press section, with the result that Vishinsky, Gromyko & Company were almost always prepared with a prompt reply for American policy declarations.

Nowadays, Lodge sees that this does not happen. When a major American address is to be delivered, the text is not released until the speaker actually begins. If the reporters are slightly inconvenienced, this is nothing compared to the trouble Lodge has caused Moscow.

"They can find out what we have to say when they listen to us," he says.

Lodge's appetite for work, his conferences and his constant travels also have impressed his fellow-delegates and associates. With the General Assembly in session, he puts in a 16- to 18-hour day. "I don't think he knows what the word 'relax' means," one of his staff remarked, somewhat acidly. "He relaxes by taking on more work."

Before 9 A.M. he is at his desk in New York, leading his staff conferences Mondays through Thursdays when the Assembly is in session or when he is presiding over the Security Council. When his morning work is over, he leaves for the Assembly to be ready for debate or parliamentary maneuvers. He transacts more business at lunch, returns to the Assembly, then goes back to his office toward 6 P.M.

Thursday nights the routine changes. He then goes to Washington, either by train or plane, for the regular Friday morning Cabinet sessions at the White House. It is the most valuable part of Lodge's week, since he reports directly to President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles.

Lodge is the first American at the UN who has had such unique direct access to the President, and it gives him a prestige and authority all his own in the international arena. In a way, it accounts for some of the effectiveness with which he has operated. After Cabinet meetings he goes up to Capitol Hill to be with his former colleagues in the Senate and House. In the afternoon he maintains liaison with his chief, Secretary Dulles, and returns to New York late Friday.

Saturdays and Sundays may be holidays for many diplomats, but not for Lodge. He comes to his New York office and works.

AMERICA'S DIPLOMATIC SALESMAN in the UN was destined for politics almost from his birth at Nahant, Massachusetts, in 1902. He is the lineal heir of six U. S. Senators, a Secretary of State, a Secretary of the Navy and a Governor of Massachusetts.

It is ironical that he should be the grandson of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, whom President Wilson blamed for scuttling the Versailles Peace Treaty and the League of Nations Covenant in the Senate in 1919.

Yet the namesake of the leader of what was called the "little band of willful men" gravely argues that his grandfather was "no isolationist," that the very reservations on which the elder Lodge insisted are now written into the UN Charter.

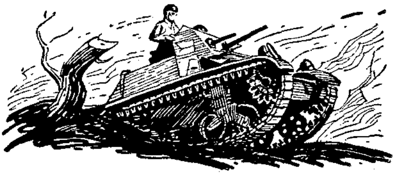
In 1924, the younger Lodge graduated from Harvard *cum laude*. For the succeeding seven years, he worked in New York, Washington and abroad as a reporter for the New York *Herald-Tribune*, covering a Latin-American revolution and watching the cause of peace slowly collapse in Europe.

Lodge's political career began in 1932 when he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature. He ran for the U. S. Senate in 1936 and defeated redoubtable former Governor James M. Curley after a 43,000-mile campaign that included some 700 speeches. The Democratic Party swept the Bay State for President Roosevelt by 174,000 votes; but Lodge, on the Republican ticket, triumphed in his Senate race by 135,000 votes.

When World War II began, it was characteristic of Lodge's sense of duty that he interrupted his second Senate term to enlist. He was then 40 and one of his two sons was in the armed forces.

The Senator-on-leave, a reserve tank officer, soon established that he would be a fighting officer as well. He emerged from the North African campaign with a lieutenant-colonelcy, six battle stars and four decorations. The war changed his international outlook. Here is how he put it:

"I was 100 per cent wrong in believing we could stay out of World



War II. I am now an older and a wiser man."

After the war, Lodge became a leader of the liberal, international wing of the Republican Party, a strong advocate of international cooperation and a champion of the UN. He was among the first to support Eisenhower for President and played a key role in the return of the Republicans to power.

But the cost of victory for the party was defeat for Lodge—the first of his career. He spent so much time and effort on the Eisenhower campaign that he lost his fourth bid for re-election to the Senate to Democrat John F. Kennedy.

UNLIKE MOST PUBLIC MEN, Lodge has succeeded in keeping his family life out of the spotlight. His wife, the former Emily Sears of Beverly, Massachusetts, to whom he was married in 1926, shares his work and his scanty leisure both in New York and at their home outside Boston. One of his sons is a World War II veteran and the other has been in Korea. His granddaughters, the Army, sailboats and French poodles constitute his hobbies.

One of these days, you may be surprised to find yourself shaking hands with this big, smiling salesman for America in your own home town. Because, if Lodge can ever take the time, he would like to go about the country discussing the UN with the American people. He fears it was oversold to the U. S. in 1945, and he would like to correct that.

"We expected too much of the UN when it began," he says. "That's the trouble with it. People still think it can do a lot more than it was designed to do. I still believe the UN can become an effective force for world peace and I'm willing to stump the country for it. It should be used to inform and educate world opinion, to rally support for the things in which free peoples believe. In this way, it can become the world's greatest adventure in building the collective strength of freedom."

Capsule Comment

THERE'S only one rule for being a good talker; learn how to listen. —JAN ARNOLD

THE COMMON DENOMINATOR of friendship is a smile. —JOE E. BROWN

HE'S THE KIND of child that people like who don't like children. —CELESTE HOLM

CONFIDENCE is the feeling that people have before they know better. —*Tales of Hoffman*

THE BEST WAY to better your lot is to do a lot better. —*The Wildrooter*

ONE OF THE BEST tests of religion is to find yourself in church with nothing less than a one-dollar bill in your pocket. —*Wall Street Journal*

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Personal Relations

Bud Collyer, genial quizmaster on "Quick as a Flash" (ABC-TV, Thursdays, 8-8:30 P.M.), would like to see how quickly the personal relationships listed below ring a bell in your mind. Since speed is what counts, don't be too hard on yourself in tabulating your score. If, for example, you say "doctor" where Bud says "physician," count your answer correct. Sample: MISS is to MRS., as SIGNORINA is to SIGNORA, and FRAULEIN is to FRAU. Answers on page 125.

1. MERCHANT is to CUSTOMER
   a. as LAWYER is to________
   b. as________is to PATIENT
2. DUKE is to DUCHESS
   a. as EARL is to________
   b. as________is to SQUAW
3. MASTER is to SERVANT
   a. as EQUESTRIAN is to________
   b. as________is to ORDERLY
4. FRENCHMAN is to PARISIAN
   a. as SPANIARD is to________
   b. as________is to DAMASCENE
5. TACKLE is to SUBSTITUTE
   a. as PRIMA DONNA is to________
   b. as________is to STAND-IN
6. PRESIDENT is to AMBASSADOR
   a. as POPE is to________
   b. as________is to BAILIFF
7. ANGLOPHILE is to ANGLOPHOBE
   a. as PHILANTHROPIST is to____
   b. as________is to MALEFACTOR
8. SAILOR is to PIRATE
   a. as AUTHOR is to________
   b. as________is to SHARPER
9. LENDER is to BORROWER
   a. as MORTGAGEE is to________
   b. as________is to DEBTOR
10. AMERICAN is to INDIAN
    a. as NEW ZEALANDER is to____
    b. as________is to INCA
11. FRATRICIDE is to BROTHER
    a. as REGICIDE is to________
    b. as________is to ONESELF
12. SENOR is to SENORA
    a. as MONSIEUR is to________
    b. as________is to FRAU
13. EMPEROR is to CROWN PRINCE
    a. as CSAR is to________
    b. as________is to DAUPHIN
14. MONOLOGIST is to DIALOGIST
    a. as SOLOIST is to________
    b. as________is to HUSBAND
15. HOUSTONIAN is to TEXAN
    a. as CHICAGOAN is to________
    b. as________is to MARYLANDER
16. ADMIRAL is to GENERAL
    a. as VICE-ADMIRAL is to______
    b. as________is to SECOND LIEUTENANT
17. PUNCH is to JUDY
    a. as HARLEQUIN is to________
    b. as________is to PIERRETTE
18. ORIGINATOR is to INTERPRETER
    a. as PLAYWRIGHT is to________
    b. as________is to MUSICIAN
19. HULA GIRL is to HAWAIIAN
    a. as BAYADERE is to________
    b. as________is to JAPANESE
20. SHAH is to IRANIAN
    a. as NEGUS is to________
    b. as________is to MOROCCAN
21. POSSESSOR is to OCCUPANT
    a. as LANDLORD is to________
    b. as________is to LESSEE

"DROP THAT CRUTCH"

by Edwin Diehl and Joseph Farkas

The Kessler Institute works "miracles" in restoring the handicapped to happiness

THE SIX-YEAR-OLD LAD in a Hopalong Cassidy outfit sprinted down the aisle and up to the platform. An erect, square-jawed man with sandy-gray hair gave the boy a boost to the top of the speaker's table. Then he said, "Please take off your legs, David."

While the youngster removed the leather harness, Dr. Henry H. Kessler explained how David, born without legs, had been brought to him at the age of four and how, with patience, training and practice, David could now run about on his artificial limbs.

The audience was made up of 70 mothers and fathers and their congenital-amputee children, together with some 30 doctors who had come from all over to attend Dr. Kessler's Sixth Annual Amputee Conference, which is the only one of its kind in the world.

A Hawaiian mother had brought her six-year-old daughter, born without arms, to the man who refuses to admit that any such case is hopeless. A Canadian father was there seeking help for his two-year-old son who had been born with only one arm and one leg.

There was Freddie Thomason of Magnolia, Arkansas, a four-year-old who was brought into the world minus legs and arms. When he was born, doctors did not believe he could live. And if he did, they said, he would never walk, never sit up, never know the simple joy of turning the pages of a book.

Freddie proved them wrong on the first score, and Dr. Kessler is well on his way to proving them wrong on the second. Yet at one time, a child born with such a deformity would have been considered a freak and kept hidden away.

Today, Freddie is a symbol of hope for every man and woman who is dependent on crutches or a wheelchair. While the boy's pert button nose wrinkled under big, cheerful blue eyes, Dr. Kessler explained how he had fitted him with stumpy wooden legs that are attached to his body by harness.

"In a year or so," Dr. Kessler went on, "we will attempt through surgery to find a muscle in Freddie's chest which we can harness as a 'motor' for him to manipulate an artificial arm."

Such is the work of the Kessler Institute for Rehabilitation, a voluntary, non-profit institution in West Orange, New Jersey, that in a few short years has won top rank in its field. In five years it has accepted more than 1,000 "hopeless" amputees, physically handicapped and paralysis victims.

Ranging in age from infancy to over 65, each was doomed to the despair of confinement to bed or wheelchair. Today, more than 85 per cent of them can take care of all their personal needs, and more than 50 per cent have been returned to society via the Kessler comeback trail as productive income-earning workers.

The Institute is the fulfillment of a dream for Dr. Kessler, an orthopedic surgeon who, as a slum-reared boy in Newark, early turned his terrific energy and determination to solving problems of the handicapped.

Upon graduation from Cornell Medical School in 1919, Kessler became associated with the New Jersey Rehabilitation Commission and knew immediately that his life would be dedicated to finding a way for the handicapped and disabled to throw away their crutches and fold their wheelchairs. In the ensuing 35 years there has been no greater spokesman, fighter and champion in their cause.

With World War II and its staggering number of amputees, Dr. Kessler was hustled into a Navy uniform. He directed rehabilitation work throughout the Pacific and established the great program at Mare Island, California.

At war's end, the U. S. Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled, the United Nations, the National Research Council and scores of hospitals sought Dr. Kessler. He gave his time generously to all. But, after almost a third of a century in waging a campaign to make the world sensitive to the compelling need for doing more for its handicapped, he felt that the time had come in 1948 for bringing his dream to reality.

AS EARLY AS 1920, he had envisioned a central pilot plant for rehabilitation where research could be carried on, where a highly individualized program of special therapy and training could be instituted and where a program of education would be available to medical specialists, physical and occupational therapists, nurses and lay persons.

The Hospital for Crippled Children in Newark, where Dr. Kessler is chief orthopedic surgeon, sold to a group of interested citizens its summer home in the West Orange mountains, and his dream become real. Formed as a non-profit organization, with all medical men serving without pay, the Institute admitted its first patients in January, 1949.

Among them was Lucy Pellulo. Dr. Kessler ran across her in the wards of a city hospital. Authorities told him: "Lucy has occupied a bed for three years. In that time, 40 or 50 patients who could be helped have been denied that bed."

Dr. Kessler examined the girl. She had a spinal cord tumor which left her paralyzed—a paraplegic. In addition, she had a cleft palate and a deformed nose.

"She'll have to spend the rest of her life in bed, having others take care of her," said a nurse.

"She needn't," Dr. Kessler replied. "We can make Lucy walk again at the Institute—if the city will pay for her bed there."

The city said it would like to, but couldn't, because the Institute was outside city limits. So Dr. Kessler secured $500 from a Jewish organization, another $500 from a Catholic group, and Lucy came to the Institute instead of going to the poorhouse. One year later she had a full-time job as a photo-retoucher and was enjoying life in her own small apartment.

"The team did it," Kessler smiles. "The Institute's team—an orthopedic surgeon, a neurologist, a urologist, a dental surgeon, an internist, a plastic surgeon, occupational therapists, physical therapists, nurses and a vocational counselor."

Within only a few months after the Institute was opened, it was making medical history. For one thing, there are so few similar organizations in the U. S. For another, the Institute found itself taking principally the "hopeless" patients which hospitals said could not be helped.

Sam Harris, a United Mine Workers member, lost both legs above the knee as a result of a mining accident in 1938. It looked for more than a decade as if he would live out his life in a wheelchair. Then he was referred to the Kessler Institute, where he was sponsored by the United Mine Workers Welfare and Retirement Fund. A year of conditioning and training, and Sam folded his wheelchair for good. He now owns and operates a lunch counter.

Lovely 22-year-old Sylvia Heberling of Newark graduated two years ago from Skidmore College. But in 1949, following an automobile accident, that appeared to be only a wild vision.

Fortunately for her, she was admitted to the Institute immediately after surgery and underwent a period of training on one artificial leg and a brace which encased her other shattered limb.

The files at the Institute are jammed with case histories, each a minor miracle, although the description itself is inadequate and the word "miracle" distasteful to the Kessler team.

Each patient admitted to the Institute is an individual case. His time—all 24 hours of the day—is devoted to rehabilitation. Before he gets a rousing cheer from the staff, he must be able to ascend and descend steps, cross a street unaided, take his own meals, dress and shave himself and so on. The program is rounded out with preparation for a job or career tailored to his ability as well as his disability.

Across the 34 years of Kessler's career, one of his greatest problems has been that of overcoming the use of the word *cripple* and challenging the "monstrous prejudice" even enlightened persons have against them. The word, says Kessler, is a term of contempt that has come down through the ages, carrying with it the stigma of aversion.

He knows first-hand how easily the non-handicapped falls prey to that prejudice. In January, 1952, his son, who was in England to study limb-making, wrote the Kesslers that he had met a girl, had fallen in love and planned to marry her as soon as possible. She was, he wrote, an amputee and wore one artificial leg.

"I confess," admits Kessler, "that despite all my years of waging a campaign to overcome mass prejudice against handicapped persons, my own family felt, too, that same unreasoned prejudice. I flew to London immediately. Her name is Dorrie. I, too, fell in love with her. Jerry and Dorrie are now happily married, and I am devoted to my new daughter-in-law. So is my wife."

There are an estimated 2,000,000 disabled persons in need of vocational rehabilitation in the U. S. today. In 1953, 61,309 disabled persons were rehabilitated under state-federal programs. Of these, 76 per cent were unemployed and represented a constant drain on the public pocketbook. Their total combined earnings were approximately $16 million a year. After rehabilitation, their earnings were $112 million, exactly 7 times the previous total income.

"This result was obtained at a cost of only $562 per person," Dr. Kessler points out.

"Provide the handicapped with the physical and vocational equipment that will enable them to face the challenge of competition, and they will prove how well they can compete with the non-handicapped persons," he concludes.

In 1952, President Truman honored Dr. Kessler as the physician who had done most for the welfare and employment of the physically handicapped. It was the first time that such an award had been made.

And as Dr. Kessler's great work continues, it hastens the day when those who have not yet heard his name will also throw away their crutches and fold their wheelchairs for the last time.

Personal Relations

(Answers to quiz on page 121)

1. a. Client, b. Physician; 2. a. Countess, b. Brave; 3. a. Groom, b. Officer; 4. a. Madrilenian, b. Syrian; 5. a. Understudy, b. Actress; 6. a. Nuncio, b. Sheriff; 7. a. Misanthropist, b. Benefactor; 8. a. Plagiarist, b. Gambler; 9. a. Mortgagor, b. Creditor; 10. a. Maori, b. Peruvian; 11. a. King, b. Suicide; 12. a. Madame, b. Herr; 13. a. Cesarevitch, b. King; 14. a. Duettist, b. Bachelor; 15. a. Illinoisan (Largest cities represented), b. Baltimorean; 16. a. Lieutenant General, b. Ensign; 17. a. Columbine, b. Pierrot; 18. a. Actor, b. Composer; 19. a. Indian, b. Geisha; 20. a. Ethiopian, b. Sultan; 21. a. Tenant, b. Lessor.

DANGEROUS WOMAN

by EDWARD D. RADIN

A strange underworld love affair led a beautiful Louisiana girl to the electric chair

THERE WAS AN AIR of unrealism about the scene. The night was dark and stormy and unusually cold for the deep South. Two figures stumbled across a farm field.

The man was in his mid-forties, six feet tall, heavy and wearing gold-rimmed glasses. The girl, about half his age, was vividly beautiful, her jet black hair contrasting sharply with her creamy white complexion. She was dressed in tight slacks and a form-fitting jacket, an outfit designed to emphasize the curves of her slender body. Gripped in her hand was a .32 revolver.

They came to a halt in front of what the girl thought was a haystack. She ordered the man to undress, stilling his protests with her gun. Finally he stood stripped in front of her. "Now start praying," she said. The man looked into her face and what he saw in the dark, angry eyes convinced him that it was true.

As he knelt naked in prayer before her, she raised the gun and fired a shot into his brain. While his body slid to the ground, she picked up his clothes and walked swiftly toward the distant highway.

For this callous murder of a man who had befriended her, Toni Jo Henry later was described in court as one of the most villainous women in crime annals. Even chivalrous Louisiana, which has rarely executed a woman, could find nothing in her conduct to merit consideration and she became the first woman in that State to die in the electric chair.

Yet, strangely enough, the story of her crime is essentially a love story. Her thoughts were on the embraces of her lover when she deliberately murdered the stranger before her. For this love she had embarked on a harebrained adventure that had no hope of success and for this love she sacrificed her life with no remorse, remarking on the eve of her execution: "The victim doesn't return to haunt me; I never think of him."

Toni Jo was born plain Annie Beatrice McQuiston in 1916 in a small town near Shreveport, Louisiana. From early childhood, the tall leggy girl was regarded as a hellion by neighbors. By the time she was 14, she had developed so rapidly, physically, that she ran away from home to take a job as a dance-hall hostess. To celebrate her independence, she changed her name to the more glamorous Toni Jo. Later, she became a prostitute in the Shreveport red-light district.

Her life at this point followed the customary pattern among such girls; for brief periods she lived with different men. In the fall of 1939, Toni Jo was 23, still slender

From *Crimes of Passion*, by Edward D. Radin. Published at $3.50 by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 210 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York. Copyright 1953, by Edward D. Radin.

and attractive, a drug addict. Her life changed abruptly when, in Texas, she met Claude E. (Cowboy) Henry, a husky, six-foot, former professional boxer. Friends said it was a case of love at first sight for both of them. But it was an alliance with no apparent chance of success. Henry was out on bail, having been convicted of killing a former San Antonio policeman.

They were too much in love to consider what might happen at the trial and made plans to marry. When Henry was shocked to find that she was a drug addict, Toni Jo voluntarily gave up narcotics. "He took the monkey off my back and I'll always be grateful to him," was the way she later described it.

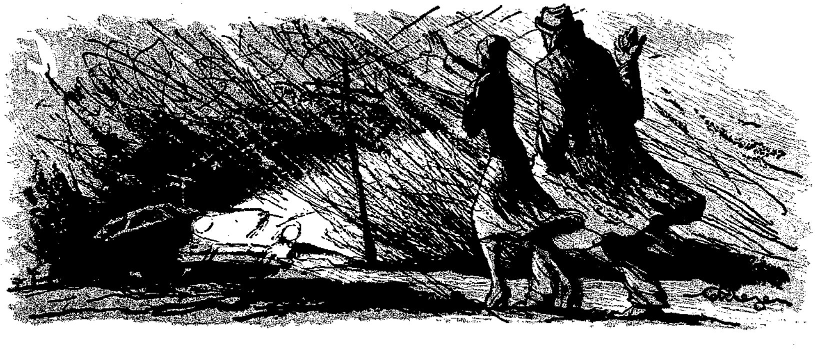
In November, with the cure over, the couple left San Antonio and were married in Sulphur, Louisiana, with Toni Jo using her correct name of Annie Beatrice on the license. Three months later the honeymoon was over. Cowboy Henry was placed on trial, found guilty and sentenced to 50 years.

Guards in the courtroom had to restrain Toni Jo as she rushed to her husband's side. "I'll get you out, Cowboy, don't worry!" she promised.

From that moment on, Toni Jo had but one mission in life—to obtain the release of her husband. But there was little that she could do; she had no funds to underwrite an appeal. When her husband was sent to prison at Huntsville, Toni Jo moved to Beaumont, the nearest city, so she could visit him. The dark-haired beauty began to scheme how to get him out.

Soon she met an ex-convict who agreed that an escape plan was possible, but told her she needed money, guns and a fast car. On February 13, 1940, Beaumont police received a report from a local hardware store that burglars had broken into the place and 16 revolvers were missing, along with ammunition. Toni Jo had set her plan into operation.

Next morning, Joseph Calloway, a salesman employed by Montgomery Ward in Houston, left home, driving a new coupe. As a favor for a friend, he was delivering the car to the firm of Younger Brothers in Jennings, Louisiana. By the following afternoon, the Younger Brothers were wondering why Calloway had not arrived. When another day passed with no word from him, Mrs. Calloway no-



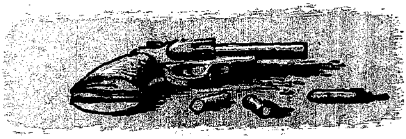
tified Houston police and an alarm was broadcast. Louisiana authorities joined in the search, officers traveling over the road from the Sabine River to Jennings, but no trace of the missing man could be found.

Sunday-supplement writers have since built up the legend that astute detective work put police on the trail of Toni Jo. The truth is that authorities had no idea that Toni Jo was involved, and possibly she never would have been connected with the murder had not the strange girl had a twinge of conscience.

Three days after Calloway's disappearance, Toni Jo appeared near Shreveport and told startled relatives that she had murdered a man. One of her uncles was Capt. George McQuiston of the State Police and she told him her story.

She had decided that the only way she could free her husband from prison was to engineer a jail-break. Turned down by all her friends whom she asked for assistance, the ex-convict, whom she would only identify as "Arkansas," told her that a break was possible, that a gun could be smuggled into Henry, but that money would be needed. They also would need a fast car for their getaway.

He had "cased" a small bank near Camden in Arkansas and knew it could be held up without difficulty. If she were willing to help him rob the bank, he would help her get Henry out of jail.



Arkansas had no funds and Toni Jo hired two teen-aged boys to break into the hardware store. Late the following afternoon, she and Arkansas left Beaumont. They planned to hitch a ride and hold up the driver, stealing his car. But it had started to rain. Few cars were on the road and most of the motorists ignored the rain-drenched couple.

Some time later, the driver of a new car stopped, remarking pleasantly that it was a tough night to be looking for a ride. The next town was Lake Charles, and Toni Jo waited until they had passed through it. Then she jammed her gun into his side and ordered him to stop. He was forced out into the road where they took his wallet and wristwatch. He was forced into the trunk of the car while Arkansas took over the wheel, driving south.

After driving for about half an hour, Toni Jo told her companion to turn the car around while she opened the trunk and led the man across a field. She then described to her uncle how she had forced the man to disrobe and shot him. Her statement at this point read:

"He said, 'I suppose you know you'll go to the penitentiary for this,' and I said, 'You know where you're going and you'd better start praying.' He got down on his knees and started praying and I shot him through the head."

Captain McQuiston glanced curiously at the girl. Her conversational tone made him wonder if the girl's story was true. "What happened to Arkansas?"

For the first time, Toni Jo showed emotion. "He was nothing but a rat," she said heatedly, "and when

I found that out, I hit him over the head with a pistol and knocked him out." She said she left him unconscious on the highway near Camden.

Early next morning, officers set out in a car with Toni Jo and began to crisscross country roads, looking for the haystack that she said she would recognize. Several times they got out of the car to explore fields, getting soaked in the rain. After one of these fruitless trips, Toni Jo removed her sodden shoes and said angrily, "I should have put a couple of more slugs into him for causing all this trouble."

Early that afternoon, Toni Jo suddenly shouted, "That's where Arkansas turned the car around in a ditch!" She pointed to a rice-chaff stack 100 yards from the road. "And there's the haystack!" she said triumphantly.

The officers ran across the field. The body of a nude man was in front of the stack, his knees still bent, lying exactly as Toni Jo had described the death scene.

Once the body was found, Toni Jo was no longer cooperative. She refused to identify her companion on the murder, claiming that she had known him only as Arkansas.

Police decided to play on her love for her husband as a means of getting her to talk. She was extradited to Beaumont, where prison authorities agreed to take Henry out of Huntsville and bring him to Beaumont if he would try to get Toni Jo to talk. The couple were placed in a private room for five minutes. When officers entered, Toni Jo was crying. "Cowboy told me to tell you," she said, and identified Arkansas as Finnon Burks. Police records showed that Burks, 23, had served a term in Huntsville under the name of Lloyd Adams. He had told Toni Jo that his home was in Banks, Arkansas.

FBI agents traced him to Warren, Arkansas, where they arrested him on the technical charge of transporting a stolen car across state lines. He was brought back to Lake Charles and admitted his part in the crime.

Toni Jo then dropped a bombshell in the case being prepared against her. "I didn't shoot the man," she remarked. "It was Burks who did it. I never got out of the car."

Both Toni Jo and Burks were indicted for first-degree murder. She was tried first. She took the stand and repeated her claim that Burks was the actual killer, but the judge ruled this had nothing to do with the murder. Toni Jo was convicted by a jury that deliberated seven hours and was sentenced to die. Burks also was found guilty in his trial and sentenced to the chair.

Eight days before her scheduled death, Toni Jo called her attorneys and the sheriff to her cell and abandoned any further hope. She now confessed that Burks never knew she intended to kill Calloway.

"I don't think it's right that he also should die for my crime," she pleaded unsuccessfully. Once again this strange girl was exhibiting a conscience.

She also granted newspapermen an interview in which she said:

"Sometimes I wonder why I didn't knock the man unconscious instead; but it was like being drunk. Ever pull something when you were drunk and that something seemed the cutest, smartest thing in the world, but it was the awfulest? Well, me, I was drunk with pressure. I always knew there was a God running the show, but I thought I could steal just one act."

Six days before her execution date, Cowboy Henry escaped from a prison farm and dashed out to a small truck that had pulled up before the laundry building. He knocked out the driver, then sent the truck crashing through the gate, heading toward Houston, 25 miles away. An alarm was broadcast.

The prison truck was found abandoned six miles away. A tip was received by Houston police that Henry had been seen trying to get a lift to Beaumont.

Beaumont police began a canvass of rooming houses. Early in the morning, officers arrived at a small hotel near the railroad depot. The night clerk was shown a photograph of Cowboy Henry. "That looks like a man who registered late last night," he told the officers.

Additional police cars, their sirens silent, sped to the hotel. Men armed with submachine guns crept up the stairs, stationing themselves on both sides of the door. One of the officers rapped and it swung open. The occupant was Cowboy Henry. He raised his hands and shouted, "Don't shoot, I haven't got a gun!"

Henry admitted he had broken out of jail in an attempt to save Toni Jo. Now the girl asked for permission to talk to her husband. The romantic South was intrigued by the situation and officials capitulated. On Friday, the day before her execution, Toni Jo was brought to the warden's office to receive a call from Huntsville Prison.

"I'm sorry you broke out, honey," she told him. "You couldn't have done anything. I guess it just had to happen this way. Please be a man, get rid of that zoot suit (prisoner's striped uniform) and go out of the front door (of the prison). Go straight and try to make something of your life. Good-by, honey."

Even as the hour of death approached, she showed no signs of fear and smiled for photographers as she came down the stairway to the execution chamber.

Two minutes after she sat down in the portable electric chair, she was pronounced dead. Her last-minute change of heart did not help Burks. He was executed in March, 1943. Toni Jo's dream of being reunited with her lover had brought death to three—Calloway, Burks and herself.

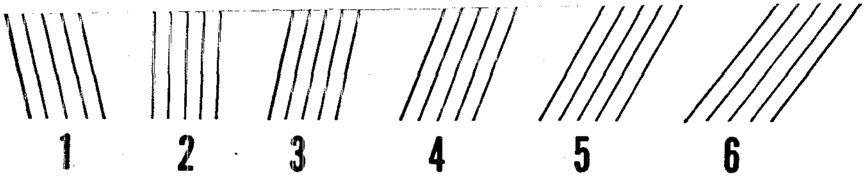
Adlai-isms

I'D RATHER BE guilty of talking over a person's head than behind his back.

MAN DOES NOT live by words alone, despite the fact that sometimes he has to eat them.

YOU CAN TELL the size of a man by the size of the things that make him mad.

—ADLAI STEVENSON



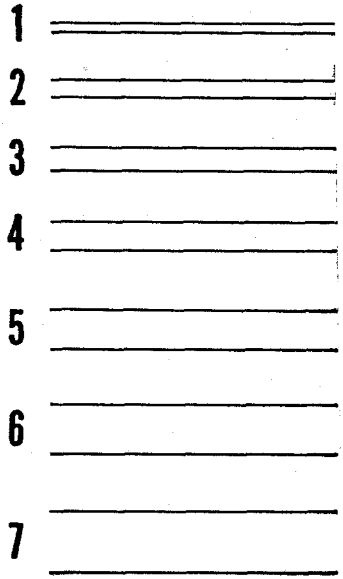
SLOPE OF LETTERS

F-3. Add this F-number to your list and look at the G section. Are the tops of your *m*'s and *n*'s rounded or pointed? Do you write the Garland hand (graceful underswing connections between letters as shown in G-3) or do you write the Arcade (graceful overswing connections between letters as shown in G-4)? Compare your specimen with these and add that G-number to your list.

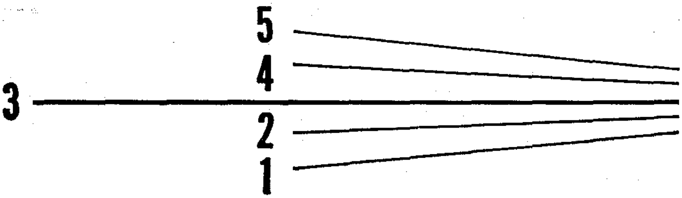
Proceed in the same manner with the other sections, comparing your writing for thickness, evenness of small letters and *m*'s and *n*'s that are open at the top or bottom, and connected letters. Also compare your specimen with the L section for final letters and the Q section for letters separately.

After you have carefully examined *all* these sections and compared your specimen with those shown, you will have a sizable list of letter-numbers like A-1, B-3, C-4, D-3, E-2, etc., and it only remains for you to look up their meaning in the key section starting on page 140 to get an accurate analysis.

If your specimen shows the A-2, K-1, M-4 combination, go over it again to make sure you are correct. In the case of M-5 or H-7, make sure that a bad pen is not responsible.



SIZE OF SMALL LETTERS



SLOPE OF LINES

E HOW MUCH SPACE IS BETWEEN YOUR LINES?

1 This muddled up tangled up
Conglomeration shows a very
Confused and mixed up being
who's mind is rather weak and
the cannot think clearly in
[illegible] schooled or have

2 this spacing is about
average and shows a n
mentality

3 spacing as wide as this sh
a neat and orderly mind
very extravagant nature

H HOW THICK ARE YOUR LETTERS?

1 it is seldom that you ar

2 very thin writing like

3 this writing is a little

4 this is about the aver

5 this handwriting is

6 writing as heavy

7 smeary and dirty
writing like this

F HOW WIDE ARE YOUR LEFT MARGINS?

1 **VERY NARROW MARGIN**

2 **MEDIUM MARGIN**

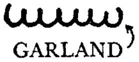
3 **VERY WIDE MARGIN**

G ARE YOUR LETTERS ROUND OR POINTED?

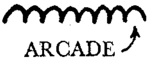
1 inning letters always pointed

2 inning letters sometimes pointed

3 inning



4 inning



K ARE YOUR LETTERS ALL EVEN IN SIZE?

1 small letters constantly
varying in size like this

2 small letters all even
or nearly even like this

3 small letters tapering in

4 wr th wr
lik th sh a

L FINALS

1 me absent
2 me short
3 me long
4 me very long
5 me curl over
6 me ascend to right
7 me curl under
8 me descend vertically
9 me descend
10 me Fish hook
11 me long and curved
12 me turned down
13 me rise vertically

M DO YOU OPEN YOUR A'S AND O'S?

1 a and o always open at top o

2 a and o sometimes open at top o

3 a and o always closed at top o

4 a and o tightly closed with a knot o

5 a and o open at base

N ARE YOUR LETTERS CONNECTED?

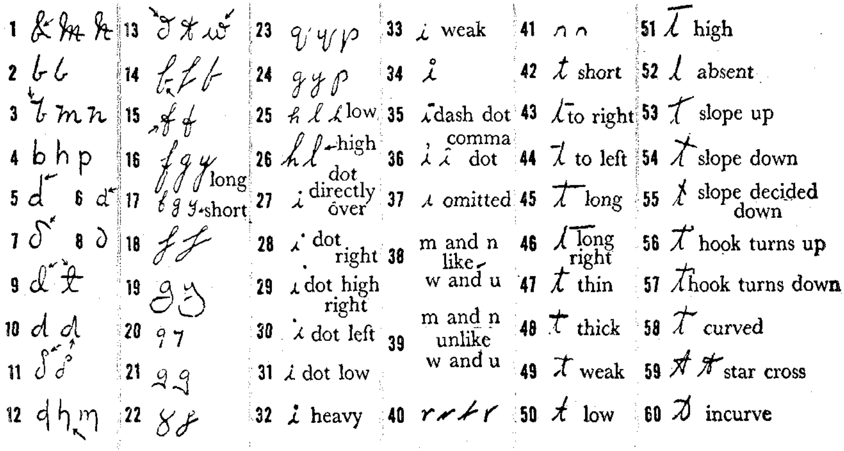
1 letters always connected like this

2 letters sometimes dis con nect ed like this

3 letters always dis-connected like this

4 words connected like this

Q COMPARE YOUR SMALL LETTERS WITH THESE


1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16 long
17 short
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25 low
26 high
27 dot directly over
28 dot right
29 dot high right
30 dot left
31 dot low
32 heavy
33 weak
34
35 dash dot
36 comma dot
37 omitted
38 m and n like w and u
39 m and n unlike w and u
40
41
42 short
43 to right
44 to left
45 long
46 long right
47 thin
48 thick
49 weak
50 low
51 high
52 absent
53 slope up
54 slope down
55 slope decided down
56 hook turns up
57 hook turns down
58 curved
59 star cross
60 incurve

KEY SECTION

A

THE BASE LINE

A-1 THIS CHARACTERISTIC has to do with the base line of the handwriting, regardless of whether it slopes uphill or downhill. If the base line is straight or nearly so . . . if it stays on the edge of a ruler, or even if it goes above it or below it occasionally, the writer is straightforward and dependable (provided M-5 or H-7 are not present).

In combination with:

K-2	Honesty.
K-2 **M-1 or M-2**	Sincerity and truthfulness.
K-2 **M-3**	Loyalty and sincerity.
C-5 or C-6 **D-5 or D-6** **K-2** **M-1**	Much too frank and outspoken. Lacking in tact and discretion.
G-1 or G-2 **D-5** **Q-9**	A good talker and entertainer. Inclined to be a bit spoiled and very susceptible to flattery.
E-2 (uneven) **H-5** **Q-3** **Q-23**	You may be sure this writer will always give you a long argument.
C-3 **D-1**	Here is a real SOMEBODY. A writer, scholar or professor with excellent mental equipment, culture, critical ability and good judgment.

A-2 THIS CONTINUAL BOBBING up and down above and below a straight line shows evidence of carelessness about small things. Hardly ever on time for an appointment, generally sloppy about his appearance and not altogether reliable in small matters, yet honest and sincere.

In combination with:

D-2	Original and creative with lots of enthusi-

N-3 **Q-8**	asm. Critical, irritable and somewhat absent-minded.
B-2 **D-3** **Q-51**	A dreamer who overlooks details and is not very dependable.
K-1	Not dependable for anything requiring constant responsibility.
K-1 **M-4**	Deceitful and dishonest.
C-2 **M-3 or M-4**	Carelessness, irresponsibility, vacillation and a generally weak character.
G-1 **K-1** **L-12** **M-4**	Sly and not to be trusted.
H-7 or **M-5**	A perfect example of what to avoid. Here is a vulgar and coarse individual.

B

SLOPE OF THE LINES

THE SLOPE OF THE LINES, whether they run uphill or downhill, determines the spirit and ambition of the writer. They generally reflect a particular mood: uphill shows optimism and ambition and downhill the reverse. Frequently the downhill slope shows fatigue, exhaustion and perhaps sickness. But slopes often change with moods.

B-1 Plenty of healthy ambition is shown here.

In combination with:

G-1 or G-2 **H-3 or H-4**	If this is hastily written, the writer is a wide awake "go-getter."
Q-51	A bit of a dreamer.

B-2 This writer is much too buoyant for his own good. He should get down to earth and quit kidding himself.

B-3 Composure and self-control. This is the average slope.

In combination with:

E-3 G-1 or G-2 N-1 or N-4	Business ability.
H-1 L-2 L-9 Q33 or Q-49	This writer is far too timid to get anywhere.
L-10 Q-36 or Q-56	A fine sense of humor is indicated.

B-4 This poor fellow is generally at odds with the world. He is oversensitive and lacks the necessary push to get ahead.

THE SLOPE OF HANDWRITING

THE AVERAGE SLOPE of handwriting is C-3, which is slightly to the right. Since this is the easiest way to write, being in the direction of the reading, you can say with assurance that the C-3 slope is the one of "least resistance" and is therefore the conventional slope. Such writers show a desire to comply with convention and the things dictated by convention. As the writing slopes more and more to the right, the emotions of the writer become stronger and stronger. In young people, particularly in college girls, C-1 shows a definite self-consciousness and, in many cases, self-centeredness and selfishness. They seldom show their true desires and hence they are nearly always "bottled up" emotionally. They have an inward longing to be different, to defy convention and to live a sort of Bohemian life.

C-2 A general lack of spontaneous emotion and a definite head control. An analytical mind with good reasoning powers and keen judgment.

In combination with:

D-1	This is the handwriting of scholars, scientists, philosophers, many literary people and deep thinkers.
D-3 E-3 G-2	Critical ability and good sound judgment.

C-3 Good self-control and willingness to abide by convention.

In combination with:

E-2 G-1 N-1	Business ability.
Q-38 or Q-24	An amiable and friendly person.
B-3 Q-44	Hesitation and procrastination.
H-1 Q-49	No mind of his own.

C-4 OR C-5 Generosity, sympathy and sincerity. No airs or pomp shown in this healthy slope.

In combination with:

H-2 K-2 M-1 or M-2	A fine, sincere, warm and affectionate person.
D-3 Q-51	An excellent imagination which should be put to creative work.

D

THE SIZE OF THE SMALL LETTERS

IF THE WRITING is naturally very small (not done specifically to fit into a small space), fine intelligence and powers of concentration are indicated. Such writers hardly ever care for physical comforts or showiness in dress, and they seldom give a hoot about what others think of them. They are usually creators and thinkers, and the smaller the writing, the more intellectual is the writer.

D-1 This is writing of the intellectual. It is truly wonderful writing if it is natural and not done to get a great many words into a small space. It shows enormous concentration and amazing mentality. It is usually the writing of brilliant scholars, philosophers, creative writers and scientists.

In combination with:

E-3 N-1	Great creative ability.

D-2 This writer has an excellent mind, far above the average, which can concentrate on details and grasp and size up a situation correctly.

D-3
OR
D-4 This is the average size of handwriting, showing adaptability and a well-balanced mind (provided K-1, M-4 or M-5 and H-7 are absent).

In combination with:

E-3 **F-3** **Q-50** **Q-8**	A docile, peace-loving and somewhat impractical nature.
N-4 **Q-43**	Stubborn and impatient.
C-6 **H-4** **L-18**	Suspicion and jealousy.
K-4 **M-4**	A cagey and crafty individual.
H-4 or H-5 **L-6** **L-12**	Bravery.

D-5
OR
D-6 Extravagant, high strung and temperamental. These large writers nearly always have loud voices and are generally excellent entertainers. They are generous, courageous and enthusiastic.

E

SPACING BETWEEN THE LINES

WIDE SPACING OF LINES shows clearness of thought. The reverse shows a general lack of self-control with a healthy economy which may lead to stinginess. The more tangled up a line is with the line above or below, the more tangled up, mentally, is the writer.

E-1 A muddle-headed person whose thoughts keep getting mixed up with themselves.

E-2 Clear and logical thinker.

E-3 A good organizer and executive.

MARGINS

THE WIDTH OF MARGINS shows culture, aestheticism and sense of values or the lack of them. Margins also reveal self-consciousness and extravagance. A very wide LEFT margin shows a somewhat impractical person of culture and refinement, with a deep appreciation for the best in art and music. Narrow LEFT margins show the reverse. A very wide RIGHT margin shows a person afraid to face reality, oversensitive to the future and generally a poor mixer. A very narrow RIGHT margin shows a courageous and gregarious nature.

F-1 A good wholesome economy and a practical nature.

In combination with:

C-4
D-4 } A "low-brow" and proud of it.
H-4 or H-5

F-2 A somewhat impractical person.

F-3 High aesthetic sense and love of the best in art, music and literature.

THE SHAPE OF SMALL LETTERS—GARLANDS

SMALL *m*'s and *n*'s that are sharply pointed at the tops show aggressiveness and energy, especially if the writing is hurriedly written with the letters only half formed. If the letters are pointed at the base, as shown in G-1, it indicates a sarcastic, stubborn and irritable nature. If the *m*'s and *n*'s are rounded at the tops, we have just the opposite. Such a writer is docile and peace-loving, seldom doing things on his own initiative. If the *m*'s and *n*'s are very rounded at the tops, the writer is apt to be totally lacking in ambition, lazy and indolent. Letters pointed at the top show energy and aggressiveness.

G-1 If the writing is hasty with some letters only half formed, we have a person who is a "live wire" both mentally and physically (provided H-1 and H-2 are absent). He does things and gets things done and never lets the grass grow under his feet.

G-2 If the writing is hasty with some letters only half formed, we have a person who is moderately aggressive.

G-3 This is the GARLAND, or letter connections very clearly rounded at the bottom. The writer is adaptable, receptive and responsive. He has a warm and affectionate nature and is kind and tolerant.

G-4 This is the ARCADE, or letters arched at the top like the entrances to the great cathedrals of Europe. The writer is rather reserved, difficult to know well and generally interested in structural art like architecture and sculpture.

H

THE THICKNESS OF THE LETTERS

USUALLY, the heavier the pressure or the thickness of the writing, the more self-confidence, "push" and energy the writer will have, and conversely. Thick writing nearly always shows a very healthy development of the physical senses with a love of physical pleasures.

H-1 This entremely thin writing reveals a quiet, modest personality, non-aggressive and somewhat shy.

In combination with:

L-9	The timid soul.
Q-51	Aspiration.

H-2 Here is a writer with spirituality and refinement.

H-3 AND **H-4** This is the average writing and means nothing by itself.

H-5 Materialism and sensuousness. A strong will with perseverance, diligent resoluteness and severity.

Q-16	Athletic ability and physical strength.

H-6 The same characteristics as H-4, to a much greater degree.

H-7 This smeary and pasty writing is dangerous, particularly if it is slowly done in the H-3 class. The pressure is uneven and some of the letters in the same word are thick and others thin. Put the character of the writer down as bad if it is his natural script and a bad pen is not responsible.

K

EVEN AND UNEVEN SMALL LETTERS

THE EVENNESS of the small letters shows the consistency, sincerity and conscientiousness of the writer. If the letters are all the same height or about the same height, it is a sure indication of dependability and a strong desire always to do the right thing. In combination with M-1 or M-2 and A-1 it is the writer's unqualified recommendation for an excellent character—honest, straightforward and truthful. Unevenness in small letters that constantly vary in size to a marked degree shows a decided changeableness and shiftiness. Such writers are not always dependable and lack emotional stability.

K-1 A changeable nature; a moody person.

In combination with:

A-2 **D-2**	Versatility.
Q-44 or Q-49	One who simply can't make up his mind.
A-2 **M-4**	Deceit and dishonesty.
A-2 **M-4 or M-5** **H-7**	A criminal who will stop at nothing.
H-7 **Q-16** **D-6**	Coarseness, vulgarity, gluttony.

K-2 This writer is reliable and trustworthy.

In combination with:

A-1 **M-1 or M-2**	Honesty, sincerity, truthfulness.
D-1 **Q-31**	Great concentration and unlimited painstaking.

K-3 This writer can drive a hard bargain.

K-4 The same as K-3 only more so. He will adapt himself to almost any situation where he can gain, although he is not necessarily dishonest.

FINALS

1. Self-sufficiency. A prudent, careful, reticent nature.

2. Reticent and somewhat retiring.
3. These writers are generous and liberal; are nearly always considerate of the feelings of others.
4. Generously extravagant.
5. Willingness and desire to shield others.
6. These writers will nearly always take a chance when confronted with danger.
7. Somewhat self-centered and selfish.
8. Very strong likes and dislikes.
9. Timidity. In combination with Q-49, this is apt to show cowardice.
10. Great tenacity of purpose. Stubborn and steadfast nature; generally outspoken.
11. Kindliness, friendliness and warmth of personality.
12. A matter-of-fact nature, calm and not easily aroused.
13. Self-consciousness. Nearly always impractical.

M

TOPS OF A's AND O's OPEN OR CLOSED

OPEN AND CLOSED *a*'s and *o*'s are similar to the open and closed mouth. The person who tells most of the things he knows and has nothing to hide must have his mouth open or partly open in the telling, just as he must have his *a*'s and *o*'s open or partly open in the writing. A person who can keep a secret has to "keep his mouth closed" just as he keeps his *a*'s and *o*'s closed. Small *a*'s and *o*'s and other letters that are broken at the base, resembling stencil letters, are evidence of hypocrisy, cunning and deceit.

M-1
OR
M-2 Frankness, truthfulness and sincerity.

In combination with:

Q-3 and Q-49 Gossip.

M-3 This writer is diplomatic and can keep a secret very well.

M-4 Extreme secretiveness.

M-5 This is the danger signal of graphology. Be sure the small letters are broken at the base or that they resemble stencil letters before you pronounce them M-5. This writing is that of a person not to be trusted.

N

CONNECTED LETTERS

N-1 A practical, logical and prudent person.

In combination with:

E-2, **G-1 or G-2**, **H-4** — Aggressiveness; business ability.

K-2, **Q-25** — An easy-going, plodding type of mind.

C-3, **D-5**, **Q-48** — Overdeveloped ego.

N-2 This writer is creative. He arrives at decisions hastily and instinctively. He has plenty of imagination and is generally known as an "idea man."

N-3 Seldom practical, this writer lives in a world of ideals and fairy tales.

N-4 Stubborn and obstinate.

Q

LETTERS SEPARATELY

Q- 1	Pride and sensitiveness
Q- 2	Originality, distinctive personality
Q- 3	Vivacity, chattiness, talkativeness
Q- 4	Good taste and creative ability
Q- 5	Modesty and dignity
Q- 6	Shrewdness
Q- 7	Flirtatiousness and gaiety
Q- 8	Analytical and sensitive, with imaginative powers
Q- 9	Susceptibility to flattery
Q-10	Taciturnity, quietness
Q-11	Eccentricity, pretentiousness
Q-12	Obstinacy; firm convictions
Q-13	Poetic tastes
Q-14	Austerity
Q-15	Secretiveness
Q-16	Love of outdoor sports
Q-17	Physical weakness
Q-18	Fluency of thought
Q-19	Exaggeration
Q-20	Taste for mathematics
Q-21	Clannishness
Q-22	Taste for literature and other cultural subjects
Q-23	Aggressiveness
Q-24	Friendliness and kindliness
Q-25	Little or no imagination
Q-26	Excellent imagination and vision
Q-27	Adaptability to detail work
Q-28	Impulsive and intuitive
Q-29	Curiosity
Q-30	Procrastination, caution
Q-31	Concentration, precision and good judgment
Q-32	Materialistic nature
Q-33	Weak will
Q-34	Self-consciousness
Q-35	Liveliness and vivacity

Q-36	Humor, wit
Q-37	Absent-mindedness and carelessness
Q-38	Easily adaptable to circumstances
Q-39	Not easily adaptable
Q-40	Quick, active mind
Q-41	Somewhat dull and lazy type
Q-42	Not easily moved to change habits
Q-43	Enthusiasm, energy, liveliness
Q-44	Procrastination
Q-45	Quick decisions, not thorough
Q-46	Impulsiveness
Q-47	Unaggressive, weak will
Q-48	Firmness, determination, will power
Q-49	Weak will; easily dissuaded
Q-50	Kindliness
Q-51	Day dreamer
Q-52	Carelessness and absent-mindedness
Q-53	Ambition
Q-54	Apt to be obstinate, contrary
Q-55	A somewhat opinionated person
Q-56 OR **-57**	Tenacity
Q-58	Good repartee
Q-59	Very sensitive nature
Q-60	Jealousy and selfishness

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

You Can Be an Amateur Painter—A Special Feature

Throughout the country, thousands of men and women have discovered the joys of taking up palette and brush to create a painting. Yet many people still look upon painting as a mysterious art, complex in its techniques and requiring a high degree of natural talent. In this special 22-page feature, you will find black-and-white and color illustrations, plus simple explanations showing just how *you* can paint a picture.

Ten Secrets of Sex Appeal by Lee Graham

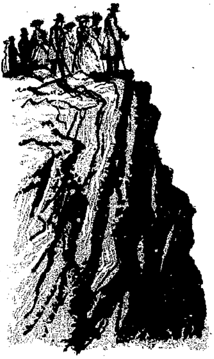
In this article, a woman writes frankly for other women about sex appeal. What is it—and what is its unique importance in modern society? Must a woman be born with it—or can it be acquired? And how can a woman understand what it means to a man? These and other questions are answered by an expert on feminine problems.

Behind That Face! by Maxwell Maltz, M.D.

Plastic surgery is more than merely erasing the wrinkles from the faces of elderly dowagers. It is a dramatic yet exacting science in which the delicate incisions of a scalpel often reshape the personalities of patients. In this condensation of a new and fascinating book, a famous plastic surgeon tells of his experiences and of the poignant incident which launched his career.

When Niagara Stopped

by KATE SMITH



PARTICULARLY heavy storms marked the arrival of spring, that year of 1848, but the good people living along the Niagara River were not concerned.

Gale after violent gale lashed Lake Erie, breaking its covering of ice into great chunks and driving huge masses of water into the river so that the ever-present roar of the falls became even louder. Still there was no concern. Niagara Falls could take care of itself.

Everyone went to bed peacefully on the evening of March 30. In the middle of the night they awakened, uneasy and fearful. The wind had died down and everything was quiet. *Too* quiet.

At first, the people felt only an uncomprehending dread. Then, still not knowing what had happened, they rushed from their homes and down to the river—to find that there was no river!

The silence, so terrifying in an area where silence was unknown, was caused by a fantastic phenomenon: Niagara Falls somehow had ceased to fall.

Along the river, the people had never feared the roar of the falls, but this sudden stillness was something else again. They looked down at the muddy puddles that had replaced the rushing Niagara and read a message of doom in the eerie spectacle.

From both the Canadian and the United States sides, incredulous men on horseback rode down into the empty river bed, looking for the water. Gun barrels, thrown into the river during the War of 1812, were laid bare in a menacing tangle near Chippewa. Immense, jagged rocks, never before seen, now loomed up threateningly.

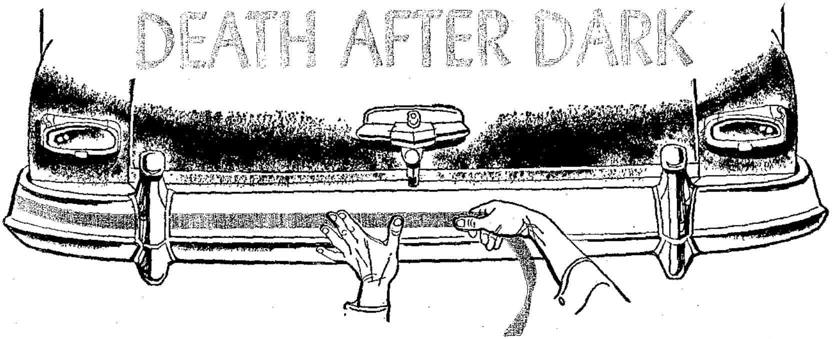
A flood of superstitious fears spread over the area. Some thought that this remarkable freak of the mighty Niagara was a warning. Others, recalling vague predictions of a local mystic, were certain that the end of the world was at hand.

For 24 panic-stricken hours, the people prayed or wept in despair. Then it was all over. On April 1, in the darkness of the night, a faint rumbling grew into a tremendous roar. The people poured down to the banks to find the river back in its bed, mighty as ever.

It was only then that they became calm enough to realize that the strange event had a simple, scientific explanation. The broken ice had jammed at the outlet of Lake Erie in a solid wall. It took a full 24 hours for the collected waters of the lake to break the jam and rumble down over the falls as before.

Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.

DEATH AFTER DARK



by **Harry Homewood**

Reflective material on rear auto bumpers is a preventive of highway crashes

IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME on our highways and streets. The pattern is familiar.

A young family, returning home late at night. The road is good, the night clear. Then the sudden looming up of a culvert, a bridge or a railroad overpass; the numbing realization that it is too late to stop, the wheel-twisting, brake-screeching slide—and then the crash.

Exit one family unit. Dead because a concrete abutment, as familiar to the driver as his car, loomed out of the night without warning.

True, there were signs posted the required distances from the overpass, warning the driver that he was approaching a deadly abutment, and the concrete pillar itself was painted with black and white zigzags, scientifically designed to be visually arresting *in daylight*. But at 60 miles an hour in the blackness of night, the abutment loomed black and white only momentarily before the car shattered on its unyielding bulk.

There are many ways to die on the highway—die violently. But the most favored is by speeding during night hours. When visibility drops, the ability of the driver to see, read and *understand* warning signs declines to a tremendously dangerous degree, *if* the driver persists in following his normal driving habits.

Furthermore, driving at night is always dangerous because of the tendency of some drivers not to dim headlights. Bright lights shining into a motorist's eyes can render him blind for two seconds. At the favorite night-cruising speed of 60 miles an hour, a car travels 176 feet while the driver is blinded!

Thousands of drivers also violate another basic rule of night driving—driving "beyond the range of headlights." Perfect headlights give you a zone of visibility that stretches out a scant 250 to 275 feet ahead. If you drive at 60 miles an hour, you are actually driving in the black zone some 50 or more feet *beyond* your headlights for safe braking distance! If a cow, a bridge, an accident or an abutment looms up

—suddenly—*you cannot stop before you crash!*

The maximum safe speed for night driving on rural highways is *50 miles an hour.* Trucking officials have long recognized this fact and school their drivers constantly. Many companies have gone even further to protect the motorist who must travel dark highways. They have outlined the back ends of giant trailers with reflective material that enables the motorist to pick up the truck in his headlights, far beyond the normal range.

This reflective material, manufactured by the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company under the trade name "Scotchlite," is being promoted by Junior Chambers of Commerce throughout the country in a campaign called "Lite-a-Bumper . . . Save-a-Life."

At nominal cost, the motorist can procure an inch-wide strip of the material from his local Junior Chamber of Commerce. The strip, an adhesive, is applied across the rear bumper. At night, it glows with reflected light and acts as a speed deterrent to a car approaching from the rear, since *Scotchlite* can be seen from a distance of half a mile.The Junior Chamber of Roanoke, Virginia, reports a drop of 85 per cent in rear-end accidents after a state-wide campaign had been initiated.

Safety-conscious city, county and state traffic organizations have pioneered in outlining road signs. Throughout the country, the material has been applied to abutments and bridge facings.

But your police department and your local traffic experts can only do so much. The rest is up to you, as citizens and taxpayers. Listen to a weary police captain, his eyes haunted by the constant interpretation of dry statistics into the realities of broken bodies.

"I've almost given up trying to convince a motorist that he can't see as well at night as he can in daylight. The least we, or any other police department, can do is to mark the places that are dangerous so drivers can see them in time."

The Traffic Safety Association of Detroit, a non-profit organization supported by civic-minded businessmen, puts it this way: "It isn't the location. It isn't the weather. The condition of the road is not a major hazard. It isn't the defective vehicle that causes deaths during the dark hours. It is simply that when visibility drops, the driver cannot see as well and fails to adjust his speed and driving habits."

In the Language of Diplomacy

Diplomat: A man who can hold his tongue in several languages. —Cholly Knickerbocker

Diplomacy: Saying the nastiest things in the nicest way. —Isaac Goldberg

Ultimatum: The last step before making concessions. —Lily Bernstein

Budget Your Emotions

by ZELDA POPKIN

Wasting energy on unobtainable goals can ruin your health and happiness

JEAN WAS IN LOVE—or imagined she was—but in her case, the mysteries of attraction were hard to explain. She was pretty, intelligent; the man was attractive, too, but irresponsible, weak. He could not seem to make up his mind about her and the romance had been off again, on again, several times.

Bewildered, angry and tired, Jean asked a close friend, "Shall I keep trying? Or shall I admit it's no good?"

"That depends," she replied, "on how much you have in the bank."

"In the bank? That's a silly answer!" Jean protested. "What has money to do with it?"

"I mean the emotional bank," the friend went on. "What reserves do you have? How much can you afford to squander on any one thing? And what will be left if you go on this way? You really must budget emotional spending as if it were cash in the bank, or you'll wake up some morning and find it all spent."

It had never occurred to Jean she was emotionally extravagant. You expect to feel strongly about what's important to you. And you do not control your emotions. *They* control *you*. That was what she had firmly believed.

Her friend, however, was matter-of-factly calling emotion "cash in the bank." She was implying that we waste it on unrealistic quests; in violent griefs over error or loss; in envy, bitterness, anger and hate; in despair at failures or only partial success. She was not saying, "Give this man up." She was inquiring, "Can you afford this emotional binge?"

Jean began to do some simple arithmetic. The problem had harassed her for more than 12 months, had affected her work and her sleep. Suppose she managed to marry the man, would that change what he was, or would she, all her life, be plagued by his instability? If she won him, would it be worth what it cost? The time had come, she concluded, to put a stop to her emotional spending spree.

She told me about that decision, years later, on the night we saw Barbara, who had been a beautiful, talented girl. Here she sat—at 40, gaunt, listless, drained. She had emptied the bank. "All spent" was written in every line of her face.

"It was a man," Jean told me. "A person very much like one I used to think I loved. She married him. They were divorced three years ago. In the hopeless struggle to make him into what she thought he could be, she used herself up. She has nothing left."

Possibly Barbara could not have done otherwise. Emotional equipment varies as widely as physical strength, and rare is the person who lives without anger, frustration, fear or concern. Emotion is as usual as breathing, is part of the living process. But seldom, before breakdown and illness compel taking stock, do we pause to find out if we are living beyond our emotional means.

The extravagance starts when we are young and every want, every need is pursued with unbridled intensity. Recently I heard a teen-ager insisting, "But Dad, I've got to have that bike!" I remembered my brother, some decades past, shouting, "I want a coonskin coat!"

Youth is impatient and it is cocky. It can write the great novel, make a million, get to be President. Again and again it is told that he who tries hard enough cannot lose. But when two men run a race, only one wins. Thus frustration—the gap between dream and reality—brings the first drain on the bank.

Hardest to take of all the lessons of life is the fact that most of us, in our accomplishments, will never be better than second rate. Yet the test of our maturity is not how often or how brilliantly we succeed, but how we take our defeats.

A wise old statesman, who had just suffered a grave disappointment, turned to his despondent colleague. "There have been many defeats in my life," he said, "but never time for despair. I have learned that when a door is shut in my face, there is just one thing to do—find another door and open it."

I spoke recently with a man whose business was failing because of a changing industrial trend. He was haggard with worry, with desperate hanging on. He looked at me blankly, saying, "But I can't quit. What else would I do?"

Go out, closing the door quietly, the old statesman might have told him, and open another door. And do not look back, for the most wanton emotion-spending is that lavished on what is finished.

There are few wounds of the heart or the ego that cannot be healed. A child can learn that. Dan did, when he was eight. He had had a violent temper tantrum because he had been forbidden to go out to play after dusk. He was punished for the show of bad temper.

Afterward, he and his mother sat down to talk the thing out. Patiently she explained that no matter how badly you want it, there are times when you can't have what you want.

Dan thought it over and said soberly, "Yes, some days it's raining and even the sun can't come out."

Achievement is worth striving for and we would be unfair to ourselves and our work if we gave less than our best to whatever we undertake. But we must, now and then, ask, "Why am I driving myself?"

Men risk their lives to climb the highest mountain and stand on a bleak, icy peak, giving no better reason for climbing the mountain itself. Yet there need be no shame in frankly admitting the mountain peak is not your dish.

A false, stubborn pride drives men to impossibles beyond their strength, as though it were shameful to admit limitations, or even to ask, "If I do succeed, will this be worth all it costs?"

The brilliant Greek general, Pyrrhus, gave his name to words that are part of our language—Pyrrhic victory, success at too great a cost. He is remembered for a battle in which his armies were weakened so greatly that though he won the battle, he lost the war. A strategic retreat is the tactic of wise generals. It saves many an army to fight again.

Consciously or unconsciously our emotional binges are often put on for show and we do not mean half our tears. "Odd, isn't it?" a shrewd writer observed. "No one has hysterics privately."

There are chronic hand-wringers and some who feel guilty when they have not moaned loudly enough. "Will people think we're unfeeling?" they ask. To which the answer is: The depth of a well can't be measured by what spills when water is drawn.

Even for genuine sorrow and grief, there is a time to end tears, and in every conflict and struggle a moment to ask oneself: Have I gone to the bank once too often? How much can I spend of anger, worry and regret, without emotional bankruptcy?

"Things are bad at the office," a young father of three said the other night. "I may lose my job. There aren't too many available jobs in my field. I could be eating myself up with worry, but that's a luxury. We can't afford wasted energy. What we are doing, my wife and I, is figuring out calmly and constructively—where and how we will go from here."

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THE RECORD STANDS

by DON MCNEILL

THE ONE AVIATION RECORD that still stands after 19 years was very nearly never set at all.

The thermometer stood at zero that November morning in 1935 as Air Corps Capts. Albert W. Stevens and Orvil A. Anderson, woolen caps pulled over their ears, made final preparations. Neither had slept for almost 40 hours.

Above them, framed by the stark cliffs that rimmed this pocket in South Dakota's Black Hills, the world's largest balloon hung ghostlike in the pre-dawn light.

After plotting wind currents for months, Army weather experts announced that the time for the epic attempt had arrived; and all through the night the bowl had reverberated to the deep-throated roar of helium rushing through tubes into the fabric stretched over nearly three acres.

Now, at last, everything was in readiness. The *Explorer II*, its pressurized gondola bearing the markings of the National Geographic Society and the Air Corps, billowed and strained upward against the lines.

In the bottom of the bowl the air was calm; but above, an eight-mile-an-hour wind swept across the wooded rim as Stevens and Anderson entered the gondola, waved to the crowd gathered to witness the take-off and disappeared inside. Then Anderson emerged on the top of the gondola and, clinging to the shrouds, signaled the ground crew to cut loose the mooring lines.

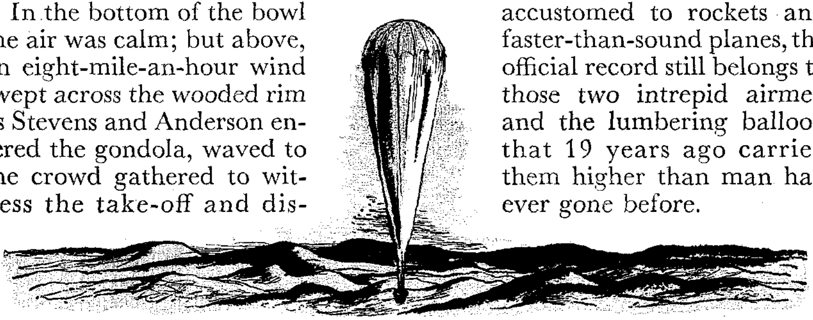
The balloon rose rapidly, but a hundred feet above the treetops, the climb ceased. The great bag shuddered—and began to drop.

Anderson reached for a switch and within three seconds, 750 pounds of ballast sprayed below. They were 50 feet above the treacherous treetops now and he could see panic-stricken people scattering to avoid the falling balloon. The flight seemed doomed to failure, if not tragedy.

Then, just as suddenly as it had started to drop, the *Explorer II* began to climb again . . .

Shortly before noon, with only 1/25th of the earth's atmosphere remaining above them, the airmen floated gently at 72,395 feet, a new world's altitude record, eclipsing by almost two miles the mark set by Russian pilots two years before.

Even today, in an age grown accustomed to rockets and faster-than-sound planes, the official record still belongs to those two intrepid airmen and the lumbering balloon that 19 years ago carried them higher than man had ever gone before.



Don McNeill is Toastmaster on *The Breakfast Club,* ABC-Radio, Monday through Friday.

Canada's Great Manhunt

by STEPHEN BROTT

Who was the man who killed a Mountie and paid for the crime with his life?

THE FOYER of the branch of The Bank of Toronto at Beaver Hall Hill and Dorchester Street, one of Montreal's busiest corners, was deserted that Thursday noon. The manager was closeted in his office with two customers; the accountant was quietly eating his lunch behind the counter; the tellers' cages were empty.

A few minutes later a tall, broad-shouldered man walked into the bank and headed for the second teller's wicket. As 19-year-old Doris Paris entered the cage to wait on him, he pointed a gun and said quietly, "I want all your money."

The girl screamed, backed out of the cage, slammed the door and threw herself on the floor where she continued to scream. The accountant, hearing the commotion, sprang to the counter and yelled, "Get out of here!"

The frustrated bandit rushed to the side exit, pushed, but the door did not yield—it would open inward only. He turned and made for the main door. As he did so, the manager came out of his office, blocking his path.

The bandit backed toward the side door again. This time he pulled it inward. He ducked into a corridor, dashed down it and emerged from the building onto Beaver Hall Hill—only to come face to face with the manager, who now had a gun in his hand.

The manager, catching a glimpse of the uniform of a Mountie only a few paces away (it was Constable Alexander Gamman on his way to lunch, unarmed), cried: "Stop that man!"

Shots were exchanged. The manager dropped, a bullet in his leg. The gunman turned as the 58-year-old constable lunged at him—and fired several times. Gamman slumped to the sidewalk, shot in the chest. In the resulting confusion the bandit disappeared.

Within minutes, the wounded men were on their way to a hospital; police cars were fanning out in all directions in search of the hold-up man; and detectives under

Capt. William Fitzpatrick were questioning eyewitnesses at the scene of the crime.

As usual, the accounts, and descriptions of the bandit, varied greatly. But one man had the fleeing man's movements indelibly etched on his mind.

"He opened my car door on the opposite side from me," this witness told officers. "He had a gun, and there was blood on the front of one trouser leg. I slipped the keys from the switch, slid out the door on my side and ran.

"Over my shoulder I saw him signal a taxi and get in. It looked like he was limping a bit."

The brief description of a six-foot broad-shouldered man with a limp was flashed to all police forces on and around the Island, but the initial odds were on the side of the bandit. Thirteen bridges lead off the Island of Montreal. Numerous other islands in the surrounding waters can easily be reached by rowboat. The metropolis sprawls over 288 square miles and has a population of close to two million.

The first step was to find the getaway cab, and the police put in an urgent call to all major taxi companies to help locate a taxi with a bloodstained back seat. Six hours after the shooting, an inspector of the Diamond Taxi telephoned Capt. Fitzpatrick that the wanted cab had been found, and soon detectives were taking a statement from its innocent, but frightened, driver.

He had driven north and west through Montreal, taking orders as his "load" worked out a route from a road map. Off the Island, at a point between Terrebonne and Bout-de-L'Ile, he bought a cake of Lifebuoy soap for his customer and, later, a pair of overalls and a towel. Finally, after crossing Charlemagne Bridge, the man gave him $10 and got out. And there the trail vanished.

Late next day, May 26, 1950, Gamman died—the first Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman to be killed during a bank holdup. His death triggered one of the most intense manhunts in Dominion criminal history. Newspapers across Canada published a description of the killer; the Canadian Bankers' Association offered a $5,000 reward for information leading to his capture and conviction. And Capt. Fitzpatrick called on all Montreal to help.

"We know," he said through the press, "that Gamman's killer washed his wound in the Lachine River near Charlemagne Bridge. But he may have doubled back on his tracks and re-entered the city."

The public responded, and now began a police nightmare. Day and night, people were seeing men six-feet tall, men with a limp, suspicious men with right hand in pocket. Every tip was scrupulously checked. Result: nil.

Meantime, 200 detectives trudged through every hotel, tourist home, boarding-house and motel in and around Montreal.

Did anybody leave in a hurry on May 25th? Was he tall, broad-shouldered? Did he limp? Who, living there now, stuck pretty close to home?

At 3:30 P.M. on June 3rd, Sgt. Colson entered the Arcade Hotel in downtown Montreal and began questioning the clerk as he had dozens of others. But this man's answers were different. Yes, he recalled a man of about 45 years, six feet, 200 pounds, who registered on May 17th as C. Laring or Loring, Brockville, Ontario.

"Which room did he occupy?" asked the sergeant.

"Room 128," the clerk replied. "And by the way," he added casually, "we just got a letter with the room key inside."

The sergeant read the letter. "Dear Sir, Thought you would like to have it back so we are enclosing the kie to you, that we found in a can for garbage at the C.N.R. Station."

Colson notified his superiors and a swarm of detectives descended upon the Arcade and began piecing together a picture of the man from Room 128. He used to sit alone in the hotel bar, drinking whiskey but talking rarely. No one had seen him in the company of another person. He spent most of his time reading American and Canadian newspapers. On the day of the crime he left the hotel at 10:30 A.M. and had not been seen since.

Five days later, Room 128 had been completely redecorated and the guest's personal effects removed to safekeeping. This was a blow, for the possibility of finding fingerprints was thus almost completely eliminated. Among the 56 articles from Room 128 were two cakes of Lifebuoy soap, a small pocket notebook and a trench coat.

Interrogation of hotel employees brought out a detailed description of the "nice-spoken gentleman." Based on all this information, a circular was distributed throughout Canada and the U.S. All liquor-purchasing permits in the name of Loring or Laring were checked. The R.C.M.P. saw that the information was broadcast by radio throughout the West.

The pocket notebook yielded the names of four people. Montreal detectives pored over directories of all major cities and towns across Canada in a search for persons bearing those four names All in Montreal, so named, were investigated immediately, with no result.

Investigation in Hornepayne—723 miles west of Montreal on the Canadian National Railways' main route—proved useless; but in Montreal, detectives began showing the trench coat to victims of recent holdups. One after another they identified the garment as similar to that worn by the armed bandit.

"If that's the guy you're after, he's a cool one all right," said one storekeeper. "After I handed over the money he just shoved the gun in his pocket, turned his back on me and walked out as if nothing had happened."

Twenty days after the murder of Constable Gamman, this is how matters stood: Police felt they had a logical suspect in the wounded man apparently fleeing westward from Hornepayne. But theirs was still, more or less, a "blind" search. They had no photograph, no criminal file on him, not a single fingerprint. Then, dramatically and through accident, they got their first break.

At 2:35 P.M. on June 14th, Constable Bernard G. Morin of the Canadian Pacific Railway police was in the yard at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, on the lookout for a vagrant.

"I climbed up a gondola ladder and saw a man standing with a gun in his hands," the constable reported. "He told me to get off. Then he came closer and said, 'Get off or I'll plug you!' "

Morin's description of the man tallied with that of the suspect wanted for the Mountie's murder. The tempo of the hunt stepped up. All police forces in the southern part of the Prairie Provinces adjoining Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana were alerted. A local radio station began broadcasting a description of the bandit at regular intervals. The Canadian Bankers' Association increased its reward to $10,000.

At noon on the 22nd day, the fugitive limped into a store in Big Beaver, Saskatchewan, and bought a loaf of bread, a soft drink, two chocolate bars and a pair of socks. A Police Service Dog, "Pal," was given scent and picked up the trail. Beyond a spot where the man had eaten, "Pal" lost the scent.

At 9 P.M. the fugitive was seen on the highway two miles from the border, apparently headed for Whitetail, Montana. At the suggestion of the R.C.M.P., three carloads of Big Beaver citizens went as far as Whitetail, notifying residents, en route, of the search. U.S. and Canadian authorities set up roadblocks east and west of the area.

At daybreak on the 23rd day, R.C.M.P. aircraft rose into the air to patrol the district, as did Paul Berger, a private citizen of Whitetail, in his Piper Cub. At 11 A.M., the suspect was seen coming from under the railway loading platform at Whitetail. A man notified Under-sheriff Pat G. Horton of Scobey, Montana. Horton, alone in his office, deputized two citizens and drove with them to Whitetail.

Meanwhile the fugitive, walking south on U.S. Highway 13, was kept under surveillance from the ground and air until Horton and his deputies approached with drawn guns. The sheriff ordered the stranger to put his hands up. He hesitated and Horton repeated the order. This time he obeyed—and the great manhunt was over.

In the fugitive's pockets were 26 cents and an automatic pistol. His clothes were bloodstained, his feet blistered, his shoes worn through. He was utterly weary, having lost 30 pounds during his 2,000-mile flight.

He gave his name as Thomas Rossler and refused to answer any other questions. But on the three-day trip back to Montreal he talked freely.

In Montreal, 12 of his victims identified him as the man who had held up their stores. Seventeen witnesses of the shooting outside the bank also singled him out. Still he bragged. For him, crime had been a way of life since the age of eight, he told police, with much of it spent in prison under aliases. Even Rossler was not his right name.

"My parents are still living in a Western Canadian city and they're good people," he explained. "I pulled many a stickup but that was the first time I had to do any shooting. If the Mountie hadn't made a lunge at me, I would have told him to keep going."

By train, bus, thumb and freight—dressing his wound a couple of times a day—he had fled westward until he reached Hornepayne.

"I happened to put my hand in my pocket and felt that hotel key. Then I noticed a garbage can."

From Hornepayne he went all the way to Winnipeg, to Regina, to Calgary, then back east to Broadview, west again to Calgary and Moose Jaw, then south to the border and capture.

At his trial, Rossler insisted on making a full confession. On the second day the case went to the jury. Exactly 18 minutes later the jury returned its verdict; and Mr. Justice Wilfrid Lazure, in traditional black hat and black gloves, pronounced the death sentence.

Shortly after midnight the following December 15th, in Bordeaux Jail just outside of Montreal, the man who called himself Thomas Rossler mounted the three traditional steps to the gallows. But to this day, no one knows just who he was or where he came from. He died with sealed lips.

Time Table for Crime

A YEAR OR SO AGO, a burglar broke into the home of a Prague family. The police had no difficulty in reconstructing the case. Members of the family had a habit of writing notes to each other and pinning them to the door. On this occasion, the first note was from the head of the family: "Returned from work at 6:30 and am leaving for the preparatory class of Marx-Lenin studies. Will return about 10 o'clock. Long live Stalin! Father."

The next note was from the mother: "Returned from the office at 6:45. Must leave to attend the Peace Committee of the Women's League. Long live Stalin! Mother."

The third note was from the daughter: "Left at 7 to attend the rally on behalf of the People's Democratic Fighters in Korea. Will be back at 11. Long live Stalin! Lida."

The son had written: "Returned from work at 7:40. Have to attend the Youth League meeting. Will be home about midnight. Long live Stalin! Milos."

The fifth note was the shortest of all: "Arrived at 8 o'clock. Will not be back. May Stalin live forever! (Signed) The Thief."

—*National Committee for a Free Europe*

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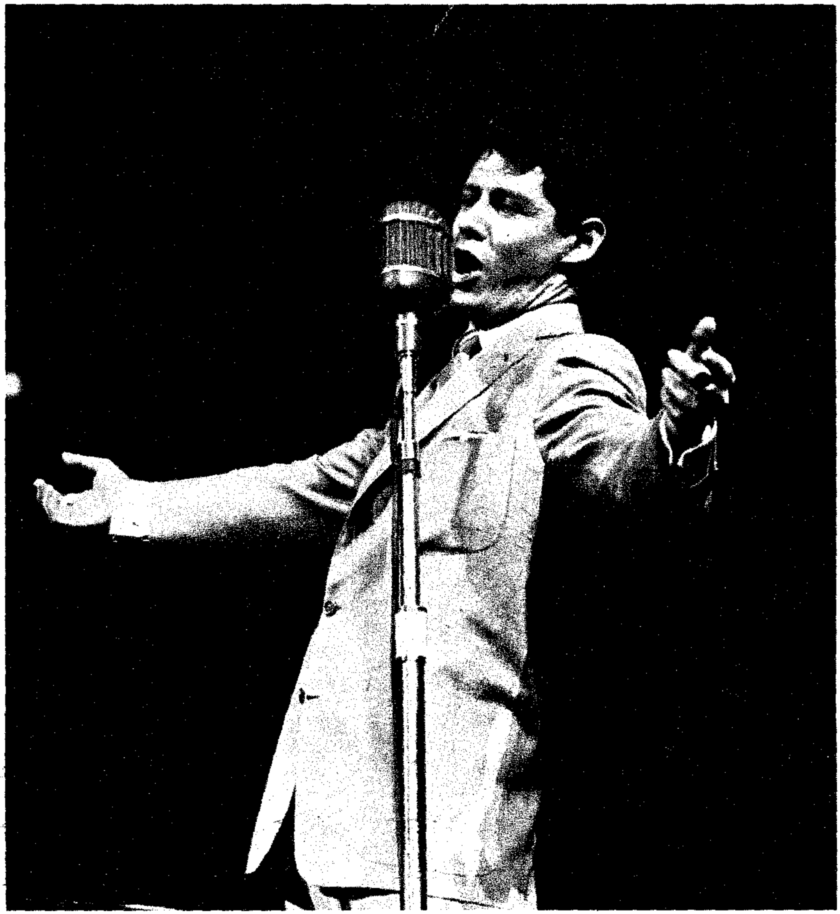


Eddie Fisher
And His Voice

by **RICHARD GEHMAN**

A CELEBRATED DANISH COMIC, after trying vainly to get the crowd's attention, walked off the stage in a Scandinavian huff. A dance team performed but was not called back for an encore. The m.c. was thinking wistfully of Union Station and the train to New York.

It was Washington's annual Press Ball and several hundred newspapermen, their ladies and friends were all amusing themselves at the tops of their lungs. The room would have made an iron foundry resemble a Quaker meeting.

Then Eddie Fisher, a slight, shy young man with curly hair and a diffident smile, wearing an Army uniform with the modest stripe of a pfc., came out without hullabaloo. He stood before the microphone, took his cue, and began to sing.

"It was as though somebody had turned off the noise with a switch," an eyewitness later reported. "Spellbound is a big word, but it's the only one to describe that tough, sophisticated audience."

During the past three years, Eddie—he is so boyish it is almost impossible to call him by his last name, or by his formal first name, Edwin Jack—has been holding audiences spellbound with impressive regularity. While in the Army, he was sent to Europe, Japan and Korea. Some brass hats were opposed to the latter trips, reasoning that the last thing in the world the battle-weary troops wanted was a look at another GI, particularly a GI whose Army function was no different from his civilian occupation.

The brass could not have been more mistaken. When Eddie showed up at the front lines, sat on the tailgate of a GI truck and began to sing for his fellow soldiers, the response was the same as at the newspapermen's ball.

"You could hear the cheering all the way to the Red lines," an Army press officer commented. "One patrol sent a scout back to ask what the fuss was all about. They thought maybe a truce had been signed."

To call Eddie Fisher, the son of a Philadelphia fruit and vegetable man, a singing sensation is to understate the case enormously. Not since the advent of Frank Sinatra nearly 15 years ago has a popular singer so ensnared the elusive fancy of the public.

When he was discharged from the Army last April, Eddie went into New York's Paramount Theater the very same day. Bobby-soxers streamed onto 44th Street and congregated outside the stage door like determined columns of carpenter ants. The walls of the theater were covered with their scrawls of adoration to their boy.

Through a driving rain, they stood there. Eddie finally stuck his head out of his fifth-floor dressing room window. "Please go home," he said. "*Please!* You'll catch cold, standing out there in the rain."

But they did not depart for hours, much to the despair of the police

GIs flocked for autographs in Korea . . .

who had been called to keep them in order. And Paramount's box-office take for the first three days of Eddie's engagement was a grand total of $80,000.

Compared to singers who have emerged since the end of World War II, Fisher is a phenomenon. Most of the new crooners are, bluntly, tricksters. Fisher is not. He uses neither echo chamber nor filter-mike. He does not rave demonically or grovel in tears; he does not sound as though his voice were made of sandpaper, satin and sleeplessness.

Eddie sings *truly*. His is a lyric baritone with an adequate range. When he sings, the words are clearly understandable. There is a distinct flavor of youth and vitality in his voice.

These are all considerable assets, but there is one other quality that sets him apart. It is a combination of his self-effacing shyness, his utter modesty and his simple sincerity.

In 1952, one of Eddie's big hits was "Wish You Were Here," the title song from the Broadway musical. Irving Mansfield, television producer who had often invited Eddie to sing on his various programs, heard him sing this song one night.

Mansfield is a cynic about talent. He never laughs at comics, and most singers leave him frigid. Yet, while listening to Eddie do the song, he allowed his ever-present cigarette to burn unnoticed down to his fingers.

"You know," he said later, "the kid really does sound as though he wishes his girl were with him."

Eddie Fisher has been singing as long as he or his family can remember. When he was a baby, his Russian-immigrant grandmother, Mrs. Ida Minicker, would take him in her arms and sing songs of the old country.

. . . as did the bobby-soxers in New York.

"Eddie learned to follow her as soon as he could talk," his mother, Mrs. Joseph Fisher, recalls. "And even before that, he was making little noises, trying to sing."

When Eddie was five, his older sister, Miriam, was singing in a choir in a South Philadelphia synagogue. Eddie kept begging to be taken along to rehearsals. Miriam finally relented to save her mother from the tot's pestering.

At rehearsal, Eddie stayed close to his sister's side, whispering and tugging at her skirt. The leader put down his pitch pipe. "So what is the little one *kvetching* about?" he demanded.

"He wants to sing," said Miriam, embarrassed.

"So let him sing and get it over with," the leader said.

Eddie stood up and began going through some of the songs he had

Eddie, 16, sings for discoverer Dawes.

heard on the radio. The leader's amusement changed rapidly to wonder and interest. "Why," he exclaimed, "he's good! We'll put him on the program."

The following Friday night, dressed in a little white suit and white shoes, Master Eddie Fisher, looking three years old rather than five (he has always looked younger than his age), made his debut.

From then on, everything that Eddie did, his mother remembers, was pointed toward his ambition. "Other little boys went to cowboy movies," she says. "Eddie went to see Bing Crosby and Al Jolson. He imitated them; he moved his hands the way they did. He was always so careful of his appearance, so immaculate. We didn't have much money, but Eddie was always so clean and neat he looked like a millionaire's son."

Eddie's character is consistent. Singing is still his life. He goes about with many girls, some of them as talented and famous as he, but it isn't uncommon for him to take them home at an hour that would not be frowned upon by the strictest parent of the most respectable small-town daughter.

"He's a funny guy," one girl, an actress, has said. "He's as masculine and human as he can be, and fun to be with—he's got a good quiet sense of humor—but you get the feeling that you're . . . well, sort of *second*. You get to thinking he might leave you, all of a sudden, to go and run through a song he's just learned. It isn't that his head's in the clouds. It's just that he doesn't seem interested in anything but that darned voice."

Once the pattern had been set in Eddie's life, he followed it with a holy, if youthful, dedication. His father at that time had a vegetable and fruit truck in which he plied the streets of South Philadelphia for a livelihood. Eddie and his older brother, Sidney, helped out whenever they were not in school. His father and brother shouted the wares, but Eddie always sang them: "Ba-nan-as! Fresh fruit and other vegetables!"

Yet sometimes he flatly refused to work, hopping off the truck and insisting, "I'll strain my voice if I sing any more today."

IN SCHOOL, the boy showed a singular lack of concern for his studies. His teachers confessed they were unable to interest Eddie in anything but music. Although he made several starts with a number of professional singing instructors, he never had much formal training. But the lack of lessons never seemed to worry him; he went on performing at neighborhood benefits, club socials and meetings, each appearance more firmly establishing his local reputation.

During Eddie's first year in junior high, Skipper Dawes, who conducted a children's talent program on local station WFIL, visited the school to arrange for auditions. Eddie was out of the room when Dawes came.

When he heard that the man had been there, he dropped his books, rushed out of the classroom and caught up with him on the street, begging for an audition. At the station, Dawes put him on the program after hearing one song.

Later, Eddie appeared on the famous Horn and Hardart Children's Hour in Philadelphia, but his loyalty remained at WFIL. "Dawes was like a father to me," he recalls. "I wouldn't have left him after all he did."

As Eddie grew into his teens, his popularity in his home city increased. Soon he was singing on a program sponsored by a local milk company. His picture was on posters all over town.

"If Eddie was going to get a swelled head, that was the time," his old friend, Bernie Rich, has said. "He had a big following among local kids, but he was just the same as ever."

When he was ready to graduate from high school, he was also ready to try his voice elsewhere. After consulting with Dawes, he set out for New York with high hopes and the few dollars he had been able to scrape together from his meager radio earnings.

There followed the initial period of despair that seems to plague every neophyte in the entertainment business. Eddie made the rounds of booking agents, auditioned for radio and TV; but nothing happened. People were interested in him, but not enough to hire him.

Convinced that he needed more experience, he was ready to return home when he heard that Monte Proser, then running the Copacabana, was seeking a singer for one of the production numbers in the nightclub.

"He didn't look like much when he came to audition," Proser recalls, "but I heard six notes and knew I wanted him. I told him the job was his and said it paid a hundred a week. He just stood there looking at me. I asked him what was wrong."

"A hundred a week," said Eddie,

Mom's memory led to Eddie's big break.

A royal fan: Princess Margaret Rose.

breathless. "Why—I never *heard* of that much money!"

Proser sent Eddie to see a friend of his, Milton Blackstone, a publicist. Then they discovered that Eddie was still too young to work at the Copa. Blackstone sent him to Grossinger's, a resort in upstate New York, to gain some experience. Later he returned to New York and worked in the floor show at Proser's.

Through Proser, Eddie found an agent who offered him a contract. Eddie showed the document to Skipper Dawes in Philadelphia and signed it.

That began a most discouraging period: the promised jobs never materialized. Eddie went back home to Philadelphia. He sat in the living room of his parents' house and, finally, broke into tears.

"I'm going to give it up, Mom," he said. "I'm not going to sing any more. I know I can't make it."

Then Mrs. Fisher thought of Milton Blackstone. "Don't you remember how he told you to come to him if you were in trouble?" she said.

The boy's face lighted. He rushed to the telephone, called Blackstone at Grossinger's and poured out his troubles.

"Come up here," Blackstone said. Eddie took a train that evening.

Blackstone greeted him and immediately took charge of the Fisher affairs. He gained a hearing from the American Guild of Variety Artists and Eddie was released from his contract with the agent. He taught Eddie how to dress, how to speak and put him on the bill at Grossinger's.

Blackstone did all this without a contract and without taking a percentage of Eddie's earnings, and he still does everything for the young man.

At Grossinger's, Eddie Cantor heard young Fisher sing one night and was so impressed he took him along on a nationwide tour. That was more than four years ago. Offers began pouring in overnight. He was signed for records, for nightclub appearances, for TV guest shots. His records started selling. In a matter of months he became a national personality.

When he was drafted, he was not forgotten. Without benefit of urging by press agents or promotion men, some 10,000 bobbysoxers kept the Eddie Fisher fan clubs alive.

As a soldier, Eddie went through basic training like everyone else, 16 weeks at Fort Hood, Texas. Afterward, the authorities decided he could serve his country best by singing. He went on various tours and recorded programs for GIs in the U.S. and overseas. But he was granted no special privileges.

THIS YEAR, according to one estimate, he will gross $250,000. He has been signed to a long-term contract on radio and television by Coca-Cola. No other singer is in such demand for personal appearances. There is a movie in the wind, too; he says that his main ambition is to be an actor.

It may sound hard to believe, but through all this he has changed very, very little. The Army matured him, his voice has become a little stronger; but he has remained, substantially, the same Eddie Fisher who used to sing over WFIL.

He still refuses to ignore his fans and rest. One day last spring he received 12 visitors in 20 minutes in his dressing room. After doing four to five shows a day, and refusing to sleep between, he finally came down with a bad case of exhaustion.

"You've got to take it easy," Blackstone cautioned him. "When those people call up and want to see you, tell them you're busy."

For the first time, Eddie rebelled against his mentor. "I'll take your advice on anything, Mr. Blackstone," he said (he still does not call the agent "Milton" or "Milt"), "but don't forget—those kids put me where I am. I owe everything to them."

He is similarly unrelenting in his devotion to two boyhood friends, Joey Forman and Bernie Rich. Back in Philadelphia, the three of

them used to dream of making a success in the entertainment world. Each promised the others that if he made good, he would hold out a helping hand.

While Eddie was working at the Copa, Bernie and Joey came to New York seeking their fortunes. He would smuggle them into his hotel room to sleep when they had no money for rooms of their own. "Many times he stood us to food when we were busted," Bernie remembers.

Just before his discharge from the Army, Eddie was informed by Blackstone that his first civilian engagement would be at the New York Paramount. "I won't take it unless they hire Joey," he said.

As a result, Joey Forman appeared on the bill as a comic. Bernie Rich now is seen occasionally on Eddie's TV shows and is making a name for himself on other programs.

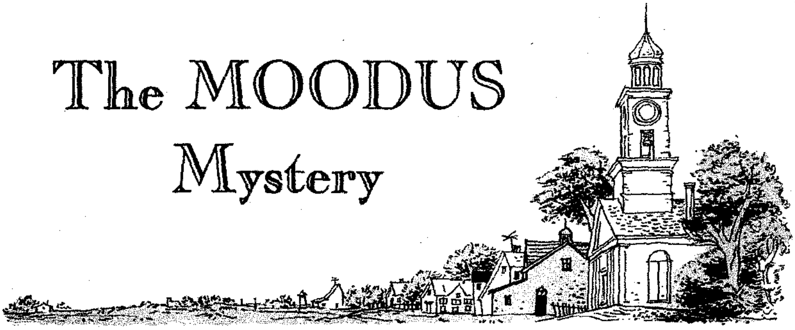
Fame has not gone to Eddie Fisher's head. He owns nine suits, which he believes to be too many, and still prefers his mother's cooking to restaurant fare.

His one big expenditure, to date, is the new house he bought his parents in Philadelphia. His one argument with his family was the fact that his father refuses to retire and live on part of Eddie's substantial earnings. And his one fear is that he is dreaming.

"I still can't believe it, half the time," he says. "I still keep thinking it isn't real. But you know," he adds, smiling the familiar boyish grin, "even if I did wake up, it wouldn't be so bad—I've had so much fun."

Eddie talks over future plans with Milton Blackstone during rehearsal break.

The MOODUS Mystery



What is it that causes the "explosions" which rock a quiet Connecticut town?

A CONNECTICUT HOME-OWNER was quietly eating dinner with his family when the oil burner in his basement exploded. He was positive of it, so positive that he quickly herded his family outside to let the fumes subside.

Then, fearful of fire, he opened the cellar door gingerly to look. All seemed quiet. He switched on the electric light and inched cautiously down the steps. The oil burner was humming away gently as usual. Nothing was disturbed, though the explosion had seemingly come from in or under his cellar.

Simultaneously, miles or so away, a neighbor was positive the tank on his water tower had burst. He put on his boots, went outside with a flashlight and examined the tank before he was convinced nothing was wrong.

Both of these men live in the Connecticut village of Moodus. What they heard was no explosion but the mysterious Moodus Noises, which have bewildered scientists as well as the citizens of Moodus for 300 years. Although these Noises periodically startle everybody within earshot, no actual damage has ever been reported.

When the Pilgrim Fathers arrived in America, the Indians were already whispering strange tales of uncanny and terrifying sounds that could be heard, often at night, at a certain spot in the hills near what is now Moodus. They are awesome, indeed, coming as they do with a sudden, unexpected roar, often after a lapse of two or three years.

Also, the startling Noises are totally out of proportion to what happens physically—which is nothing. Even after the most pronounced roars, the surrounding cliffs, ledges and outcroppings remain as serene and unmarked as before. No smoke, steam or fumes emerge.

The Moodus Noises have always been centralized somewhere within a small circle, no point of which is more than two or three miles from Moodus village. If there is a focal point, it is hidden somewhere inside that area. The surface has been combed by geologists and others many times, yet offers no clue.

One of the odd quirks of the Moodus Noises is that each observer, whether he be two miles, four miles or eight miles from Moodus, invariably regards them as having happened close by. This peculiar lack of perception as to distance and direction is baffling. In the case of gunfire, for example, observers more or less agree on the general direction it came from, how far away it was, and so forth.

An even odder aspect of these Noises is the peculiar overpowering sense of an "explosion." A hunter who was out in the open when the Noises suddenly let go reported he felt an explosion that seemed to come from the air, both *surrounding* and *above* him, and not from the ground beneath his feet.

What makes the Moodus Noises? Scientists have repeatedly changed their views about that during the past 150 years. The volcanic theory, once held, is now rejected. An English scientist who came over especially to study the Noises concluded they were caused by a form of mineral "carbuncle" that "grew" in one of the hills to eventual explosive status.

Today's scientific belief is that they are essentially seismological, a form of earthquake phenomenon. Boiled down, this theory is that the earth's crust, undergoing shrinkage, develops sudden cracks in sheets, slips and crystallization with resultant noise.

This does not fully satisfy the level-headed, practical New England farmers who have been hearing the Noises all their lives. They insist that something is missing; their claim being that if the Noises were essentially seismological, considering all the volume of sound, buildings could be expected to fall, towers to topple and strong men to flee for their lives. Instead, a picture jarred out of position on a wall here and there is about all that ever happens.

Science replies that the Moodus Noises have been clearly recorded on both the Williams College and Harvard University seismographs. To that, the men of Moodus say: "If you had only been over here last night and heard what we heard, you would wonder your seismograph didn't blow its top."

Well?

A CERTAIN NEW YORK youth recently went to his boss with a problem. For quite a while he had been taking his dream girl out several times a week to dinner and shows. The girl lived way up in the Bronx, and he had discovered that if he took her home in a taxi he did not have the nerve, when he reached her apartment, to dismiss the driver and go home on the subway. Rather, he had been returning in the cab at a total expense of $5. Hence, he had contrived the plan of giving her $2.50 and letting her go home alone in a taxicab, rather than accompanying her.

"A smart idea," said his boss.

"I thought so, too, but now I've discovered that all this time she's been going home on the subway and making $2.35 on me each time."

"So?" queried the employer.

"Tell me, sir," begged the youth, "would she be a saving wife, or would she cheat on me?"

—CLIFTON CONSIDINE

This is Han Chong Yun

Han Chong Yun is five. He remembers his name and that once he had a father and mother. He was found on the roadside in the village of Cholla Pukdo, dirty, starved, bewildered. According to some in the village, Han Chong Yun had been begging around for a year. They said his parents had been killed by guerrillas. No one could afford to take him in. Home was where night overtook him . . . a field, under a bridge . . . For Han Chong Yun, alone and unwanted, there were no seasons. His misery was the same in the heat of the extreme Korean summer as it was in the cold of the hard Korean winter. His little sick, swollen body told the story of unappeased, perpetual hunger . . . summer, winter, the year 'round. . . .

Thus it was that he was picked up by Plan's Director in Korea. Cleaned, fed, clothed and looked after, his bright shining face reflects his hope for the future. Han Chong Yun has now been touched by love and the knowledge that someone cares.

There are thousands of children like Han Chong Yun living in the deepest misery of war-torn Korea. Your help can mean hope and security . . . food, clothing and a place to live. The Plan is dedicated to peace in a world where our children will have to live with these children.

"Your" child is told that you are his/her Foster Parent and correspondence through our office is encouraged. The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, nonsectarian, independent relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England, Western Germany and Korea and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Volunteer Foreign Aid of the Department of State. Your help is vital to a child *struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?*

Foster Parents' Plan For War Children, Inc.

55 W. 42nd Street New York 36, N. Y.

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

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MAIN STREET, U. S. A.

A NEW YORK PSYCHIATRIST tells us that parents cannot solve all of their children's problems. Would he mind telling the children that they can't solve all of ours, either?
—WES LAWRENCE (*Cleveland Plain Dealer*)

HAPPINESS IS LIKE potato salad—simply share it with others and it becomes a picnic. —*Siftings* (Abilene, Kansas)

ANY HOME BUILT at present prices is truly a home of the brave.
—*De Laval Monthly* (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.)

IF EXERCISE WILL ELIMINATE fat, how in the world does a woman get a double chin? —*Philnews* (Bartlesville, Okla.)

LIFE WAS DIFFERENT in the good old days. Then, Grandma's nightcap went on her head instead of to it.
—RAYMOND DUNCAN (Ellaville, Ga.)

MANY PEOPLE THINK the world not only owes them a living, but they consider themselves preferred creditors. —*Cincinnati Enquirer*

NOWADAYS, when the child outgrows Santa Claus, he is old enough to vote for someone who will take his place. —*Hart County News* (Munfordville, Ky.)

WE DON'T DENY that experience may be a fine teacher, but we have observed that the longer a man is wrong, the surer he is that he's absolutely right. —*Sutherland* (Ia.) *Courier*

A SMILE IS A LANGUAGE that even a baby understands. —*Tips* (Asheville, N. C.)

SOME FOREIGN COUNTRIES are considering placing a tax on American tourists—possibly another way of trying to make them feel at home.
—*Journeyman Barber* (Indianapolis, Ind.)

"IT ISN'T POSSIBLE for a man to dress so as to be invisible," declares a camouflage expert. He must be mistaken, however, since no one ever sees the bridegroom at a wedding. —*Grit* (Williamsport, Pa.)

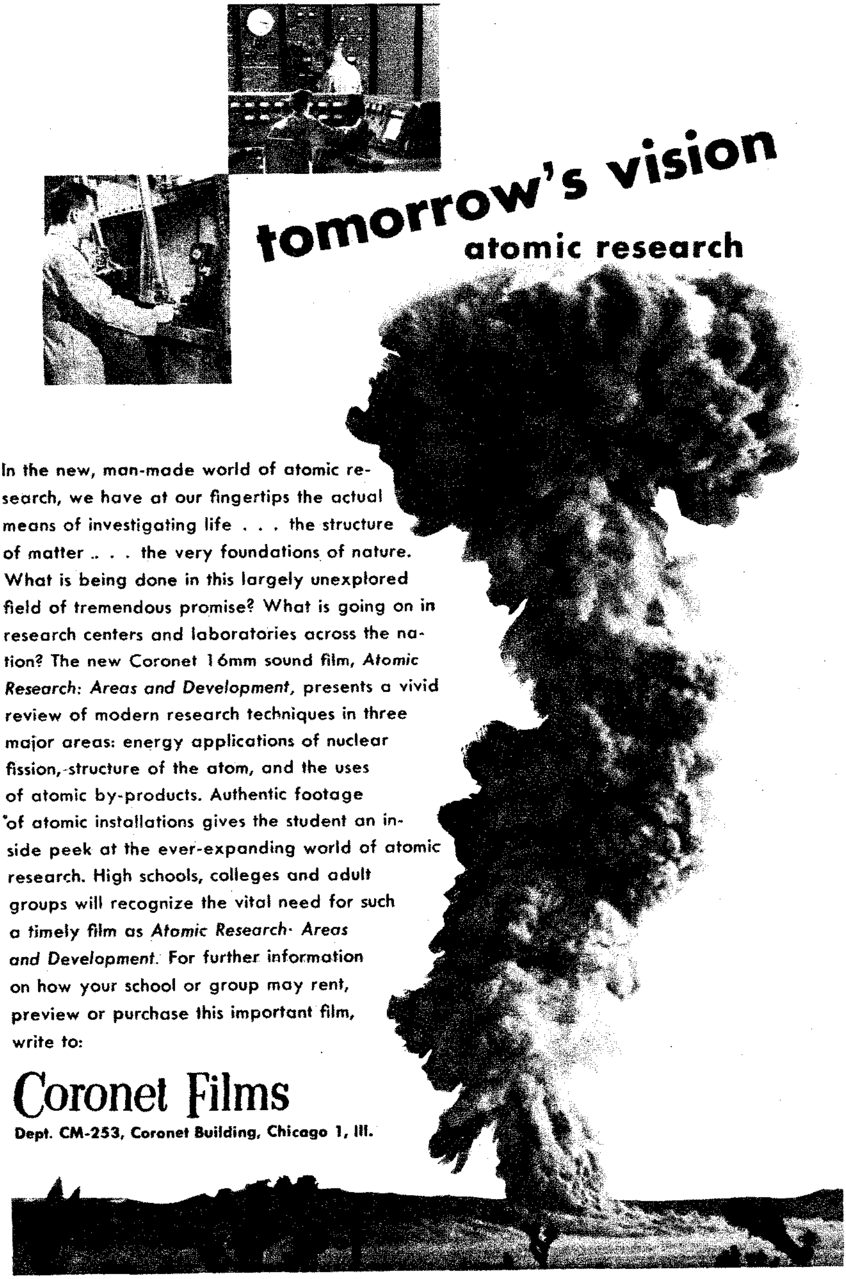
INFLATION HAS BEEN DESCRIBED as a whirlwind where one has to run twice as fast merely to stay in the same place. —*Gas Flame* (Indianapolis, Ind.)

GOOD TIMES IS THE PERIOD when you accumulate those debts that you're unable to pay in bad times.
—*Lapeer County* (Mich.) *Press*

THE CHAP WHO INVENTED pills was a very bright fellow, but the man who put the sugar coating on them was a genius. —*Bluebird Briefs* (Dayton, Ohio)

A COCKTAIL PARTY today is an affair which pits the finish of the furniture against that of the guests.
—WILLIAM FRANKLIN GAINES (Greenville, S. C.)

SOME OF THE new cars can do what some people cannot do—shift for themselves. —ELBERTON (Ga.) *Star*



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Just a few weeks ago the number of telephones in the United States reached fifty million, or one for about every three people.

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All play an essential part in the nation's service and all have joined together in commemorating this new milestone in telephone progress.

By the quick interchange of news and views, the telephone has united millions of people. By its many services for industry and the armed forces, it has become a front-line soldier in the army of defense.

The lines of communication that help the nation to grow also bind it together to keep it strong.

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BIRTH OF AN ANTHEM

More than 200 years ago, in a little tavern on the Dutch-German border, a group of merrymakers was gathered. As is natural on such occasions, someone suggested a song. What song? Well, they had one traditional drinking tune which had been around for many a year. It was sung whenever groups made merry. So that was the one they sang that night.

Some 25 years later, in a London tavern, another group called for a song—and it rang familiar. But the Dutch tune now had a new name and new words. The English called it *Anacreon in Heaven* and it was a merry song of praise for the Greek poet.

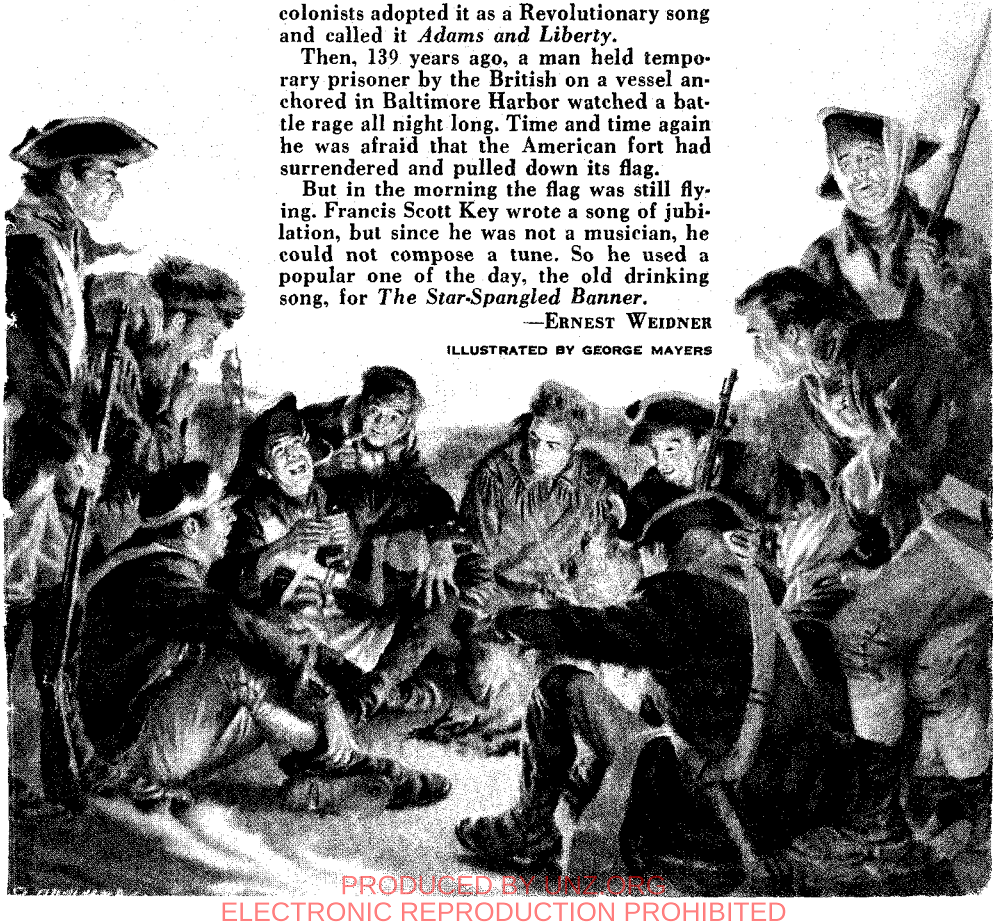
By 1770, the tune had come to the American Colonies and was being widely sung. It had new words, a little more on the patriotic side than on the "tavern" side. The colonists adopted it as a Revolutionary song and called it *Adams and Liberty.*

Then, 139 years ago, a man held temporary prisoner by the British on a vessel anchored in Baltimore Harbor watched a battle rage all night long. Time and time again he was afraid that the American fort had surrendered and pulled down its flag.

But in the morning the flag was still flying. Francis Scott Key wrote a song of jubilation, but since he was not a musician, he could not compose a tune. So he used a popular one of the day, the old drinking song, for *The Star-Spangled Banner.*

—Ernest Weidner

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE MAYERS



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